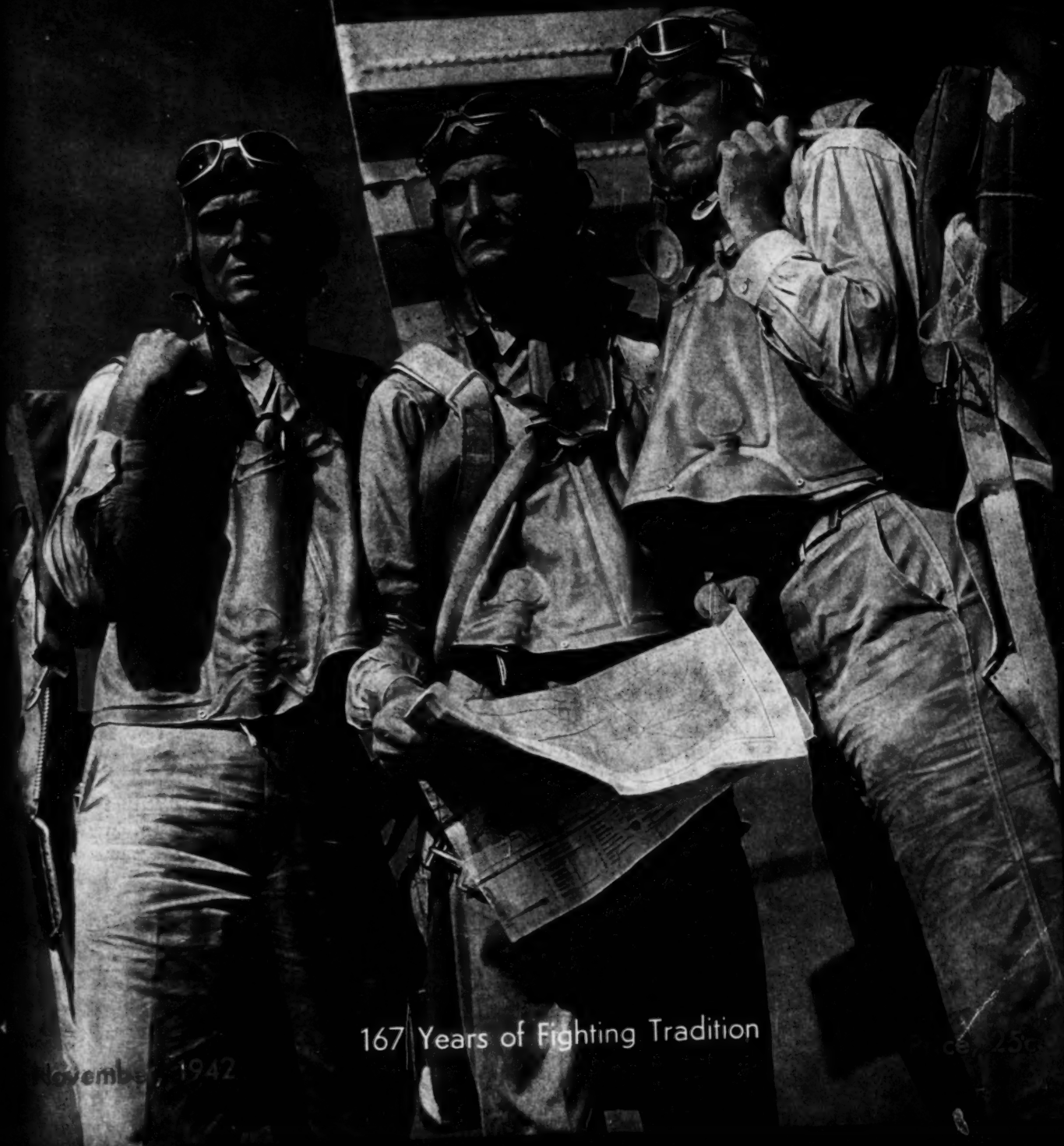


# THE Leatherneck

Magazine of the U. S. Marines



167 Years of Fighting Tradition

Price 25c

November 1942

ROSALIND RUSSELL now starring in the new Columbia picture "MY SISTER EILEEN"



With Air Warden  
ROSALIND RUSSELL on  
duty it's no fooling . . .  
lights out until you hear

*All Clear*

**THAT'S THE SMOKER'S SIGNAL  
FOR A MILD COOL CIGARETTE**

And CHESTERFIELD smokers really know what that  
means...Milder when a smoke is what counts most...Cooler when  
you want to relax, and with a far Better Taste to complete your  
smoking pleasure . . .

**LIGHT UP A**

**CHESTERFIELD**

*They Treat You Right*



# LEATHERNECK TRADITIONS

PRESIDENT JOHN ADAMS SERVED WITH THE MARINES!

DURING THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "BOSTON" AND THE BRITISH SHIP "MARTHA" ON MARCH 11, 1778—

JOHN ADAMS, ABOARD AS A PASSENGER TO FRANCE—JOINED IN THE FAY ALONG WITH THE MARINE GUARD OF THE BOSTON.



MARINES RAISED THE AMERICAN FLAG FIRST ON THESE TERRITORIES  
 SITKA, ALASKA • 1867  
 BANKS OF THE RHINE • 1918  
 MEXICO CITY • HALLS OF MONTEZUMA • 1847  
 CALIFORNIA • MONTEREY • 1846  
 DERNETROPOLI • APR. 27, 1805  
 PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • CAVITE  
 FIRST OVER A FOREIGN FORTRESS • NEW PROVIDENCE  
 BAHAMAS • FIRST ON AN AMERICAN CRUISER—  
 EAST OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—AND BEFORE THE FLAG WAS THE STARS AND STRIPES—RECEIVED FIRST NAVAL SALUTE FOR THE RATTLESAKE FLAG!!



WHEN THE PANAMA CANAL WAS FORMALLY OPENED IN 1913, THE CEREMONIES INCLUDED ARMY AND NAVY OFFICIALS TO MAKE THE FIRST TRIP THROUGH ABOARD A TUG. JUST AS THE BOAT STARTED HOWEVER, A "DUGOUT," MANNED BY TWO ENLISTED MARINES, BEARING A SMALL MARINE FLAG, PADDLED FRANTICALLY AHEAD OF THE TUG, AMID THE CHEERING OF THE WATCHING CROWD THE MARINES BESTED THE EFFORTS OF THE TUG AND WAS THE FIRST CRAFT THROUGH.

IN 1928, CAPTAIN ALTON PARKER, MEMBER OF THE BYRD EXPEDITION, WAS APPOINTED BY ADMIRAL BYRD TO BE THE FIRST MAN TO STEP ON THE UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE SOUTH POLE.

D. GRASS

# *Cyclones* FOR SHIPMATES



In the powerful new Grumman Avengers,  
carrier-based torpedo-bombers, Wright Cyclones  
are trusted companions for difficult missions

**WRIGHT** *Aircraft Engines*

THE LEATHERNECK

## AT EASE!



By ROBERT PACE

A 21-GUN salute to Commander John Ford and his staff of Navy cameramen for the excellent documentary film, "The Battle of Midway."



THAT FAMOUS LANDIS SIGH

Sometime ago when Commander Ford left Hollywood to head a film unit for the Navy, he said: "Just wait—there will be some pictures; there'll be the greatest documentaries yet from this war." The "Battle of Midway" fits perfectly into that

prophecy because it was filmed in the middle of furious action and put together by expert hands. It may have been cagey forecasting or just plain luck that had Commander Ford and his staff right at Midway when the Japs decided to commit naval hari-kari there. But it was masterful film construction which brought about this swell two-reel document.

The film was shot without color with 16mm cameras. Later it was blown up to standard size and Technicolor was added.

★ ★ ★

There were no synthetic "Shores of Tripoli" scenes. These were the real McCoy. Cameras were grinding along with ack-acks, right in the gun emplacements. Much of the film was ruined by bomb concussion and two of the cameras were destroyed by shrapnel and falling debris. Commander Ford was wounded and knocked unconscious. It was no spot for Payne, Power, or even Donlevy. When those bombs hit you could almost feel the concussion and the thunderous noise made you feel as though at any moment you'd be headin' for the last roundup.

Though "The Battle of Midway" was strictly a Navy feature, Marines managed to grab off a good deal of the glory in the scene showing them raising "Old Glory" during the heat of battle. It almost seemed as though it had been planned, but it was a true incident. Also, during the bedlam of sound and fury, the camera

shifted again and again to the faces of two Marines who were firing an anti-aircraft gun, "not in fear, not in blood-thirst, only intently, the way an outfielder watches a fly ball."

★ ★ ★

The reel not only has sound but music as well. Into the roar of fierce and complicated action is blended songs of the Navy and Marines.

Narration was inspiringly recited by Jane Darwell, Henry Fonda, Irving Pichel and Donald Crisp. One slight exception was Miss Darwell's quavering appeal to "take those boys to the hospital." It was just a shade off the beam.

The high spot was reached when the fliers returned, like victorious knights of old, and the narrator's voice said proudly, "Men and women of America, here are your sons, home from battle!" Though the "boys" were hot and tired they climbed from their planes smiling and with genuine spirit in their eyes.

The scenes that followed were reminders that the bitter must be taken with the sweet. Exhausted men were brought in after days adrift at sea. There was a solemn mass funeral for fallen Gyrene buddies and the flag-draped coffins of our Navy comrades were carried to the deep on gun boat decks.

In conclusion, the Navy totals the cost to the Japs: four Jap carriers sunk, 28 Jap cruisers and destroyers sunk, and 300 Jap aircraft destroyed.

"The Battle of Midway" was the first of our government's film reports on a strictly American war engagement. There will be more!

Congratulations, Commander Ford, on a job well done!

★ ★ ★

NOTE to potential radio top-notchers: You have a chance to score two bullseyes with one bullet by contributing to service morale and at the same time picking up a high Crossley rating in one of radio's top programs. We're speak-



"THIS HAPPENS EVERY time Bob gets on his knees to propose."

ing of "Command Performance," the all-request all-star program broadcast by short wave to American troops all over the globe. U. S. soldiers, sailors and Marines arrange the menu and the stars called upon will comply with just about any reasonable order.

For example: in reply to an appeal for the world's best and worst violinists to play a duet, Jascha Heifetz and Jack Benny played "To A Water Lily."

Highlight of another program was the shortest radio act on record, performed by Carole Landis. A Pearl Harbor sailor had entreated: "If you could just have her . . . SIGH." And television is still around the corner!

A grizzled Leatherneck of 22 years' service, also in Pearl Harbor, joins in praising the program and adds that he would like to hear Bob Hope and Rich-ester in a skit together.

"That," he writes, "would please me more than anything I can think of, with the possible exception of having Tojo or Yamomoto in a closed room with me for a very short time."

With Petrillo's permission, this talent-rich program is recorded each Tuesday night in Hollywood, and discs are sent out to 18 short wave stations for broadcast the following Sunday. You men on front-line duty are urged to tear off the top of a Stuka or a Mitsubishi and write in for your pick of air waves talent. Uncle Sam and the radio world will do their drandest to see that you get it!

★ ★ ★

Being restricted isn't so tough these nights. Not since the return of many favorites to the air lanes. That wise-cracking fugitive from a white pine tree, Charlie McCarthy, is back with a swell detail of entertainers. After months of squad room humor, Little Mac certainly is as pleasant a relief as knocking off after boondocking all day.

Red Skelton is back at his Tuesday night stand, but though his program has its moments, it never reaches the Hope calibre. Possibly we're prejudiced 'cause our bunky from Iowa spiels off those same golden bantam jokes regularly.

There is something likable about the Great Gildersleeve, heard Sunday nights, but we wish he would try a little moderation on that circus barker's laugh. He reminds us of a certain Gunnery Sergeant we ear-bang with, the way he enjoys his own jokes.

For those before-pay-day blues, we'd like to suggest a steady diet of Kate Smith who has begun to bring that moon over the mountain for the twelfth season. Nope, we're not forgetting her five-a-week noon time year round program. That well known voice is as American as hot dogs and mustard, and as reliable as the M.I. Plenty of U. S. service boys overseas find Miss Smith's sincerity and home spun philosophy a great help on tense, lonely nights behind distant battle lines.

# WONDERS OF AMERICA

## *Rolling Reservoir!*

ARE YOU TRYING TO DRY UP THAT LAKE, MAJOR?

WE MIGHT. THAT'S THE PUMPING STATION OF OUR FIELD CAMP WATER-WORKS

THIS IS THE PORTABLE 3,000-GALLON SETTling BASIN WHERE THE WATER IS PROCESSED

WATER OR TOBACCO, PROCESSING IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT, EH, MAJOR?

YOU BET, JUDGE. I THANK P.A.'S CHOICE TOBACCO AND NO-BITE PROCESS FOR EVERY MILD, GOOD-TASTING PUFF FROM MY PIPE

PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE PROCESS TAKES OUT BITE — LEAVES IN RICH TASTE

THE CRIMP CUT EASES PACKING, DRAWING

P.A. IS BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH — SMELL ITS MELLOW FRAGRANCE

TOBACCO ISN'T A NECESSITY LIKE WATER, BUT IT'S MIGHTY COMFORTING ANY TIME TO PULL ON A LOAD OF P.A.

WE FIND IT THAT WAY, TOO, JUDGE

YOU KNOW, IT'S WONDERFUL THAT PRINCE ALBERT CAN BE SO EASY ON THE TONGUE, YET SO FULL OF GOOD TASTE

THAT'S WHAT I SAY ON ROLLED SMOKES, TOO — AND, BESIDES, P.A. IS CUT TO ALMOST ROLL ITSELF

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



PRINCE ALBERT DOESN'T FIGHT YOUR TONGUE IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, EITHER. IT'S **MILD**, BUDDY — AND **SO TASTY**, FAST, EASY ROLLIN', TOO!

**50**

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

**70**

fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert



# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

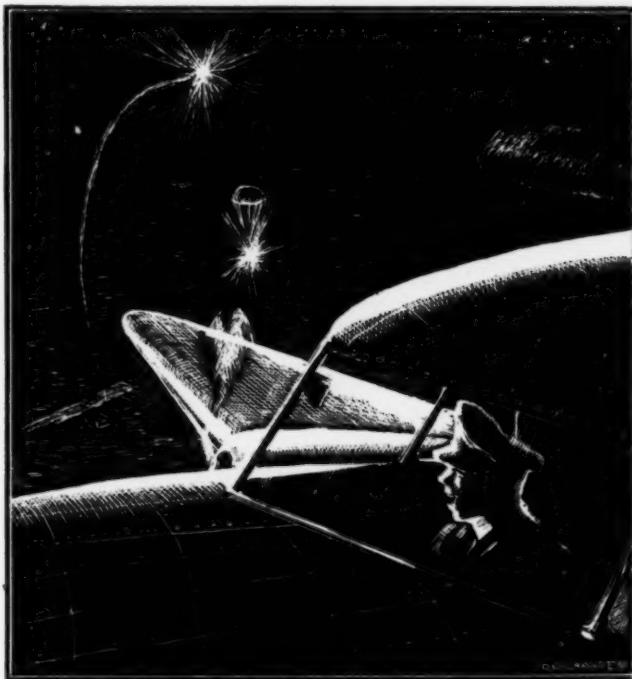
THE LEATHERNECK

# Home Cookin' In Africa

**B**OUND for India on the Pan-African airways, Colonel R. A. Osmun of the U. S. Army received big surprise when plane landed at Maiduguri, a small station in African desert. There at the camp's modern restaurant, the colonel was served one of the best American dinners he had ever eaten. Here's story behind that home-cookin' in Africa:



Colonel Osmun's "quartermaster's instincts" caused him to make some inquiries of the owner-cook. He was Frank Pelican, a retired U. S. Marine with over 35 years of service.



Marine Pelican saved the life of a P.A.A. pilot. When the pilot did not show up on time, Frank fired off occasional rockets. The pilot, with his radio out, got his bearing by rockets.



Chief Pelican keeps a registration book of many United Nations leaders. One grateful pilot, Capt. Charles R. Heffner of Cairo, Ill., wrote a poem dedicated to Pelican in the book.



Marine Pelican, with his American restaurant in the wilds, is still serving as faithfully. His home-cooked meals are the biggest morale builder for the pilots on hazardous air line.

**YOU HIT THE  
JACK-POT  
WHEN YOU**



# WRITE!



**"TRIUMPH"**  
THE NEWEST  
*Lifetime\**

TUCKAWAY Pen for men or women  
—carries safely in any position.  
The Favorite of Service Men.

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You're a hero to the home folks—IF you have the good sense to **WRITE** to them. They're hungry for mail from you. But just make sure of one thing—write with Sheaffer's V-Black SKRIP, for V-Mail or ordinary letters. It's lastingly permanent—and black photographs best. **YOU'RE THERE**—right in their hands and hearts—when you write it in Sheaffer's V-Black SKRIP!

# SHEAFFER'S

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO. • FORT MADISON, IA.

THE LEATHERNECK

## CARRY-ON!

SIRS:

I have heard many discussions among military personnel about the undesirable resonating qualities of the new steel-fiber combination helmet. I have found that the unwanted echoes can be eliminated by crumpling a newspaper and placing it in the crown of the fiber helmet. The insulating properties of the loosely-arranged paper may be of some value, too.

2nd Lt. B. C. Smith, U.S.M.C.R.,  
"Somewhere in the Pacific."

Sirs:

My brother, a fighting Marine, is serving on foreign duty stationed on Guadalcanal Island in the Solomon group and I am frankly puzzled over the nature of a gift I could send him for Christmas. Could you please tell me something appropriate to send to him, as I have no idea what he needs there; or could use. If I should send money, would it be sent by postal money-order?

Very truly,  
(Mrs.) W. L. SIMMONS  
White Bridge Road  
Georgetown, S. C.

Suggest cigarettes, candy, pictures, subscription to home-town newspaper. Not many places to spend money on Guadalcanal.—Eds.

海  
軍

**RECEIVERS OF LETTERS** from Marines in the Solomon Islands have been puzzled by inscriptions in Japanese such as the one shown above. These characters were on a missive from a sergeant on Guadalcanal. This office got out the Japanese dictionary but couldn't translate the hen-scratching. Perhaps, some of you Nipponese language scholars in the Corps can decipher it.



**THIS OLD-TIME PHOTOGRAPH**, made in 1920, shows Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Kid McCoy, Jack Dempsey and Jim Corbett wearing Marine Corps uniforms. All of these athletes are dead now except Dempsey. We ran across this picture recently while going through our files. Perhaps, some of you oldtimers can tell us where the picture was taken. Also, what occasion brought this salty quartet together. So come on all of you hash-markers and get busy with your pens.

Sirs:

A word of praise for **THE LEATHERNECK** from a guy in the South Pacific. Our magazine has everything: humor, news, the latest thing in practices and tactics—a text book no good Marine should be without.

Sincerely,  
PVT. ELMER W. WELLS,  
Hdq. Squadron, M.A.G.—15,  
S.M.A.W., F.M.F.,  
Care of Postmaster,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Still enjoying **THE LEATHERNECK** in between lulls here in the Solomons.  
Marine Gunner W. T. Smith,  
Sgt. Major K. H. Queleh,  
Corporal T. D. Smilowitz,  
Corporal Slaughter Neely,  
Guadalcanal, Solomon Is.

My dear General Holcomb:

During my recent trip to the Pacific area, I visited a number of bases under the protection of Marine Corps forces. The energetic and ever cheerful manner in which the Marines were going about their job of improving the defenses and conditions generally at these places, their general high efficiency everywhere, and the fine things I heard about them incident to the landing operations at Tulagi, Gavutu and Guadalcanal served further to enhance the high opinion of the Corps which I have always held.

Sincerely yours,  
W. H. P. BLANDY,  
Navy Ordnance Dept.

Sirs:

While serving with Aircraft Squadrons, WCEF (SC3-M), aboard the *USS Vega*, bound for Nicaragua—December, 1929—

several group photographs were taken of the Marines.

My copies of these photographs were destroyed during the fire and earthquake at Managua, in 1931. I would like to obtain copies of these photographs and would appreciate hearing from anyone who has the negatives or copies they would loan for rephotographing.

Yours truly,  
1st Sgt. E. M. Krieger, USMC  
Btry "A," 10th Mar. 2nd Mar. Div.  
FMF, MCB, Camp Elliott, Calif.

## THE COVER



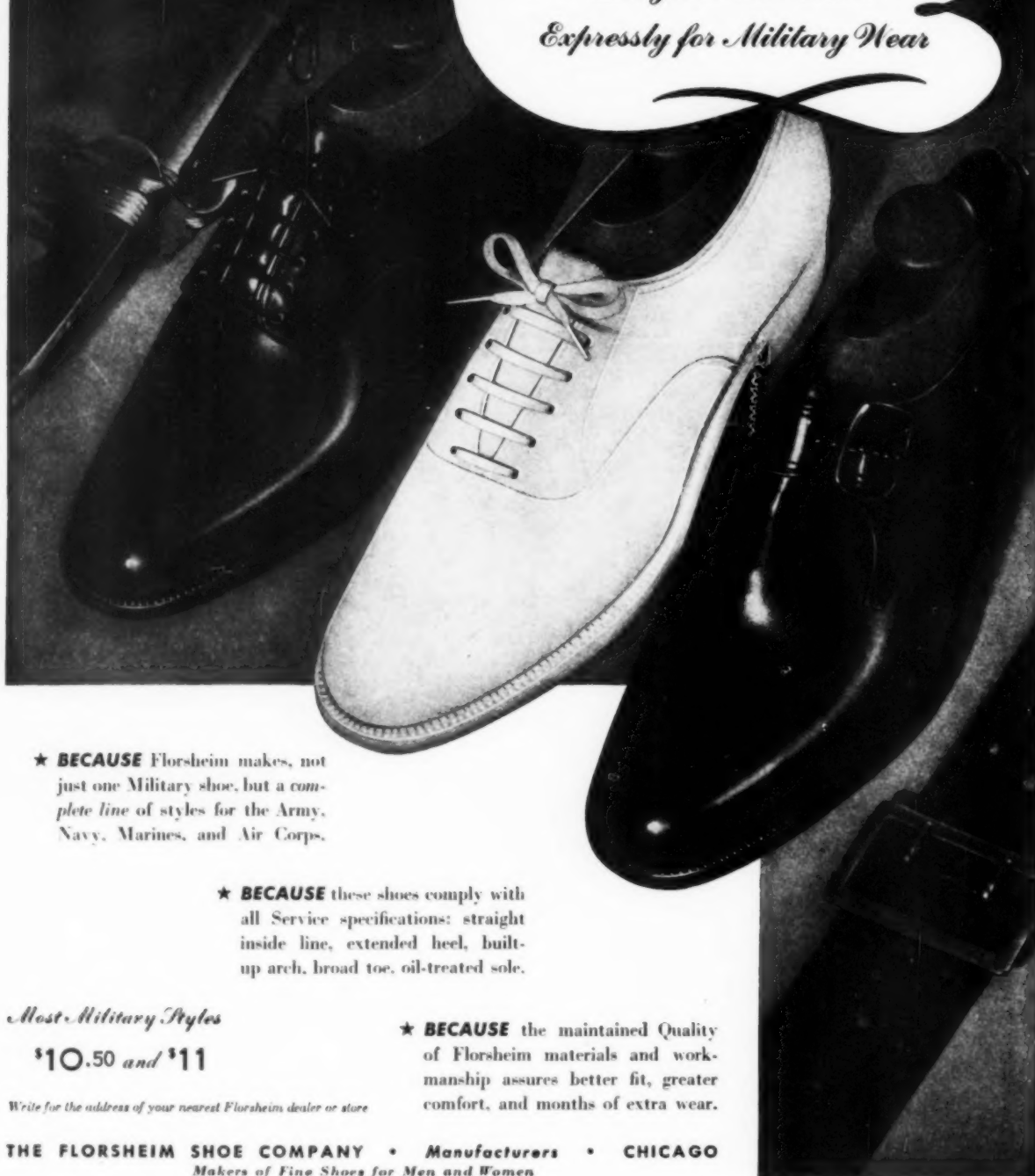
**IN TUNE WITH** modern warfare, the Marine Corps has made vast strides in the use of gliders. Shown on the cover are three stern-faced, officer-pilots of the Marine gliders, ready for a flight.

# HERE'S WHY

MOST AMERICAN OFFICERS SELECT

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*Designed and Built  
Expressly for Military Wear*



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*Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women*

THE LEATHERNECK

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

**THE Leatherneck**

THE MARINE BARRACKS • EIGHTH AND EYE, S. E. • WASHINGTON, D. C.



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AND

A Special 32-page "News Quiz Supplement"

*Attend of Number 11*

The opinions of authors whose articles appear in THE LEATHERNECK do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters.

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# *“I will”*

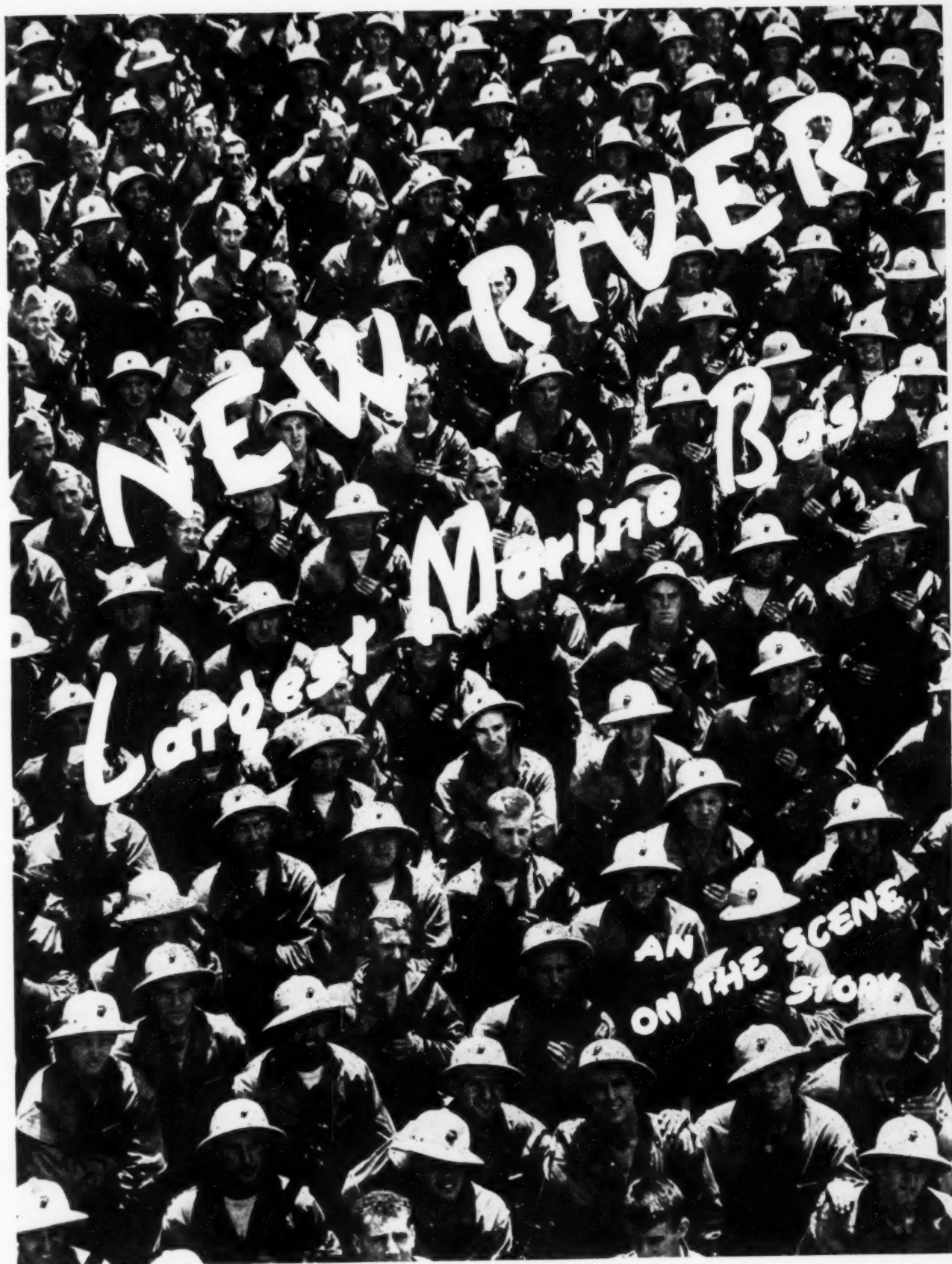
The following was found on the flyleaf of the diary of  
an Iowa boy who fell at Chateau-Thierry in 1918:

“America *must* win this war.  
Therefore *I will* work; *I will*  
save; *I will* sacrifice; *I will* en-  
dure; *I will* fight cheerfully and  
do my utmost, as if the issue of the  
whole struggle depended on me alone.”

...“as if the issue of the whole struggle depended on me alone.”

THE BQ CORPORATION • NEW YORK





November, 1942

# River of Marines

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

**D**OWN in North Carolina, where the New River, with its wide mildness, meets the angry Atlantic, there are 200 square miles of timbered boondocks and shoreline that are considered ideal for amphibious operations.

A few years ago not many people were seen in this pleasant countryside except tobacco farmers and stock raisers and lumber men and hunters and fishermen. There was a restful hum about the land. Negroes dozed in the sun and fished the green river and inlets for croakers. A slow-poke ferry carried traffic across the narrow inlet from the mainland to Onslow Beach. There used to be a lot of wild ponies, but these had been rounded up and sold. Athletic-looking boars foraged under the pear and pecan trees.

There wasn't too much money in Onslow Country. But the sandy soil was fertile. There was lime in Onslow County dirt. The crops, especially tobacco and pecans, were very good. The hunting was good. The fishing was good. The girls were good looking (a fact which Billy Arthur, diminutive editor of the Onslow County *News and Views*, often mentioned). So what more could any one ask?

There is a menacing old jingle in that section of North Carolina which goes something like this:

"Don't make goo-goo eyes  
at Onslow County gals,  
Or you're liable to get  
filled with shot and shells."

**T**HAT verse is still repeated as a warning to newcomers. But Hitler has changed about everything else in those 200 square miles of Onslow County boondocks.

Roads have been slashed through the tall pines. The bob whites have been seen and heard so many bulldozers, tractors, tanks, jeeps and recon cars that they no longer explode from the brush in wild flight at the sound of a motor.

Millions of dollars' worth of buildings have arisen within the last year where the boars used to root and the wild ponies used to gallop. Amphibian tractors wallow along the wide river where the negroes used to doze and fish. The hunters' shotguns aren't heard much these days. But there is the whining sound of .30 and .45 caliber at the magnificent new rifle range. There is the muffled crash of detonation charges, set off by engineers and parachutists. And sometimes the boom of the big guns can be heard for miles northward up the river.

For at New River, the Marine Corps

**RAIDERS REST** (for a little while) after strenuous maneuvers. These husky, nonchalant boys are typical of the Marine Corps Raider battalions. Notice lad at the left with the hunting knife.



**A BIT OF BAYONET** trickery as shown to a "class" at New River: The Corporal on the left has parried his opponent's blade to the deck, stepped on it, and he is free to slash his opponent's neck or jab him to death. Masks, pads used in drills.



**AIR-BORNE INFANTRY** gets practice loading into plane at mockup, which is a scaffold, built to simulate a transport craft. There are plane mockups scattered all over the timbered New River landscape and ship mockups all along the shore.



**THE LEATHERNECK**



**NEW RIVER'S RUGGED** Marines are occupied with combat problems over most of the 200 square miles of the military reservation. Here is a machine gun team and a rifleman work in combat problems around the sand dunes of Onslow Beach.

has constructed its biggest base. It may be that this is the biggest permanent military camp in the world, though precise figures on this are not available.

Anyway, New River is now the heart, soul and gizzard of the Marine Corps on the East Coast.

. . . .

**CORPORAL JOE** was plenty hot at first when he was transferred to New River. He'd wanted to go to Hawaii with Carlson's Raiders. Instead he had been sent across country for more training in a Raider battalion.

Joe was a little sulky during the trans-continental trip. He was wearing his greens with a sharpshooter's badge on his chest. Often inland people didn't recognize that green uniform (Joe's was getting a salty gray from being out in the weather a lot). An old lady in Kansas City looked at Joe and at the cross on his blouse and she whispered loudly to someone:

"That boy must be a German prisoner."

After about week at New River, things were all different with Joe. The First Marine Division, that magnificent collection of fighting men, had shored off for the South Pacific. And Joe and his mates felt very humble taking the First's places.

Joe found that there was plenty of discipline but lots of freedom and little formality at New River. The officers, even the General, wore dungarees a lot of the time. It was the first time Joe had seen a general's star pinned on dungarees. Like all of the Raiders, Joe was issued a hunting knife and a lot of other fascinating new equipment. There were long hikes in the woods. There were classes in hand-to-hand combat and bayonet-fighting. There were the obstacle and "blitz"



**SPOTTER ON TOP** of sand dune sights an "enemy" while 81-mm. mortar squad prepares for action. Onslow Beach island with superb beach, wind-swept dunes gives Marines chance to maneuver in terrain very like that on South Pacific islands.



**A GENERAL "INTERVIEWS" a Boot:** This picture shows how officers at New River place "results" over formality. Brig. General Allen H. Turnage speaks to Private Stanley Czepkiewicz of Staten Island, N. Y. The recruit sprang to his feet and snapped to attention when the general arrived. But General Turnage told Private Czepkiewicz to "go on snapping in—and make every shot count at the range."

courses to gallop.

*Joe felt like Daniel Boone.*

• • •

**C**ONSTRUCTION on the permanent camp at New River began on April 28, 1941. And the first Marines, sent for amphibious training, arrived in September, 1941. First commanding officer of the Fleet Marine Forces at the base was Major General Phillip H. Torrey. He was succeeded in April, 1942, by Major General Alexander Archer Vandegrift. But General Vandegrift left in June to command the Marines in the Solomon Islands war area.

Brigadier General Allen H. Turnage was named commanding officer of the Training Center in June, but in September he left to take command of combat

elements of a Marine division. General Turnage was succeeded on October 1 by Major General Julian C. Smith.

Colonel D. L. S. Brewster has been post commandant of the New River Marine Barracks since September of 1941.

At the Training Center, near Jacksonville, most of the buildings are temporary and most of the men are lodged in tents. The barracks and administration buildings and most of the schools are located at Hadnot Point. Here handsome brick buildings of Colonial architectural design have been constructed. And the whole layout looks like the campus of some super university.

There are the beautiful post administration and divisional headquarters buildings, barracks, power plant, infirmary and a permanent theater that will accommodate 1,200 persons.

**J**OE lived in a tent, and his bunk was covered with mosquito netting. For big "trimotor job" mosquitos made war flights from New River and the various inlets to the camp. Joe didn't mind being in the tent. For most of his two years in the Marine Corps, at the Recruit Depot in San Diego and at Camp Elliott, he had lived under canvas. And Joe's shelter-half was weather-beaten from much use on maneuvers in California.

Usually, Joe had plenty of work to do in the evenings. After being out in the sandy boondocks all day, his rifle always needed lots of care. Often, Joe would drift over to one of the many post exchanges for a coke or a beer. Or else he'd go to one of the many free movies on the post. Some Saturday nights you'd find the big Corporal in nearby Jacksonville

or in Kinston, Wilson or Wilmington. But Joe never had time to get very acquainted in North Carolina. He was a very busy man, and civilians became a strange race of men whom he'd known in his boyhood but no longer remembered very well.

• • •

Joe soon learned that the difference between a Raider battalion and a regular infantry battalion is more in tactical employment of men than in composition.

This is made possible through the special training that the Raiders get. The Raiders are organized about like an infantry outfit. But the training is far more rigorous, much like that of the parmarines, except that the Raiders don't jump from planes (probably they could in a pinch).

The Raiders' armament is much heavier and more flexible than that of the usual Corps outfits. They have more Reising and Tommy guns, for example. They are based on converted destroyers in action.

In thumbnail, the Raiders correspond in amphibious operations to the parachutists in land-air operations.

On his first hike at New River, Joe learned about how the Raiders cover ground on the march.

This day the boys had been sitting on a sand spit by the broad river. Away down the stream a brood of amphibians was proceeding serenely seaward.

Joe and some of the other boys were practicing wrestling holds and scuffling in the sand. Then the platoon leader yelled "fall in." And, pretty soon, the outfit was hiking briskly up the sandy road.

Now your usual infantrymen cover about two and one-half miles the hour, taking a ten-minute "break" each hour. There was none of this for the Raiders. They had a ten-minute "break," all right. But during this interval they stopped walking and started off at double time. They ran at other intervals during the hour, too. The result was that Joe and the others of the platoon, including the tanned young lieutenant, average six or seven miles an hour for the long hike.

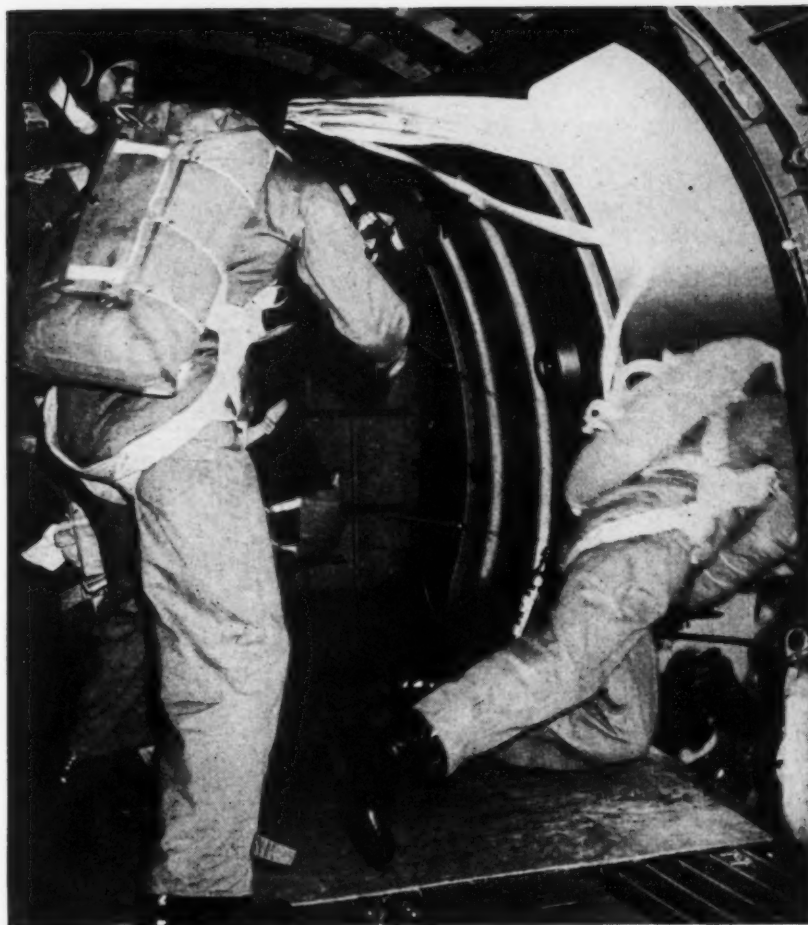
After this first jaunt even the rugged Joe was tired and very glad to hit his sack. But he got tougher and tougher as his Raider schooling at New River continued.

• • •

WHEN all the construction at New River is completed there will be 150 miles of paved roads, 70 miles of water mains and laterals, 119 miles of interior water lines, 49 miles of outside sewer pipe, 2,500 miles of exterior electrical wire and 1,700 miles of interior wire.

Colonel William P. T. Hill, liaison officer, estimated in October that the permanent buildings of the base were about three-fourths completed. This estimate included the structures alone, and not the landscaping and other finishing touches.

The naval hospital, under construction, will cost around \$7,000,000 and will have 700 beds. Lieutenant Commander Omar J. Brown, Navy physician, is malaria control officer, an important job in this low



**PARAMARINE CANDIDATES** peel out of a transport plane on "graduation week." They're required to make six leaps, at various altitudes, before they qualify for job.

country.

The first of eight libraries is already in use. And the base newspaper started publication on Sept. 17.

In September, the New River rifle and pistol ranges, among the finest and most well-appointed in the world, were opened. Lt. Col. R. T. Pressnell is range officer. Recruits are being sent from Parris Island Boot Camp to complete their training at New River, arriving at the rate of about 1,000 men the month.

The Balloon Barrage training school was shifted from Parris Island to New River in September. Colonel Bernard L. Smith, ranked as the oldest surviving Marine aviator and No. 6 among naval flyers, is commanding officer of the Balloon Barrage group.

Colonel R. N. Montague directs schools for enlisted men. These schools, transferred from Quantico, are Motor Transport, Quartermaster, Engineers, Signal Operators, Cooks and Bakers.

There is, also, the Parachute School, artillery companies, anti-aircraft and demolition specialists, Raider battalions (of which Corporal Joe is a member), an amphibian tractor-tank base.

The new recruit depot for Negroes is



**ON THE GROUND**, the paramarine is ready for all comers with his Reising submachine gun and other equipment.

located at Mumford Point and started operations this Autumn. Negro recruits have white drill instructors and officers and are organized into two composite defense battalions. Colonel Samuel C. Wood, Jr., is commanding officer.

• • •

**SOMETIMES**, New River seemed like a big college to Joe and the others. Joe had played high school football and had gone to a teachers college in Oklahoma for a couple of years. So he liked the classes in hand-to-hand combat, bayonet fighting, demolition and sabotage.

In the Raiders' camp there were some exciting scenes. Dozens of husky youths would be throwing judo holds on one another. Others would be split up into pairs for practice in disarming one another. Instructors showed the lads magical disarming tricks.

Joe had received considerable bayonet instruction at San Diego. But this was more highly specialized. There were a lot of new "plays," most of which it would not be well to describe. Let the enemy learn about them the hard way.

A pupil and the 21st Marines' red-haired star, Platoon Sergeant Max Cowser, would put on the masks and pads and fight furiously with covered bayonets. It was a real show. The kids would watch closely. They then they'd put on the pads and soon there'd be a dozen bayonet bouts going on all at once.

Joe's company did guard duty for a spell on Onslow Beach. They guarded the beach for 11 miles. They lived in a wood barracks amidst the sand dunes, right on the lip of the beach.

The Major was proud of the guard company. The Major was a husky 200-pounder from Ohio. He had served under Lt. Col. John R. Thomason, and he often mentioned the famous Marine-author.

"I was a second lieutenant under Colonel Thomason," said the Major, "and no shave-tail ever got better training at the start."

The Major asked the boys to do plenty of hard things. There were long sessions of exercise under arms out on the beach. There were frequent hikes at Raider "time." And he gave them frequent "refresher courses" on weapons. The Major prodded them a lot. But he never asked them to do anything that he wouldn't do himself. (Except that he was too broad for the tunnels on the obstacle course.) He required them to go in swimming twice the day, no matter the weather. And so it was that Joe and his pals, already tanned from the hot San Diego sun, got brown as the crust on a home-baked pie.

Water was scarce on the island (Onslow Beach is separated by an inlet from the mainland). They drank out of lister bags. But the food was good. There was fried chicken and barbecued beef and pork chops and the cooks made good pies.

The Major was proud of his boys' excel-



**THERE'LL BE NO LACK** of entertainment for the men at New River. Here's one of the new and modern theaters, for movies and other events. It seats 1,200 Marines.



**MODERN BUILDINGS NOW** house much of the personnel at New River. Pictured above is one of the post troops barracks on Hadnot Point, in the \$50,000,000 plant.



**COMFORTABLE HOMES** have been built in projects at Paradise Point and other locations at New River. Here's non-com's neat, low-rent cottage among the pines.

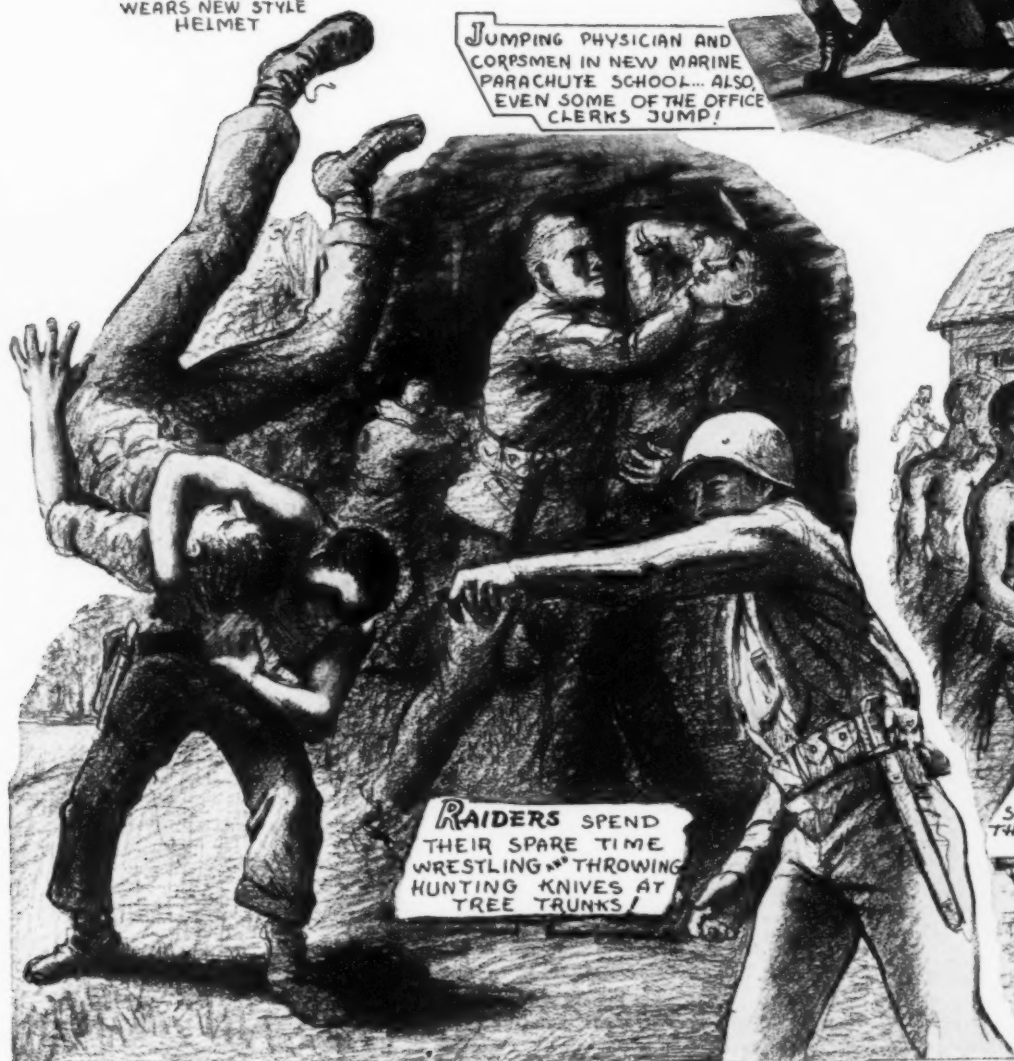
# NEW RIVER SIDELIGHTS



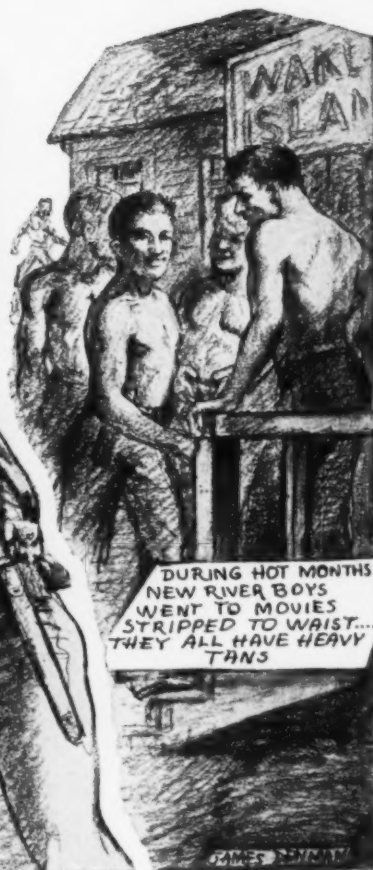
Sgt. "Modo"  
MASCOT OF POST  
TROOPS, NEW RIVER  
WEARS NEW STYLE  
HELMET



JUMPING PHYSICIAN AND  
CORPSMEN IN NEW MARINE  
PARACHUTE SCHOOL... ALSO,  
EVEN SOME OF THE OFFICE  
CLERKS JUMP!



RAIDERS SPEND  
THEIR SPARE TIME  
WRESTLING AND THROWING  
HUNTING KNIVES AT  
TREE TRUNKS!



DURING HOT MONTHS  
NEW RIVER BOYS  
WENT TO MOVIES  
STRIPPED TO WAIST...  
THEY ALL HAVE HEAVY  
TANS



**"THE ALLIGATORS" FIND** New River an ideal place for training. Here's a formation of the amphibian tractors proceeding up the broad river. These water-land vehicles in action are used mostly to bring supplies to shore, sometimes they carry troops.

lent physical condition. And whenever there were visitors to the guard company he would often say:

"I will let you pick out any man in the company and I will bet that he can outrun any other Marine on the base."

• • •

**T**HE Marine Corps Parachute School was transferred this year from Lakehurst, N. J., to New River. Paramarine candidates live in a modern barracks on Hadnot Point. This barracks also houses school offices, classrooms and the parachute-packing room.

A Marine paratrooper must be between 21 and 32 years of age, weighing between 135 and 190 pounds. His heart must be good, his bones and joints unusually strong, his eyesight good and his sense of equilibrium perfect. Those enlisted men who qualify at the New River school receive \$50 the month added to their base pay. Officers of the paramarines get \$100 extra.

Lieutenant Colonel M. J. Howard, a wiry man with a red mustache, is commanding officer of the school and Captain B. B. Cheever is training officer.

The parachute scholars are the most photographed of all the men at New River.

"When I made my first jump at Lakehurst I got up hip deep in photographers," said Captain Cheever. "The cameramen aren't so thick in North Carolina."

Early this Fall the school was rather short-handed and some of the cadre of veteran instructors had to perform office chores at times. Perhaps that burly sergeant you would see tapping a typewriter in the office had made more jumps than he could remember.

Many, but not all of the boys in the parachute school are experienced Marines with ratings. As a result, the schooling can proceed rapidly without the instructors having to worry about continuing the "Boot Camp stuff."

The course covers five or six weeks, depending on the weather. Then the graduates are sent into combat outfits to learn demolition and sabotage.

Main accent is put on physical condition in the Parachute School.

"If they stay in shape they're not likely to get hurt," said Captain Cheever.

So the routine contains a rather large portion of calisthenics and tumbling to strengthen leg, back and abdominal muscles to withstand the shock of landing.

During the first part of the course, the parachutists learn to pack their own 'chutes and they learn all about this most important part of their equipment: nomenclature, care, upkeep, etc.

For the first three weeks, the boys get schooling on the Reising gun and other weapons and are taught a certain amount of map and aerial photography reading. They're put into harness, hoisted a few feet off the ground and instructed in manipulating the chutes, and how to make landings on the ground, in trees or in the water. Those water landings are the trickiest of all, for the 'chutist must escape from his harness just before he hits the water else he may be enveloped in shrouds and canopy and be drowned.

The boys get schooling on life jackets and emergency rafts. They learn about all flotation gear and about cargo containers. They go out in the boondocks and practice taking equipment from cargo containers under simulated fire.

Then the parachute pupils are ready for an indoctrination flight. On this trip they don't really jump. But the door of the transport may be opened. They get the feel of things.

The Parachute School's captive and fly-away towers rise 250 feet in the air above the pines of Hadnot Point.

Here on the fourth week, the boys are taken for their first jumps. From the captive tower, 'chutes are held in the groove by pulleys. On the fly-away the 'chutist is simply hoisted up and then turned loose with his canopy open.

At the towers, under the critical eyes of the instructors, the men learn about "steering." In battle it is essential that the paramarines land in a concentrated area and form their lines as soon as possible. While descending the men keep their

'chutes close together by steering. Also they use steering to avoid landing in water, trees and other dangerous spots. A landing may be speeded up by pulling in the lift web or lines of the parachute canopy, thus making the exposed area smaller and causing a faster fall. This is called "slipping a 'chute."

Actually, there's considerably more of a thrill in jumping from the towers than in a regular leap from a plane. There's more of the sense of height from the towers.

At the towers, instruction in 'chute-packing continues and rugged routine of calisthenics and tumbling is kept up.

Unless the weather has interfered with the schedule, the fifth week will be examination and graduation week for the 'chutists.

The lads make six plane jumps during the week, each time packing their own chutes. At first they jump from about 1,000 feet in the air. Then the transports fly lower and lower until the troops are bailing out at only a few hundred feet above the ground.

Almost everyone in the school, including Colonel Howard, Captain Cheever, the physician and the corpsmen and some of the clerks, makes jumps.

After graduation, Colonel Howard's scholars go into organized parachute battalions for more special instruction.

The uniform of a paramarine is very practical. There is a heavy cloth jumper with huge pockets. The loose-fitting trousers are tucked into high leather boots. The boots have special shock-absorbing heels and soles. There are three pieces of headgear for jumping. First the paramarine puts on a leather helmet like that worn by an aviator. Then a plastic helmet follows this. Finally, a steel helmet fits over all and covers the back of the head, sides of the face and forehead.

One of the most startling facts about the schools is that few of the men are familiar with planes before starting their paramarine course.

"From 30 to 50 per cent have never been up in a plane before," said Captain Cheever.

THE days passed swiftly. And soon it was time for Corporal Joe's "graduation." And graduation meant practice landings at Onslow Beach. In San Diego, Joe had made some landings off destroyers. That was before the war. It was different now, with most vessels off on more important duties.

Back of the barracks at Onslow Beach there was a narrow inlet. The inlet was crowded with invasion craft—ramp boats, Y-boats, tank lighters, manned by Coast Guardsmen. Over on the west side of the inlet were the mockups: huge scaffolds built to resemble the sides of ships. The mockups, with cargo nets strung down their sides, came in various sizes, from destroyers to battleships and big transports.

Joe and his outfit stayed all night in the pines. Then they crossed at dawn by the ferry and marched to the mockups in the inlet.

There in the sparkling morning, Joe and his mates scrambled nimbly down the cargo nets and into the waiting invasion craft. Complete mechanized equipment was loaded in the lighters. The Coast Guardsmen kidded the Marines a lot.

"You guys just wasted your time eating breakfast," said one Chief, "cause you'll be losing it when we come in on those breakers."

The green waters of the inlet were churned by the propellers of the in-

vasion barges. The motors roared and strained and the sounds echoed out among the sand dunes. The air was heavy with gasoline fumes.

Then the barges bounced out of the inlet and into the open Atlantic. And Corporal Joe's nose was freed of the gasoline vapors and spray hit him in the face as he crouched against the steel bulkhead of the ramp boat.

The Atlantic was rough that morning. The barges would fall into wave troughs with a hard smack that jarred Joe to the base of his spine. But he only clung tighter to his M-1 and thought about other things. One or two of the kids got a little

seasick. The Coast Guardsmen looked on sardonically.

Familiar Onslow Beach drew nearer and nearer. Joe and his bunch were in the first wave of boats. There were the wooden barracks and the officers' club and the observation tower and the water towers. But Joe saw none of these. He was looking through a haze. These were hostile shores now. Behind the tasseled reeds on the sand dunes the enemy waited.

A LOT of guys are sending in reports, with words and pictures, about the Marines Corps' biggest base. Not many of them catch the real feeling of the place. For New River is getting to be (Turn to page 133)



**"GRADUATION EXERCISE":** Here's one of the big moments as Marines complete their training in invasion tactics at New River. These boys, making a practice landing, are crouched in a ramp boat that is smacking over the breakers, nearing beach.

# Peewee Met The Marines

By MARTIN FYFFE

PRIVATE PEEWEE JACKSON hurried down Colon's Front street, past East Indian bazaars, Chinese novelty shops, and queer-smelling native cantinas. Smiling Hindu merchants invited him to inspect their wares. Grinning black vendors of lottery tickets tried to stay him with their promises of easy riches. Sleepy cocheros listlessly besought his patronage. But he tarried neither to look nor listen. It was too hot. The trade winds had long since retreated to their northern caves, leaving the whole of Panama gasping for breath.

When he had progressed several blocks, he wheeled into a narrow side street and made a bee-line for a squat building that stood in the middle of the block. Over its wide open door hung a weather-beaten blue and white sign bearing the inscription: "Mike's Palace Bar"; while from its cool, dim interior came the pungent odor of malt and stronger liquors, and a muted medley of voices and clinking glass.

Pushing through the swinging door, Peewee made his way to the long mahogany bar that stretched across the far end of the room. A genial bartender measured out a jigger of whiskey, and placed before him a tall ice-filled glass and a siphon bottle. With a sigh of pleasure, Peewee mixed his drink and downed it quickly.

One highball unfailingly suffused him with a warm, mellow glow; a second unlocked the flood-gates of his speech; while a third invariably kindled in him an overpowering desire to burst into song. Half an hour after his arrival, he had reached the singing stage.

Peewee beamed upon the cosmopolitan groups that clustered around the small tables and swarmed about the long bar. His friendly glance traveled slowly from one group to another. Soldiers stationed on the Atlantic side of the isthmus mingled with the sailors from the submarine base; bronzed commercial mariners rubbed shoulders with white-garbed civilians of nearly every race and creed. Presently, his roving eyes fell upon a group he had not noticed before—four blue-clad young men who were sitting quietly at a table in a far corner of the room. After glaring at them for a moment, he threw back his head and started to sing:

**"The Marines, they are a lousy crew,  
Parley voo!  
The Marines, they are a lousy crew,  
Parley voo!"**



**Oh, the Marines, they are a lousy crew.  
They brag a lot but they never do.  
Hinkey dinkey, parley voo!"**

Hilarious applause rewarded his efforts. Vastly pleased, Peewee started the doggerel again, this time accompanied by all of the soldiers present, and not a few of the sailors. The four Marines sat bolt upright in their chairs, their faces red with rage.

Spurred by demands for an encore, Peewee launched into another verse:

**"The Marines, they claim they won the war,  
Parley voo!  
The Marines, they claim they won the war,  
Parley voo!  
A few Marines, with the help of God!  
If they'd heard a shot, they'd jumped a rod.  
Hinkey dinkey, parley voo!"**

That brought down the house. Everyone picked up the refrain; even the civilians, for many of whom the words

had no real significance. Everyone, of course, except the four Marines who sat, glowering, at their table—their fingers itching to close around Peewee's throat.

Wearying, at length, of excoriating the Marine Corps, Peewee tossed down another highball, and swaggered out into the burning street in search of new adventure. Stepping into a waiting carromata, he instructed its dusky cochero to drive him out along Colon beach.

The glaring sun, his several highballs, and the lazy motion of his quaint conveyance all combined to cast a heavy spell of drowsiness over Peewee. In a very short time he lay sprawled out on his seat, dead to the world.

HE was snoring lustily when a carromata that had been following him for some few minutes drew alongside, and the four victims of his recent ribald serenading hopped out and motioned to Peewee's cochero to stop. While one of the Marines grimly pledged the frightened driver to secrecy, the others carefully lifted Peewee's inert body from the car-

riage, and carried it about one hundred yards to a group of palm trees that screened the beach from the road.

A few minutes later, Peewee stirred restlessly and finally opened his eyes to meet the menacing scrutiny of the silent quartette squatting at his feet.

"Say, what the hell!" he blustered, quickly sitting up. "What do you guys think you're——"

"We were just thinkin'," smirked one of his captors, "that maybe you'd be wantin' to do a little more singin' for us."

"Yeah," sneered another. "Only this time out of the other side of your mouth." Peewee mustered a hollow laugh.

"Say, you guys are sure the kid-ders," he burred. "For a minute I thought you was really sore——"

A third member of the quartette—a brawny, hard-faced corporal—sprang to his feet. "Get up!" he ordered harshly. Swiftly, he reached down and yanked Peewee unceremoniously to his feet. "Now," he snarled, "put up your dukes!"

Cold sweat cropped out on Peewee's forehead.

"Say, lookee here, now," he protested, "you can't——"

The corporal's open hand smacked against his right cheek. "Why don't you start singin', now, about how lousy we are?" the Marine taunted. "Or about how much braggin' we do?" he added, cuffing the other side of Peewee's face.

Goaded to reckless fury, the latter plunged forward to meet his Waterloo. Evading Peewee's failing fists with the ease of a practiced boxer, the Marine drove his own home with devastating accuracy. In an incredibly short time, he had blackened both of Peewee's eyes, bloodied his nose, and loosened one of his teeth. Finally, tiring of the one-sided encounter, he let fly a terrific upper-cut to the point of Peewee's chin that sent him crashing to the sand, all but unconscious.

It was long after Taps that night when Peewee sneaked into his darkened squad-room and crept stealthily albeit painfully into his bunk. But not to sleep. For the greater part of the night he pitched and tossed, racking his brain for

ways and means of wreaking his revenge upon the Marine Corps in general and upon one corporal of Marines in particular.

The barrage of razzing that his battered face drew from his wise-cracking buddies, the next morning only intensified his desire for revenge. But wishing to avenge himself was one thing—and hitting upon a way to do so safely was quite another.

After a week of fruitless scheming, Peewee's obsession for revenge had all but reached a state of wishful thinking when a chance bit of information reached his ears; information that gave new impetus to his planning. From several unimpeachable and wholly unrelated sources came the word that, far from being the ruthless, two-fisted man of action he appeared to be, his erstwhile assailant was actually at heart a confirmed romanticist—a champion sucker for feminine allure. Indeed, it was unanimously reported by Peewee's informants that, in the hands of any good looking dame, Corporal Bill Emmer of the United States Marine Corps made a

hunk of putty look like a piece of Vermont granite.

Saturday morning inspection over, Peewee was seated in the deserted battery day-room, idly scanning the local newspaper when a brief news item caught his eye; a short paragraph announcing the arrival in Colon of a woman prize-fighter—Miss Emma McGillicuddy—The Battling Amazon. Peewee sat up with a jerk as an idea blitz-krieged through his brain; an idea charged with so much promise that he refused, at first, to accept it. For some few minutes he toyed with this dazzling inspiration, polished and perfected it. At length, tingling with excitement, he headed for Colon—and Miss McGillicuddy's modest hotel.

He was quite unprepared for the trim young woman who came down to the lobby in answer to his call. Her bold black eyes, milk-white complexion, and full red lips left him a trifle breathless.

"SAY, you ain't really the Battling—I mean, you ain't Miss McGillicuddy, are you?" he stuttered. "Miss Emma McGillicuddy?"

Miss McGillicuddy's black eyes twinkled.

"I sure ain't Hedy LeMarr," she quipped.

Peewee, his composure fast returning, grinned back at her. "Maybe so," he retorted, "but I'd sure hate to take any bets on it."

"Okay, soldier, pick up the marbles," said Miss McGillicuddy, "and tell me what I can do for you."

"I'm thinkin', maybe, I can do somethin' for you," Peewee parried. "That is if you happen to be lookin' for a match."

"You mean you can arrange one for me?"

Peewee nodded. "I ain't sure—but I think so," he lied. "I gotta talk to the other party first. If you're interested how about meetin' me at the Canal Zone Club-house tomorrow night at—say, seven-thirty?"

The Battling Amazon was not one to let the grass grow under her feet.

"Brother," she responded promptly, "you've just made a date."

Later that evening, Peewee handed a delicately scented letter to the mair orderly at the Submarine Base at Coco Solo; a letter addressed to one Corporal William Emmer, United States Marine Corps, which read:

Dear Corp. Emmer:

I guess you'll be thinking I'm a fresh one, all right, writing to you like this. But I always says when a girl sees a man she can really admire—well, I say, she's just cheating herself if she doesn't try to make out his acquaintance. I mean she's just a silly little prude if she's bashful about holding out a friendly hand and all that sort of thing.

About me—I'm free, white, and almost twenty-one, and even if I haven't got Ann Sheridan's face, she hasn't got anything

(Turn to page 135)





# The Dogs of War!

**S**EMPER FIDELIS (Always Faithful) is the name the boys at the Marine Barracks, Pensacola Naval Air Station, have given a German shepherd dog who joined the detachment this year and began walking post with gyrene sentries.



**SEMPER FIDELIS**

Semper Fidelis, apparently ownerless, has walked his adopted post in a military manner since that first day. Neither injury nor bad weather has kept him from his self-imposed duty.

During his first week at Pensacola the dog walked outboard of sentries as they paced the walkway spanning the bridge. A passing car struck him and his front leg was injured. Marines administered first aid and the dog resumed patrol. Now, however, he paces on the inboard side of the sentry.

With the exception of brief rest periods taken on a sack at one end of the bridge, Semper Fidelis walks post throughout each day and night. As the watch change the faithful helper immediately joins up with the new Marine. No stranger dare get near the sentry. His intelligent eyes seem to say, "I'm doing my bit for Uncle Sam."

If he had no owner before, he has hundreds of Marines now who want to look after him. Little wonder that they affectionately named him for the Marine Corps motto, Semper Fidelis—always faithful.

The Marine Corps is drafting some dogs for war work. At Fort Armstrong in Honolulu a "Dogs for Defense" school was held. The canines are, mostly, loaned to the government, and the animals are chosen for their unusual intelligence. The dogs are trained to act as sentries and are also schooled in the art of "attack."

Marines attending the school in Hawaii may be sent to the Mainland soon to school other Marines in handling war dogs.

The Navy and the Coast Guard, likewise, have started using dogs for help on sentry duty in guarding America's far-flung coast-lines.

All sorts of dogs are being recruited by the U. S. Armed forces as guards, messengers, and pack animals.

**"DEVIL DOGS" TEACH** plain dogs how to get tough. These three dogs are learning "sentry duty." The Marines, left to right are Pfc. Jerry Ogla, Pfc. Marvin W. McBane and Corporal Layton.



**MARINE AND HIS DOG:** Corporal Willard Layton of Bayard, W. Va., who attended the "Dog for Defense" school held by the Marine Corps in Honolulu, is pictured with one of the canine pupils. The dogs are "drafted" by United States.



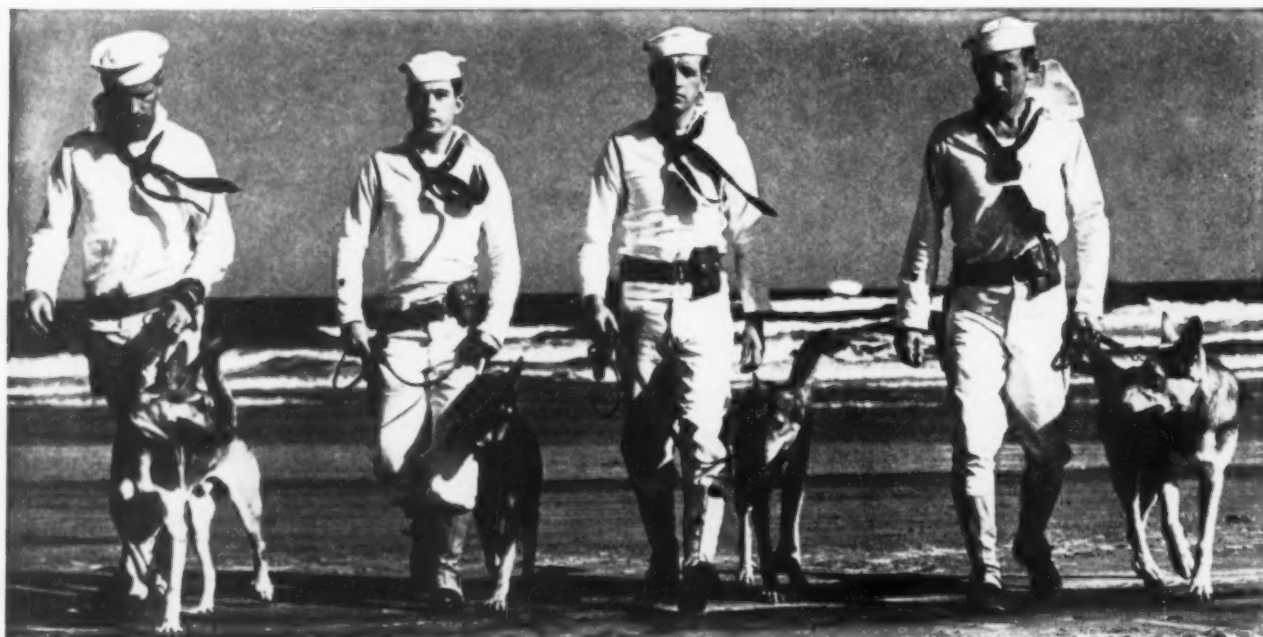
**W**HEN the mutts are chosen they are given a physical by Army or Navy "Vets," and are sent to camps all over the country to begin 8 weeks of training. Here they are taken over by an instructor and taught the fundamentals of everything from sentry duty to air raid warden routine.

All sizes, shapes, and breeds have been accepted and trained according to their particular duties. Huskies are trained for duty in surroundings suited to them. One team of huskies were trained to pull heavy trucks that have been disabled, out of the danger zone. For an example in surroundings, the Huskies at the Chil-koot Barracks in Alaska have been used as machine gun bearers. These pups of the northland can go as long as five days without food and can sleep outdoors in cold as low as 60 below. The Russians were the first to use the Huskie for war work. Dogs hitched to sleds carrying machine-gunners were so fast that the Germans on the front line saw them come and go (if they were lucky enough to escape the snipers' bullets) and couldn't even draw a bead on them.

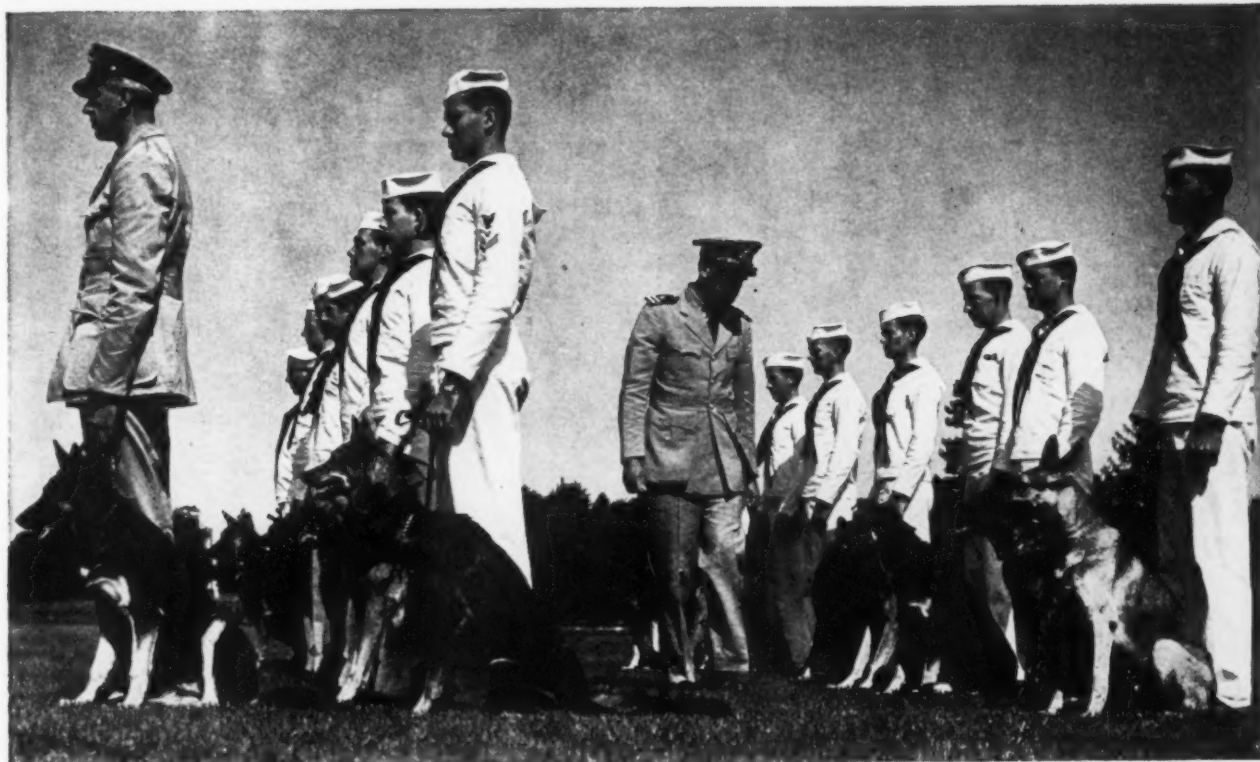
Small of silhouette, fleet of foot and unerring in direction, a dog can do the work of three runners on foot or of one mounted messenger over routes in the forward areas of battle. A message sent by dog, according to European staff officers has a far greater chance of reaching its destination than has the same message sent by a human runner. To speak in scientific terms, the "message effectiveness" of one dog is equal to that of nine men on foot, or of three men and three mounts, available for other service. From the viewpoint of maintenance, one must remember that a dog needs no stabling



**SEMPER FIDELIS**, police dog mascot of the U. S. Marines at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., walks post along with a Marine sentry. Semper has a slight limp.



**OFF ON PATROL** are these Coast Guardsmen and their dogs. Well-trained for their guard duties, these Coast Guard dogs are especially handy at lonely outposts. Their keen sense of hearing and smell are valuable in warning against spies' landings.



**TROOP AND INSPECTION** for the "hounds" of the Coast Guard. Sailors stand by their dogs as a lieutenant passes down the file to look over the canine recruits. The pups stay at attention until their instructors tell them to relax or give another command.



**THIS WAR DOG** seems proud of his duties. He remains beside a crouching Coast Guard machine gunner at an Atlantic Coast post. The dogs help morale of men.

and can live on one and half pounds of selected mess leavings per day.

The St. Bernards are trained to carry heavy packs and other heavy duty work. Even though these canines are slow compared to the smaller dogs, they will be indispensable in helping in troop transportation in active duty.

With an improvised pack-saddle, dogs can carry from 20 per cent to 35 per cent of their weight. Even large dogs capable of carrying two boxes of machine-gun ammunition present a smaller, less recognizable target than a man, and they can deliver more quickly. Packs of trained ammunition carriers can keep units supplied more efficiently and with a great saving in man power than can any other front line method. Personnel relieved by the dogs can be used to operate additional weapons.

The natural alertness of a dog and his superb sense of smell can be used for the detection of poison gasses. Even when asleep, the slightest change of odor in the atmosphere will alert a dog, whereas the nostrils of man are almost impotent in their ability to awaken a man from sleep.

The "Medics" are training dogs to help in finding wounded and maimed men in the field. In cold countries, where the wounded must be found quickly, the dogs are the best Corpsmen on the line.

If you ever come upon a dog pounding a lonely beat, make sure he isn't a sentry before you go anywhere near him.

# IT ALL COUNTS ON 30 SNOW JOBS



DROP THIS IN A MAILBOX IN FRISCO-I  
HAVEN'T SEEN THE BABE IN A MONTH  
AND I WANT HER TO THINK I'VE BEEN  
ON THE WEST COAST.



ONE STRIPE IS FIRST  
LOOEY-TWO STRIPES  
IS SECOND LOOEY.

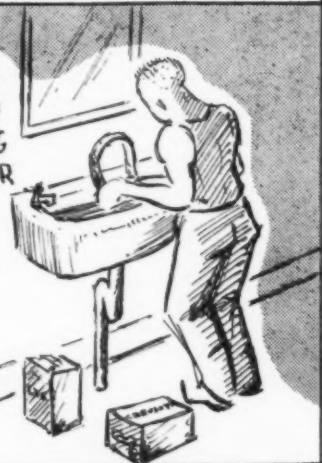


THE TRAIN HIT  
A COW BETWEEN  
GALEVILLE AND  
SMITHPORT.  
HERE, SIR  
IS A NOTE  
FROM THE  
CONDUCTOR.

7½ MINUTES OVERLEAVE

EXPLAINING THE CORPS TO THE NEW  
DATES WHO JUST ADORE MARINES.

THEN THERE IS  
THE BOOT WHO  
USES EVERYTHING  
IN THE GEAR-LOCKER  
TO WASH HIS  
CLOTHES TO A  
"SALTY" WHITE.



HE WAS RUFFLING  
THE CARDS AND ONE  
CAUGHT HIM IN THE EYE!

ALASKA?  
ENGLAND?  
MODERAT,  
ISN'T HE?

EYE PATCH-BANDAGE-A FRIENDLY  
BAR AND IT BEGINS TO SNOW.

OUR HERO-  
PX MEDALS-NO  
WIRE STAYS IN  
THE HAT AND  
YOU'D SWEAR  
HE HAS BEEN  
IN FOR ALL OF  
THE 167 YEARS



T.R.N. HART



## The First Recruit

"THE initial step by the Continental Congress to establish the Marine Corps was taken on November 10, 1775, when it authorized the raising of two battalions. . . . The authority contained in the resolution was used to form more or less isolated detachments of Marines who served throughout the remainder of the American Revolution. . . . The first recruiting of Continental Marines under the authority stated above appears to have been at the Tun Tavern in Philadelphia, and this hostelry is known as the birthplace of the Marine Corps. . . ."

*Metcalf's History of Marines.*

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

IT WAS a smoky morning in December, 1775. Master Robert Sparrow tied the canoe in a slough and covered the craft with grass and leaves. When Robert had left the Mingoes two days before, the Chief had given him the canoe and other gifts. The boy was clothed in a suit of soft buckskin, which was stitched well but stank faintly, a coonskin cap and moccasins. Around his lean waist was a scarlet sash taken from the body of a Swedish trader whom the Mingoes had killed on the Delaware shore.

Robert's hawser-muscled legs were cramped from the canoe trip. So he moved along the river bank at a lope. On the outskirts of Philadelphia he slowed to a walk. He pulled a length of jerked beef and a handful of pinon nuts from his knapsack and began to eat as he strode along.

He pivoted frequently, craning his muscular neck as he walked, for the town was filled with sights strange to the tall lad. Robert had been raised among the Mingoes, and the only white people he had known were traders and trappers and isolated settlers. Never before had he seen so many elegantly-dressed persons. And there were buildings of great height, some of them rising to three stories, and all this topped by towering chimneys.

"Surely these houses will topple over and kill many within," thought Robert.

But he stopped staring at the huge buildings. For a troop of cavalry was bearing down on him in the narrow street. The boy gathered his powerful legs under him and jumped out of harm's way with one nimble motion.

From far up Dock Street he could hear the sound of drums beating. The city was filled with Continental troops. And he



heard it said that the British were at Trenton in great strength.

He stopped at a horse trough and washed his broad, bronzed face and he combed his blond hair with his fingers. He straightened his cap, adjusting it so that the coon's tail fell off his left shoulder. He tightened the beautiful scarlet sash. Then he set out to look for lodgings.

An officer of the Continental army, riding a roan horse, came out of an alley and blocked Robert's passage in the street. Behind the officer were two drummers and a squad of soldiers, at the halt and carrying firelocks at slope arms.

"Ho, big lad," the officer yelled, "why dost thou not join the forces of General Washington. There will be action enough for the likes of thee."

"For the likes of me?" replied Master Sparrow. "Do not fret me or I will dust the powder from thy hair."

"Mind thy manners, greasy lout," answered the officer, though he did not appear angry. And he continued: "The encouragement at this time to enlist is truly liberal and generous, namely a bounty of 12 dollars, an annual and fully sufficient supply of good and handsome clothing to take the place of those stinking skins on thy back, a daily allowance of a large and ample ration of provisions and grog, together with 60 dollars a year in gold and silver on account of pay."

The officer halted this recital to put his soldiers and drummers at ease. And then he said:

"The whole of this pay may be laid by for thyself, as all articles for thy subsistence and comfort are provided by law, without expense to thee."

"Nay," said Robert, "I know not what this war is about. And I am very tired of wars. I have just returned with the Mingoes from a trip of six moons during which we killed 700 of the Western tribesmen and divers French and Spanishmen."

"Thou with the Mingoes," interrupted the officer, scornfully. "I would as soon believe that such a one as thee could lift up my horse and tilt me off it."

"Aye," replied Master Sparrow. He seized the left front leg of the horse and spilled the animal with one tremendous heave. The officer rolled clear of the horse, but the force of his fall carried him for several paces through the mire of the street and against a brick wall.

THE soldiers, open-mouthed, remained in ranks. The drummers rattled their sticks nervously, but did nothing. Before the dazed officer could get to his feet, Robert had fled far down the narrow alley. He turned left on King Street, and again he slowed to a walk.

"I am sick with the sight of bloody scalps," said Robert to himself, "but here these people talk more of war than do the Mingoes. I think the Chief will not find me so discontented when I return home."

The boy started shouldering his way through a crowd of sailors. The seafaring men were ringed around two giant petty officers who were throwing knives at a plank some 25 yards' distance.

Robert stopped to watch the knife-tossing. There was much wagering that the center of the plank, on which a small black circle had been inscribed, would not be hit. And, so far, neither of the petty officers had been able to put a blade within the black. The men were throwing the knives overhanded with lurching motions.

"Tis the wrong style," commented Robert to no one in particular. But one of the petty officers heard him.

"And how wouldst thou throw a knife, foul-smelling one," said the big sailorman. And he drew so near that Robert could see the purple tracery of old scars on his broad, red face.

"Overhanded, when possible," replied the boy, "but always with the wrist and not with the movement of the shoulder."

Angrily but wordlessly, the sailor handed Master Sparrow a handful of knives. Robert felt of them, fondly. They were of the finest steel he had ever seen. The boy stood before the target and he started flicking his right wrist. The air seemed full of blades in flight toward the board. Soon there was a bouquet of steel on the plank with all the points inside the black circle. Robert had one knife remaining. He closed his eyes, spun on his heel. At

some time during the pivot he let fly with the blade and it bit into the center of the bouquet of knives.

The sailors were silent for a few seconds.

Then one of the petty officers said to Robert:

"The Navy could use thee, lad."

The other seamen advanced toward the boy.

"Nay," replied Robert, stepping back, "I would be no sailor man."

"Surely," continued the petty officer, moving forward as he spoke, "thou wouldst like to spend a few happy years viewing the different parts of the world in the honorable and truly respectable character of a sailor. After which, if it pleases thee, thou mayst return home to thy friends with pockets full of money and with thy head covered with laurels."

"Nay," repeated Robert, "I do not want money nor things on my head."

Now the big officer was very close. Robert grasped him by the throat and by the midriff and raised him above his head with one easy motion. Then he threw the man into the faces of the advancing sailors. And the boy was 100 yards away by the time the seaman started half-hearted pursuit.

"This town seems full of persons who can not mind their own business," said Robert.

He was very thirsty from eating the jerked beef and pinon nuts. And he remembered that he had been looking for lodgings before his encounter with the Army and the Navy.

HE looked back down King Street. The sailors had given up the chase. Robert knew that he was near a tavern, though he could not read. There was the smell of cookery and spirits. Before the tavern stood an officer in a long blue coat with red cuffs, slash sleeves and pocket flaps, red vest and blue breeches. His coat had buttons of yellow metal bearing a fouled anchor and an American eagle. He wore epaulets of gold braid on each shoulder. The officer was talking to a drummer. But at the sight of Robert, he hailed the boy:

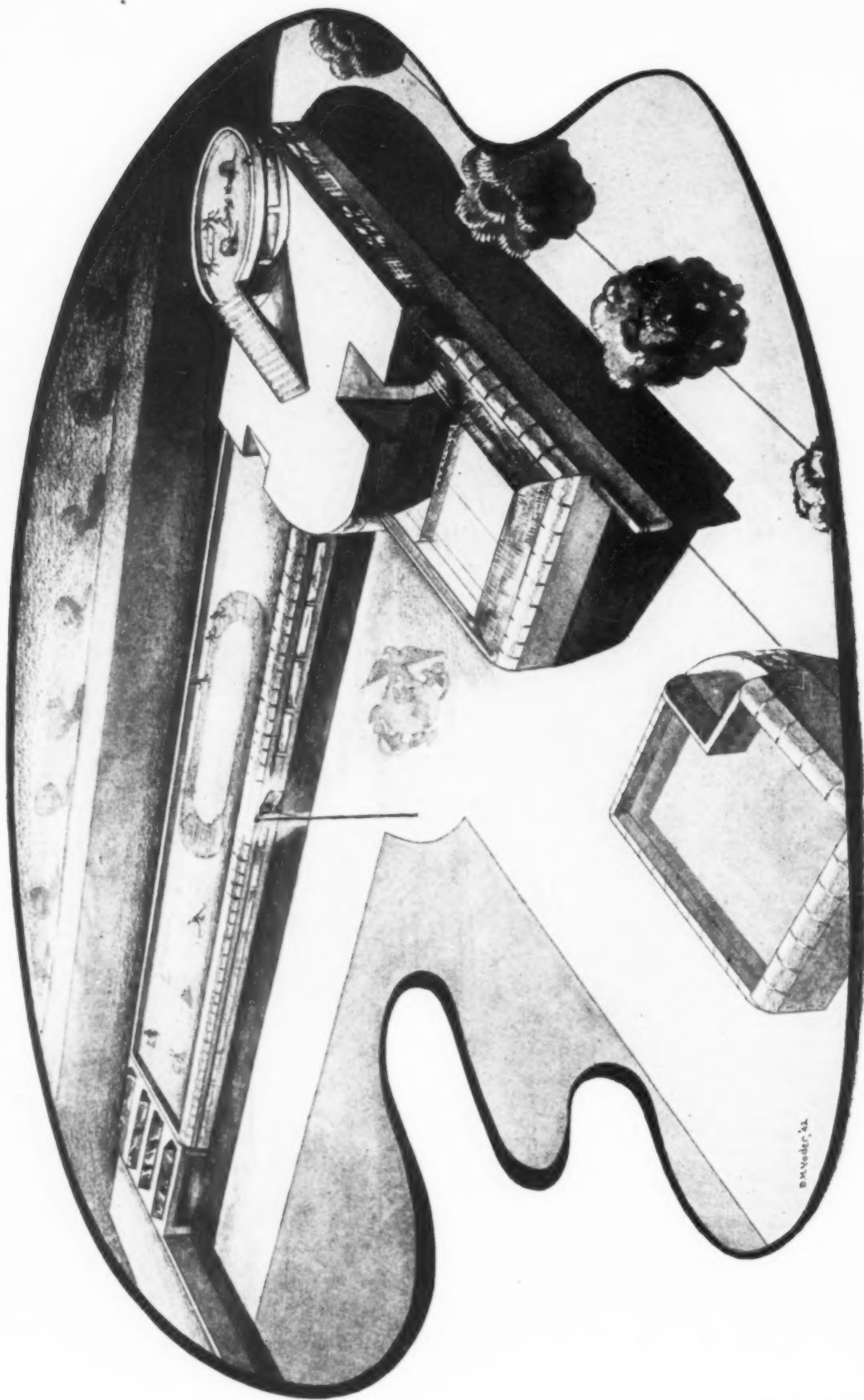
"Greetings, woodsman. Welcome to Tun Tavern. Order all the drinks and vittles ye wish. Elizabeth will attend thee."

"Aye," replied Robert, doubtfully. He entered the tavern, taking frequent backward glances to see whether the officer was following him. The boy was becoming very suspicious of Philadelphia's military men.

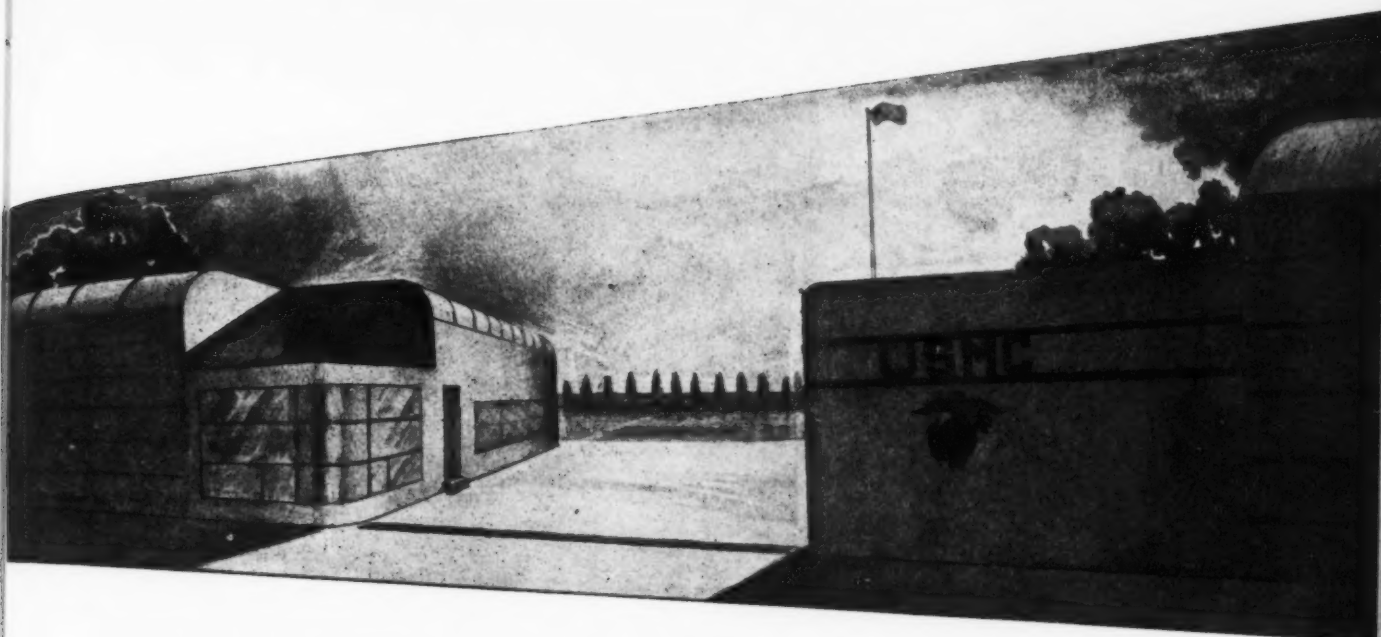
Inside the tavern, the light of a big fireplace played on the dark walnut walls. There was a short bar, hung with pewter cups and goblets. Behind the bar there was a girl—a very pretty girl, Robert thought, polishing a goblet. Robert laid down his knapsack and calmly and expressionlessly studied the movements of her body under the tight-fitting dress as she

(Turn to page 132)





© M. V. de la



**OVERALL PICTURE** of entrance to barracks is shown on page on the left. Huge Marine emblem is built into concrete wall immediately behind flagpole. Circular roof is part of post exchange. Long roof shows various athletic courts and  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile track. **ABOVE** is the entrance to the barracks. At the left is the guard house. Sentry booth is part of guard house and is almost entirely constructed of plate glass to allow ample vision of entrances into the barracks. **BELOW**, the commanding officer's office. Front part of office is constructed of glass allowing CO vision of parade ground activities.

## MB - '53

**S**INCE Uncle Sam is building modern barracks these days and architects are having a field day in designing, THE LEATHERNECK thought of a few ideas they would like included in a new model barracks.

The illustrations on these three pages show plans in designer's drawings of a small barracks. The designer is Private Daniel Miller Yoder, a Marine with an architectural yen.

The barracks use concrete, polarized glass, glass bricks, ceramic tile as principal building ingredients. Steel and reinforced concrete are actual building materials.

Artificial light will not shine from the barracks because of the polarized glass thereby creating a perpetual blackout condition. Skylights of the polarized glass deflect light coming in to the inside walls. The light is then deflected into the room giving an overall lighting without shadows.

Each man is allotted 81 square feet of floor space, ideal for health conditions. Each man has two combination steel and wood lockers. There are 16 men to each squadroom, eight men on each side.

Cellar space is utilized with a recreation room, a swimming pool, an auditorium, shop spaces, and the heating system.

The Post Exchange is constructed so that a sun roof is available for Marines to sip their cold drinks. Badminton,

shuffle board, tennis, volley ball courts are also constructed on a roof section. There is also a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile track.

The guard house has a sun roof for health of prisoners who may be exercised in this area. The guard house's second deck is given to sleeping quarters for the guard.

The barracks is equipped with a public address system with outlets in each squadroom and office. Schoolrooms would be on the first deck.

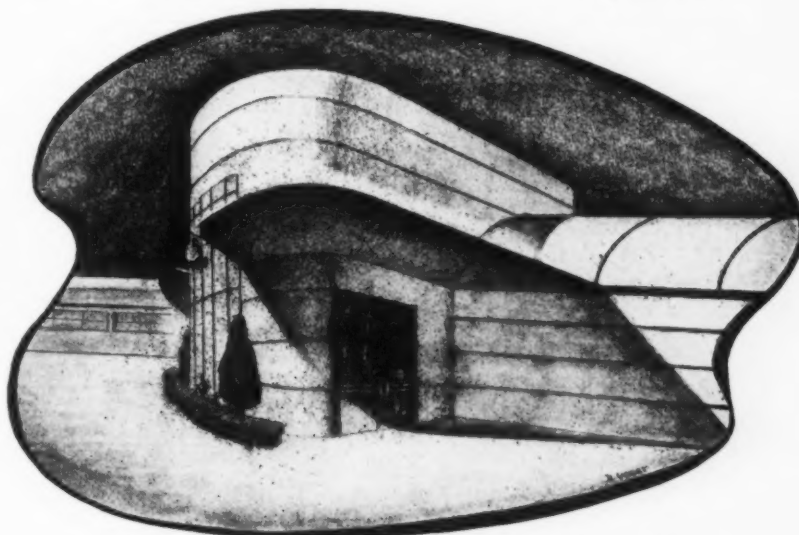
There is an inside rifle range of 50

yards. High powered ammunition can be fired on this range. The range is also laid out for use as a pistol range.

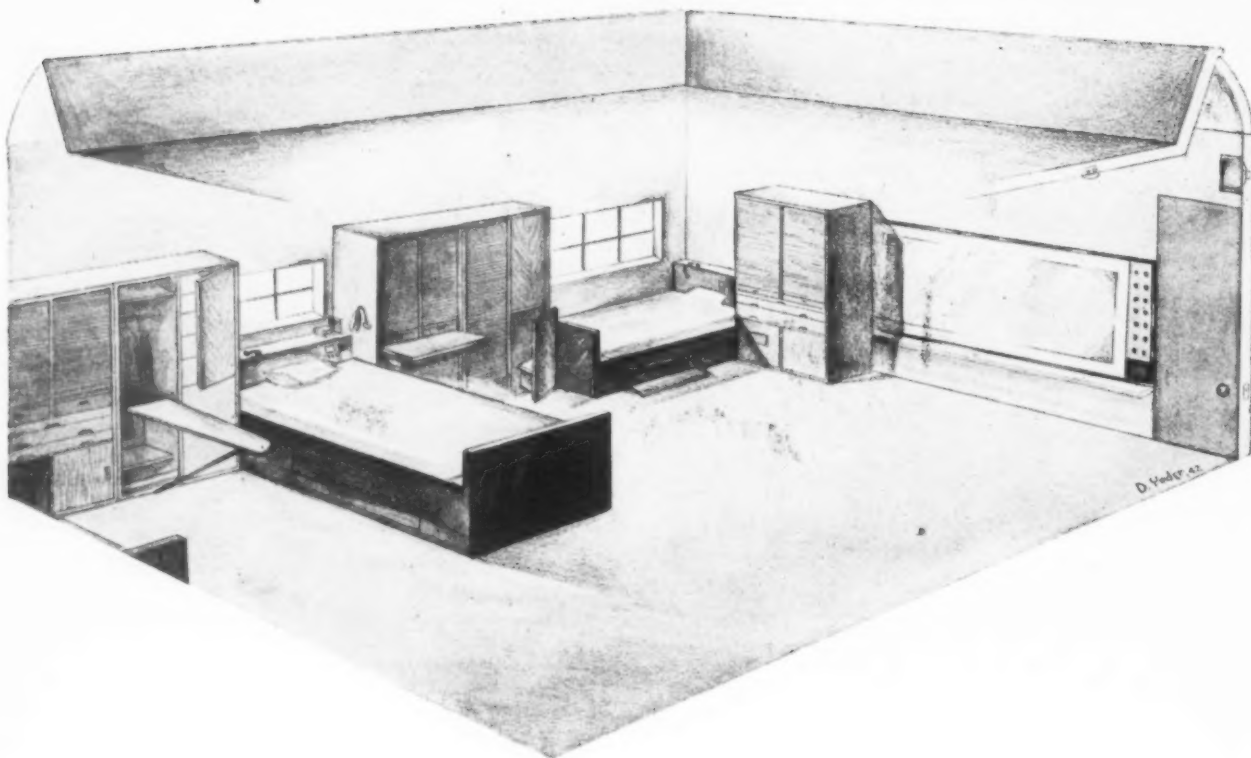
The lighting throughout the building is fluorescent.

Entrance to squadroom is by down and up stairways rather than in and up stairways. This eliminates stairways from the first deck. Transparent plastic covering for the athletic roofs will permit their usage in winter or inclement weather.

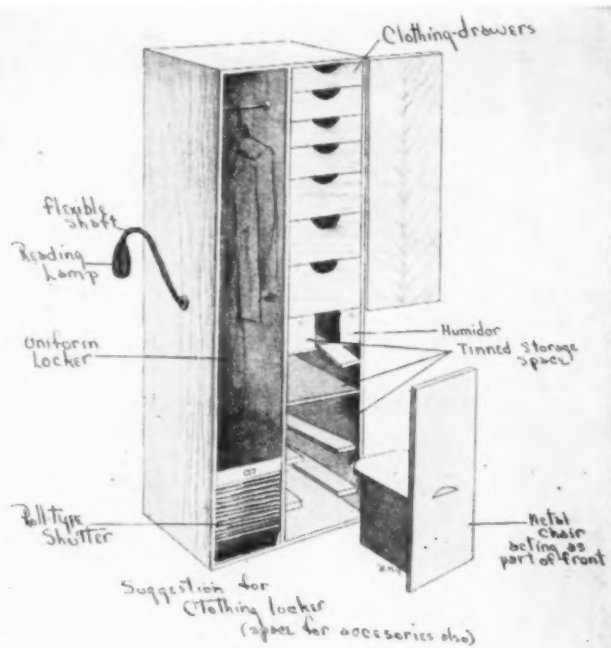
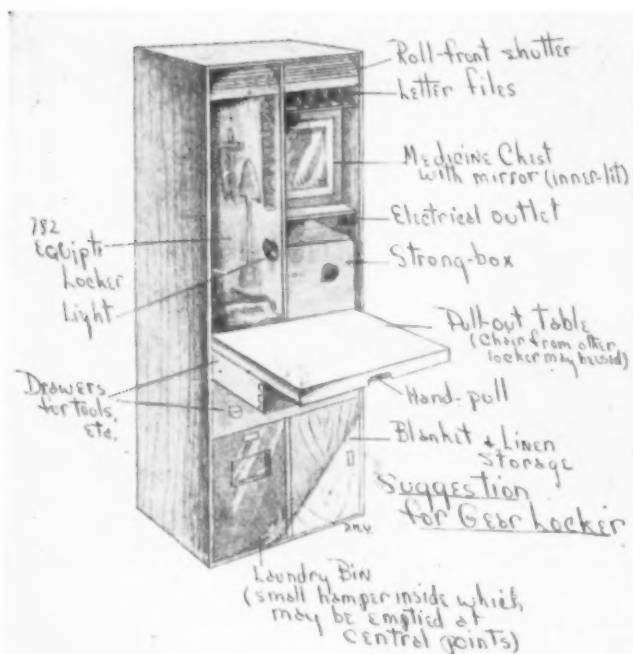
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(MORE DRAWINGS ON M.B. FOR '53 ON NEXT PAGE)



**MODEL SQUADROOM** gives each man 81 square feet of space. Bunks have dust-proof rifle rack built in. Each bunk has a window space, built in radio, overhead light on bunk. Below—The two lockers given to each man are permanently attached to walls of squadroom, prevents moving about and makes original layout of barracks desirably static.



# GERMANY'S



## EVERY MAN A SERGEANT

By M. J. SMITH

THE Nazi soldier, the man behind the guns; that plain, yet expertly-trained, swastika-wearing Teutonic who is fighting in World War II to become a member of the Herrenvolk or master race, is generally, just a peasant.

He likes soldiering, because as one put it "There is practically no difference between me and the first lieutenant, much less between me and the chief accountant of the firm where I used to work."

In addition, the German soldier, Peter, Heinz, Rudolf or Franz, goes into battle with all the assurance of an artisan, master of all the secrets of his trade. Up until the Russian campaign, the war for him was a Cook's tour into foreign lands, a pleasure trip to the paradise of restaurants.

In a few cases, the plain soldier has risen to become an officer because in the days following the first World War when Germany's army was limited to 100,000 men, every man in the army was trained until it was called "the army of 100,000 sergeants." Enlistment periods for that time was 12 years for privates and non-coms and 25 years for an officer. Yet, it was the desire of every youth to become a soldier, a philosophy deriving from the Hollenzollens army when the German caste system put the soldier at the top. In 1931, with room for 10,000 applicants, 200,000 tried to enlist.

With the number of men under arms so few and the applicants so many, the Reich could afford to be mighty choosy. Only men between 18 and 21 were accepted. They had to be short, stocky, "preferably five feet five inches in their stocking feet." Married men or those who had been engaged in any activities hostile to the Reich were barred. Every volunteer had his past opened up as far back as his ancestors and any suggestion that the recruit might have been a shirker, near moron, or parlor communist immediately eliminated him. The volunteer had to write to the commander of a company he wished to join, whereupon the commander searchingly investigated the applicant's past on information solicited from the home-town school teacher, parson and employer.

Physical tests were probably the severest in the world. A hint of flat feet or suspicion of near-sightedness was usually enough to blackball the person. No man who wore glasses was admitted.

To make every man a sergeant during that period, the army went on maneuvers with tanks constructed of automobiles with cardboard fronts and wood-

en guns, the latter having complete breech blocks and expensive telescopic sights. Toy balloons were utilized to assimilate enemy aircraft and poison gas being forbidden, smoke was employed as a substitute.

The green recruit was first stationed with a training unit, where he was accustomed to barracks life and the use of arms and lavishly indulged in sports—football, rowing, track—affairs for which the old conscript drillmaster could see no use. Then he shifted to a field unit for several years. If an infantryman, he was taught to handle a rifle, light or heavy machine-gun, or trench mortar, if an artilleryman, initiated into the mysteries of ballistics and range finding; if a cavalryman, he perfects his horsemanship, scouting and map reading. Whatever his branch, there was a great deal of classroom work. Soldiers in the Reichswehr never forgot that they were officer material. Every man in the army was destined to become a specialist. Just because the Versailles Treaty forbade siege guns, tanks, and poison gas to the Reichswehr, it did not prevent its re-

cruits from receiving complete training in chemistry, mechanics, tactics, aeronautics—in everything from shoemaking to beekeeping.

THE German soldier lived in the most modern barracks complete with facilities equal to college dormitories. His menu was the best in the land. Even later, when food shortages became noticeable, he received ample rations. He was given two ounces of butter a day with his bread, although civilians received not even one ounce for bread and cooking.

The menu for an average day might consist of coffee, bread, butter and marmalade for breakfast; soup, meat, vegetables, two pounds of potatoes for dinner; and tea, bread, butter with sausages or sardines or cheese for supper. The soup at dinner might be altered to compote or a sweet dish.

The private soldier on leave could go anywhere in Germany. Those with sufficient funds, and many of them possessed it, could eat in any restaurant in Berlin. They even ate with their officers. The overbearing officer with the monocle, immortalized for Hollywood by Eric von Stroheim, and his contempt for the ordinary soldier was an exaggeration of the relationship of the Kaiser's army of 1914-18.

A little-known aspect of the abolition of the caste in the early German army is the new use of the salute. It was early realized that the salute of a soldier to an officer was a survival of the days when officers were recruited exclusively from an upper social caste. This caste implication of the salute was one of the things which wrecked the old Imperial Russian Army and played havoc with





**TYPICAL GERMAN SOLDIERS** are these four fellows. Man on the left was one of first non-coms to win Iron Cross.



the French and English armies in the last war. Since it is an old military custom which has its uses, the Germans did not want to abolish it entirely, but they felt it was assential to remove its caste implications.

**The solution they arrived at was to generalize it and make it the sign of recognition of any man in uniform to any other, regardless of rank.**

In Germany today, soldiers salute their comrades with the same meticulous care they salute their officers. It has ceased to be a mark of inferiority to one of rank and becomes a recognition of the German uniform whether worn by officer or private. It means a lot of saluting but is the mark of a Germanic fellowship in arms.

Numerous medals and ribbons are passed out. During the first year of World War II, twenty percent more men received the Iron Cross, second class, than during the entire first World War. All troops who spent nine months in the Siegfried Line were given the Iron Cross whether they took part in the action or not. Also Austrian and Sudetan Crosses have been created.

Though Hitler has broken with the old Empire, the army still cultivates principles which fit into the program. Thus each new German regiment carried on the tradition of an old Imperial regiment. Every conscript is systematically impressed with the privilege of joining a holy fellowship of soldiers and with the superiority that military training gives him.

In the old German army, common soldiers and commissioned officers were separated by a yawning social abyss. Officers are now requested to smoke and chat with their men, to attend mess as

often as possible, to interest themselves in barracks, flowers and knieckknacks, never to ridicule or reprimand a man before a whole company; to unearth good qualities; to extend felicitations on birthdays even to members of soldiers' families, never to dress down a whole company for individual mistakes.

Military apologists in Germany like to quote the very severe penalties imposed on an officer who strikes an enlisted man. An officer who struck an enlisted man was not only punished but ostracized.

**T**HE officers' and soldiers' uniforms come from the same supply. Only difference is the markings on the collar or shoulder straps of the officer. Only Majors and above are allowed to order their uniforms and even that cloth must come from government-supplied material. The same goes for boots and shoes. However, Germans being proud of the uniform, do not have the "too large or too small" fits so common in many services.

Principal difference in the menu is that the officers have meat three times a week and the enlisted men only two. Also officers are given beer, regional wine or

mineral water where the soldier must buy it with his own money. The tobacco ration is the same.

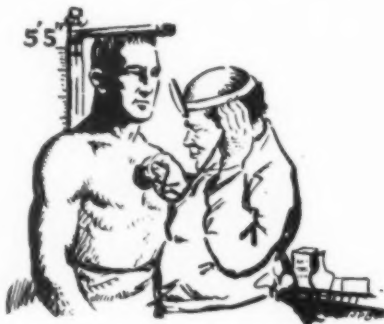
The army is built strictly on ability alone, officers as well. System was built on constant field tests of ability in pre-war days. Army maneuvers were a constant and ruthlessly employed means of finding ability and rejecting incompetence. The officer who handled his troops well and won a tactical success in maneuvers was instantly advanced. Officers who failed in the field were demoted—actually down into the ranks if their deficiencies were sufficiently glaring.

German officers were almost constantly in the field with his men. Their primary task was to be familiar with the men, to win their respect and loyalty and to practice the art of war with them.

The old system was for lieutenants and captains to deal with their men through the sergeants. In the German Army of today, the lower officers know everything about their men of a personal nature. They are under instructions to be, and to a remarkable extent are, their confident and friends.

The German officers were instructed to have frequent personal interviews with each of his men. He familiarized himself with the personal family life and problems of each. If the individual soldier had a personal financial problem his officer arranged leave for him to go home and advised him on how to handle it. Minute instructions contemplate that the officer should know if one of his men is to become a father. Leaves were arranged if at all possible so that the soldier could go home for the event. The officer sent his greetings to the soldier's wife and inquired about the family's welfare after he returned.

There is no strict discipline. But there



is the fact that the unpleasant aspects of discipline has been reduced by protecting the soldier from supine obedience to a man whom he neither respects nor likes. He is required to obey and follow men who have won position by merit and by having proven a capacity to win the confidence and respect of the men in the ranks. Generally the officer starting out in the ranks must prove himself in each successive grade. If he fails he goes back into the ranks.

Early in 1929, psychology was adopted on a meager scale. "Defensive psychology" it was called. Since that time, defensive psychology has been used to select the best man for the right place, to bolster up the morale of the whole German "nation at arms," to habituate its soldiers to the hazards, dangers and strains of technical warfare, to cushion the shocks of combat and increase the efficiency of military life, to regulate relations between officers and men, and to solve all the complex problems of human behavior raised by war.

Mass psychological training is still in use in Germany, but it is confined to applauding masculine pride in competition, brawn and the aggressive spirit. They all have the steadfast conviction in German superiority and the ultimate victory. They have been branded with that spirit.

German Army authorities have little use for intellectuals because of their critical attitude. Recluses and individualists are often regarded as "germs of destruction" and are turned over to army psychologists for "treatment."

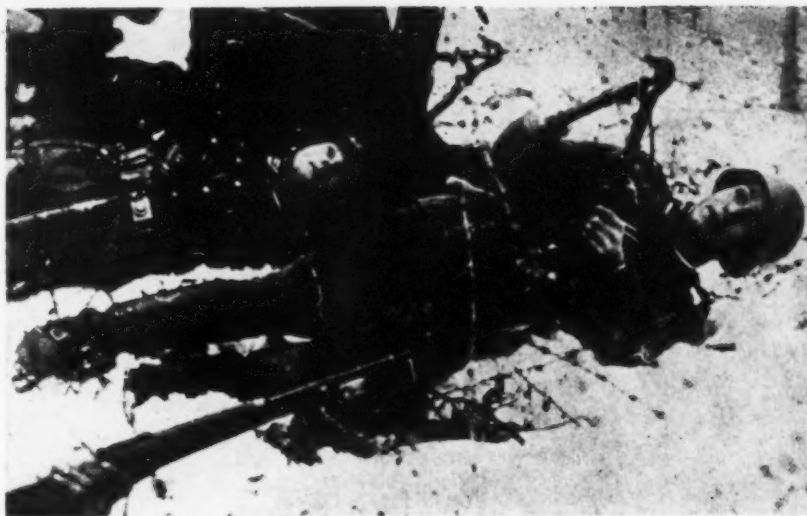
**On religion, the Army and the Nazi government stands poles apart. There is reason to believe that chaplains are again functioning both on the front and in garrisons and that they are considered a morale-building agent.**

Germany was dominated by the army under the Hollenzollerns; it is still more dominated by the army under Hitler. Hence the thorough indoctrination of a positive attitude toward war.

Military morale is therefore everything. It is the nation's task to foster and promote it as a preparation for war. Even mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts fall under the sway of the psychologists. They must become cogs in the colossal military machine.

During the early years of the Nazi aggression, many of the officers were old-style Imperialists fighting not so much because they believed in Hitler's policy but because that was their profession. They were mostly members of the old Junker nobility class.

Most of those in that group, however, have been purged or mysteriously died, committed suicide or faded from view. Von Bloomberg, von Fritsch, von Reichenau, von Kressenstein, the four leading strategists at the beginning of Hitler's campaign, have all passed from view. Reichenau, who led the invasion of Norway, died of apoplexy. List was said to have been committed to a concentration camp and also to have committed



**A SQUAD CRAWLS** under Russian wire. In fighting the stubborn, unpredictable Soviets, the Nazis have been bothered more by cold than by man-made barriers.

suicide during the Rumanian campaign. Keitel, Halder and Brauchitsch all fell sick.

It seems that the officers at the head of the Army now are mostly men who were either reservists appointed through various means or else non-coms who have come up through the ranks.

**A**SURVEY of Germany's tactical doctrines proves that she was prepared for a rapid, successful decision, whether she fought on one or several fronts. France, Sudatenland and even Norway are examples of this. Hence, her tactical doctrines were based around that problem. Panzers and fast mechanized units were primary considerations.

Proof of this is found in a statement made by a German general, von Bechtolsheim, who said of mobility:

"Our supreme tactical principle is mobility. . . . Mobility is aided by surprise, by the independence of the subordinate commanders within the mission of the higher unit, and by what we call the tactics by mission. Mobility means quick decisions, quick movements, surprise attacks

with concentrated force; to do always what the enemy does not expect and to do the most improbable things when the situation permits; it means to be free of all rules and preconceived ideas."

Von Bechtolsheim led the Sixth German Army on its crashing trip through Belgium.

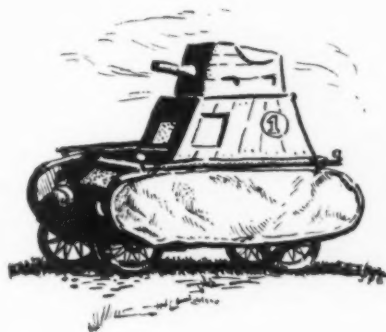
What constitutes the present German army after the heavy toll on the Russian front is hard to determine. It is probable that there has been a heavy accent on armored forces and the air arm.

Presumably there are two distinct types of specially organized ground reconnaissance units. There is the divisional reconnaissance battalion, used primarily for tactical reconnaissance, and consisting of cavalry, bicycles, reconnaissance cars and heavy weapons. Such units do not ordinarily precede their division farther than twenty or twenty-five miles and cover a zone ordinarily not over ten miles wide. The motorized reconnaissance battalion allotted to corps and to armored divisions, consists of two reconnaissance car companies, a motorcycle company, anti-tank guns, 75-mm. cannon and engineers. The distance to which these motorized battalions are sent depends upon the situation and the mission for which they are used. In addition, each infantry regiment has organically a mounted platoon.

A divisional reconnaissance battalion, given a dual mission of reconnaissance and combat or a sole mission of combat such as seizing and holding important terrain, is normally reinforced with some or all of the following: heavy machine guns, motorized engineers, antitank guns, bicycle troops and light artillery.

The German infantry division consists of three infantry regiments, one artillery

(Turn to page 109)



# CANNIBAL & CLEARING!



# Private and Proud of it!

By LEO B. PAMBRUN

**P**PRIVATE TYRONE POWER, United States Marine Corps, Reserve, will report for active duty at the San Diego Marine Corps Base, immediately upon the termination of his current picture, "Crash Dive," in November.

That's the way the orders read; and—orders is orders! So when 20th Century-Fox cameras grind out "Ty's" last scenes for "the duration," a very unromantic boot haircut will surmount one of the most famous faces ever to grace the silver screen.

Ty is a good guy. He'll make a good Marine. He's direct and plain in his talk, and he's got a level way of looking at you. In fitting himself into the war picture, Power wants no favors—but he finds the magic of his name makes it hard to convince people of that. He intends to show them by deeds, and sincerely looks forward to beginning his recruit training—and beyond.

"You know," he told me, "with so many Army and Navy commissions being passed out to my friends here in Hollywood, I feel proud to have been accepted in the Marine Corps—and as a private. In fact, I'm particularly glad to be a private because those commissions too often mean a desk job, and I don't want any part of that!"

Months ago there was some newspaper speculation about a Navy commission for Power, but he spiked that one quick, when I asked him about it.

With friends in all branches of the service, Ty was quick to respond to the "esprit-de-corps" traditional among Marines. He knows many of them, from top-of-the-list officers in Washington, to privates about the USO in Hollywood, and at the camps he has visited on both coasts.

Tyrone Power feels that Marines represent the forefront of action in this war; and while he isn't any more or less blood-thirsty than the average American youth, he knows we've a job to do, and intends to be in the thick of the "doing."

Ty enlisted in Washington, D. C., on 24 August, 1942. His papers state that he is 28 years of age. Home address, 139 N. Saltair, Beverly Hills, California. Occupation, actor.

While visiting his good friend, Commander John J. Bergen in the nation's capital, Power mentioned his desire to become a Leatherneck. The Commander took him to Colonel Wethered Woodruff, USMC, who heard his story. Ty passed his physical examination at the downtown enlistment center that afternoon, and took the oath administered by Major William



**PRIVATE POWER** (left), in naval uniform for his role in "Crash Dive," shakes hands with a Camp Elliott Marine, Corporal Raymond Raasch, on a Hollywood set.

A. Howard, the officer in charge of the recruiting district there.

Cameramen who wanted to fake scenes of Tyrone taking the oath for benefit of better dramatics, were rebuked as he told them:

**"We'll take it the way it's done, or not at all boys—this is serious business and no show."**

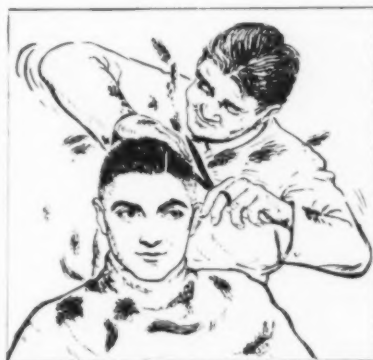
Previous to the oath, Ty was escorted to the office of Brigadier-General Robert L. Denig, USMC, Director of the Division

of Public Relations, and a personal friend of the actor's.

A tumultuous crowd which seemed to include all the office girls in the Capitol followed the party through every move of the routine. Navy Building officials said they couldn't find secretaries, stenographers or file clerks until hours after.

Oldtimers on the news beats about Washington vowed they'd never seen so many cameras, newspapermen, newsreel photographers and general hullabaloo, even for the President.

So persistent was the crowd of autograph seekers, that upon leaving the General's office, Power was nearly carried away by the waves of well-wishers. When he became temporarily separated from Commander Bergen and other escorting officers, they thought for a moment they had lost their new recruit. However, undaunted, the officers soon had the situation well in hand, as is the tradition of the Corps, and Private Powers was "secured."



**T**HUS the hero of "A Yank in the RAF" takes on a new role, in the uniform of Uncle Sam's Leathernecks. Without makeup, advance notices and reviews, Ty's new role may well turn out

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# Zoot Suitors

By RAY PARROTT

While our older boys are giving lives for the yet undrafted 18-19-year-olds, the teen aged jitterbugs are having a war all their own with the WPB.

In the past few weeks, "zoot suits" and "juke jackets" have been taking over the country, like the Marines in the Solomons. But it looks as though the solid diggers are going to be on the losing end of the battle.

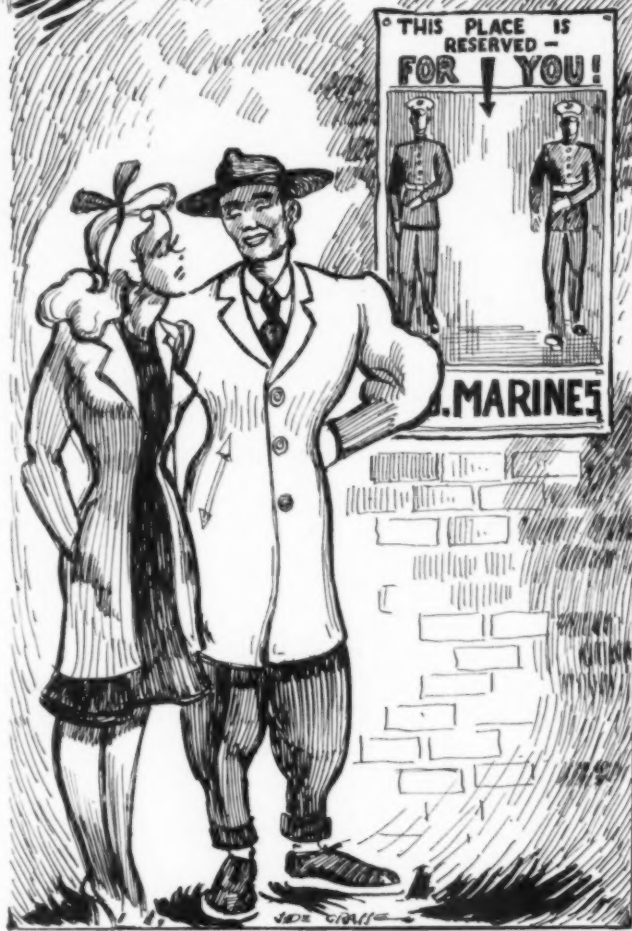
The Hepcats are very perturbed over the decision of the officials. They say the jills will give them the ick-flick, if they don't have reat pleats.

Perhaps they would like to see our armed forces clad in "zoot uniforms" and the WAAC wearing "juke jackets." They claim that no one is definitely in the groove unless he is solid for the ripe stripe. As far as the rug cutter is concerned, the present uniforms that are worn by our boys, do not have the necessary vents, yokes, and gussets. To say nothing of the drape shapes, and the stuffed cuffs. If Uncle Sam were to go in for "zoot uniforms" a lot of these solid jivers would swamp recruiting offices, willing to trade their present horror outfits, for one of Uncle Sam's 1943 models.

If this policy were adopted, you Marines that go acourtin' your best girl in snug fitting dress blues, would no longer be able to walk down the avenue proudly showing off your six feet-two, and your 30-inch waist. But instead, you would have to pull a Jap sneak, in your sloppy bag with the droop slag.

The "zoot suiter" has little or no regard for the all out war effort. In addition to parading up and down our streets, looking like fugitives from the booby hatch, they are scandalously wasting valuable war material. In each "zoot suit" there is a definite waste of at least two yards of much needed wool. To say nothing of the outrageous waste of precious metals, in their two yard key chains.

Even though the WPB, has forbidden the manufacture of the downbeaters idea of right rags. There will still be the black market boogie, who will sell this fantastic toggery to the unpatriotic jitterbugs.





**WARNING! THESE ARE** propaganda pictures issued by the Japanese. This group of naval officers, Marines, and Civilian workers (probably from Wake Island) were posed on board ship. The Nipponese cameramen waited patiently until someone cracked a joke and smiles appeared on faces of the American prisoners. Picture appeared in propaganda sheet issued by Japan.

## Prisoner Treatment

WITH the return of the Swedish exchange ships, S.S. Gripsholm, Counte Verde and Drottningholm, some of the rumors concerning Japanese treatment of prisoners has been cleared up.

Although Joseph Clark Grew, U. S. Ambassador to Tokyo since 1932 refrained from substantiating any of the statements made by other internees, he certainly said nothing to prove any of the accounts exaggerations.

Among those who spoke loudest and longest was J. B. Powell, Jap-hating publisher of the China Weekly Review, who had been mutilated to the extent that he was taken off the ship on a stretcher. Others of the returning passengers which included diplomats, correspondents, missionaries, doctors, businessmen, their wives and children, some of which had

been born at sea, remained relatively silent.

In Europe, a few internees went to self-taught schools, played games and received other special liberties. They received reasonably sufficient food, medical treatment and were not terribly crowded.

Miss Ruth Mitchell, sister of the late Brig. Gen. Billy Mitchell, who was imprisoned last May in Albania by the Nazis after being accused of assisting the Serbian Chetniks, reports that the camps were unbelievably crowded and that prison trains are constantly shuttling them from one camp to another. "There is no medical treatment for prisoners," she said, "the Nazis want them to die," and said that her survival was largely due to food boxes sent by the Red Cross.

In regard to brutal treatment given to the prisoners, Miss Mitchell said she saw Serbian women shot by a firing squad and of aged men being tortured by burning their feet off with fire or hung from lamposts to make them name their compatriots.

Food in the German camps generally consisted of akron coffee, potatoes, sawdust bread and gruel.

A Frenchman who escaped from a camp near Berlin told of similar treatment. They, too, were allowed to receive the Red Cross food packages, although Miss Mitchell stated that the Serbs were refused them.

Beaulieu, the Frenchman's pen name, told of the shortage of clothing, although they did get packages of underwear and other necessities, he said.

"The food was awful," Beaulieu said, "All we got was soup, potatoes and bread. The so-called soup was lukewarm water in which, if you were lucky, you found a bit of vegetable or, on rare occasions, a trace of meat. In order to make this soup at all eatable, we had to resort to putting into it whatever we could obtain: chocolate, sugar or canned fruit."

According to Beaulieu, the prisoners were required to salute the Swastika every morning and evening, contrary to

international war prisoner regulations. Furthermore, he said, we had to salute all the German officers and non-coms all the time. Any prisoner who failed to salute got three days on bread and water.

Another report from London concerning officers imprisoned in Germany states that, through the British Red Cross society, serious literature and textbooks are being sent through an agreement with German authorities.

"The books have enabled some camps to assume the character of educational institutions," the report states. "At Oflag VI. B., an officers' camp, there is a flourishing university ambitiously organized into six different 'faculties.' A law dean from Trinity College, Cambridge, is among the lecturers, and the twenty-two languages taught include Albanian and Tamil. Stalag VIII. B., a camp for other ranks, has a high school organized by a man who was headmaster when he was in Civvy Street."

This school boasts a daily attendance of nearly 1,000 students and there are no less than sixty-three subjects on the syllabus.

Of the near-million Axis nationals registered in the United States, only slightly over 6,000 of those have been picked up as dangerous to national safety and a mere 3,269 of those are actually behind barbed wire. Breakdown on that figure is 2,073 Japanese, 992 Germans, and 198 Italians.

Others outside of internment camps are merely "restricted." They have been ordered to remain within the boundaries of the United States, travel only on generally public highways, refrain from going near forts, airports, power plants, factories or other places from which they are particularly barred and to belonging to organizations proscribed restricted by the Attorney General.

Those who were moved to camps in the interior—mostly loyal, American-born Japanese from the West Coast—were given a cheery send-off, complete with picnic boxes.

In the camps they are given duties towards its maintenance as near along the lines of their previous work as possible. Children and adults alike are allowed to attend schools and classes in various subjects which are conducted by Japanese who have had college or other training in that line.

A letter from a loyal Christian Japanese tells us of life at one of the internment camps:

Dear L:

It has been a long time since I told you folks that I would write to you. Since that time I have been enjoying every bit of the camp life. So far we had movie show once a week and sometimes twice a week. The softball game is going on every day. We have socials, dance party, practice dance, and a talent review on every Friday night. So we have all amusement at hand to make this camp life more colorful. Religious



**AGAIN JAP CAMERAMEN** catch Americans smiling. Probably smiles are rare among these closely-guarded American Marines and civilian workers who were captured on Wake and Guam. Armed guards are numerous in Jap prison camp.



**JAP IDEA OF FEAST** probably is represented by this picture of Marines peeling turnips for dinner. Marine at left is wounded in throat. Center is China-station Marine wearing fair-leather belt to hold up trousers.

services are held three nights a week besides the Sunday services. Schools are conducted for children from nursery up to 10 years. Ones above that age are taken to manual training and engineering classes which are conducted by Japanese who have been graduated from college or ones who were taking the course. Everything has been done to make this camp the best one of all. All around the administration building is new green grass. There are about 150 gardeners working every day to make appearance more attractive and peaceful.

Food we get now is far better than what I told you before and we get Japanese style cooking once a day. We have been paid for the work we did in the camp about a week ago at the rate of \$8, \$12, and \$16 a month according to the kind of work we do and my rating is \$16 now, though it was \$12 before. On top of that we were issued with a coupon \$4 for a couple with \$1 addition to each child up to 15. Boys and girls above 16 get \$2.50 a month. All that being free is something which only this country can do. We are about to receive a free clothing coupon in few days, according to the officials. So there is nothing we can kick about. We are taken care of like millionaire on vacation. Thanks to Uncle Sam and to his democracy.

All residents in the camp are determined to do their best to rebuild the country when the war is over and they are allowed to go back to normal living.

I am being invited to a wiener bake on this Tuesday night by a group of teachers. It is done at the end of the athletic field, but we like it just as well as any other spot in the country. Well, I still have not told you what my job is. It is one you call headache department, "Social Welfare Committee." Yesterday so many cases came up at once that I had to work fifteen hours, so you can imagine how one had to work, even in the camp. But I don't mind it at all. In fact it is very interesting.

(Signed) MARK TSUNOKAI.

An added fact of the comforts being experienced by the Japanese—many of which have lived in semi-squalor for years, is individual beds for each member of the family and shower baths. Oriental-style families have been accustomed to sleeping several to a bed and bathing in one large tub for generations.

Most of the internees are duly respectful of the privileges given to them by Uncle Sam as showed in the letter. Others are definitely indignant.

Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, who made an inspection trip of a German camp recently, reported that the men there shouted "Heil Hitler," refused to stand when "The Star Spangled Banner" was played and gave the Nazi salute and made sarcastic cracks at the officers.



MAJOR DEVEREAUX (left), heroic commander of the Wake Island garrison, and an American civilian (right) are compelled to perform a humiliating chore for cameramen. They hold radios, probably so Japs can leave impression that prisoners are permitted to listen to broadcasts, and are granted many other privileges.

Senator Thomas recommended that "a classification of the alien internees of our several camps be made to the end that those who do not appreciate and respond to humane and civil treatment be segregated and isolated as their several offenses warrant."

NAZI prisoners of war numbering some 300 taken by the English and interned in Canada are living an equally comfortable life. According to international law, officers do not work. After 6:30 roll call, the men clean the camp, prepare their own and the officers' meals. During the day they swim, play games and get fat on Canadian milk and butter. At night a Nazi colonel the highest-ranking officer, leads them in a German song fest.

Humorous note from reports of the various camps is the one from Fort Missoula, Montana, where the Government runs a concentration camp for Italians and Japs. It seems that the Italians and Japanese just won't have anything to do with each other—including at chow time. This presents the problem of two separate dinners. One for the little yellow men and then again for Mussolini's followers.

In comparison to the treatment given to Japanese officials and nationals in this country and even concentration camps in Europe, the deliberately cruel, highly-



inhuman, insulting handling of American men, women and children who were held in Japan is disgusting.

While 250 Japanese officials were being attended by 700 waiters, maids, masseurs and whatnots at the Homestead, one of the world's better hotels, the captured American consular staff in Hong Kong was herded into two small houses without water, electricity or primitive comforts. Newsmen, missionaries, doctors and businessmen were beaten, slapped, underfed, refused medical attention and given other damnable treatment to make them confess to unheard-of crimes. Such are the stories that come out of the Orient with the exchange ships.

While those in the Nazi camps were complaining of being fed soup, potatoes and bread, those receiving the Jap treatment were given but a bowlful of rice per day as their total ration. At the Japanese Bridgehouse prison in Shanghai, J. B. Powell, who returned to the United States with both feet amputated from the toes to the instep after freezing, lack of proper medical care and gangrene, told of being kept in an unheated room so crowded that there was literally no place to sit down making it necessary to stand in shifts so others might sleep.

Powell, an editor in China for 25 years, was arrested December 20 on a vague charge of "espionage" after the

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## *A Tribute to the* **UNITED STATES MARINES**

Today, as always, the United States Marines serve the Nation with traditional courage. On fronts all over the world their sacrifices and high devotion to duty add new pages to their glorious history. As we salute those gallant fighting men, we of E. A. Laboratories, Inc., feel proud that we, too, can play a small part by manufacturing essential war equipment. It is our sincere hope that they, as victors, may look forward to a speedy return to their homes and loved ones, safe in body and mind.



# SCUTTLEBUTT SPLASHES

**BIRDS EVERY MARINE SHOULD KNOW:** (Thanks to Our Navy's Bozo)



**MARINE SERGEANT, or SEMPER FIDELIS AMERICANUS MARINUS**—This bird can easily be distinguished by its gaudy plumage. It is the only bird we know outside of the common bellhop and several species of lodge members which has a red stripe running all the way down its leg. The body is blue and splashed with yellow. It is common aboard battleships and other large craft, and at shore stations, but is seldom seen on board a destroyer, which is a break for tin-can sailors. This bird has a very raucous cry and when in flight makes a tinkling noise with medals on its chest.

**MARINE CORPORAL, GUARDHOUSE STOOGER BIRD**—This species resembles the Marine Sergeant Bird to a great extent but does not have quite as much of a fat head. It is of a curious and quarrelsome disposition, with a strut much like that of the barn yard rooster. It may be found roosting in large numbers in the post exchange shack sipping jamoke. It is very fond of jamoke and sandwiches, especially after midnight in the galley or guardhouse. It has a peculiar cry that sounds like: "Lrunyaup, Lrunya-up!" The Marine Corporal Bird preys on Private Birds and is known to be a pest.



**PRIVATE FIRST CLASS, or EARBANGER BIRD**—Most of these birds congregate in the O. C. rookery at Quantico, but there are some around every barracks. They may be seen any evening around drug stores where they let their hair grow long into drape shapes which is then weighed down with a perfumed oil. The Earbanger spends most of his time preening himself and ranks close to the American peacock when it comes to vanity. In the mating season, these birds flock ashore in great numbers and prey on its leg. The body blondes, brunettes and all other varieties of female.

**BUCK PRIVATE, BLUE-WINGED GUM-BEATER or YARDBIRD**—This bird is definitely the scavenger type and is not as colorful as the others. The absence of yellow from his blue body, and red stripe from his legs is probably the reason for his downtrodden look. The species is sometimes called Griber, a nick-name acquired because of its very long, monotonous and repetitious call which sounds like: "Wishinelliwuzasagent, Wishinelliwuzasagent." It is very migratory—goes where ever the company goes. If you would observe it closely, break out a pack of cigarettes ten days from payday and drop a dozen of them on the deck.



**"WHO THE HELL writes your stuff!"**

The new tough draft requirements are proving rough on some of the more furtive specimens, guys who have tried to sit this war out or win their medals by gum-beating. As in World War I, a rash of stories has hit the public about the tricks of these "dodging dandies."

One of the best concerns a jerk who passed all the physical tests but made believe he had a couple of beat orbs—couldn't read even the top line of letters. The Dr., disgusted, snatched up the top of a new G.I. can, held it before the man's eyes and said, "Well here, damnit, can you tell me what this is?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the spook. "I can see it perfectly. It's a silver half dollar."



**"THE CAPTAIN NEVER drinks in uniform."**

Then there was the phony who claimed defective eyesight and made a loud and unholy nuisance of himself around the draft board office. After bearing up under this for about 10 minutes, an attendant walked over to the man and pointed to a sign that read, "QUIET PLEASE"—Whereupon the stoop belated, "Well, who the hell's smoking?"

With knees shaking, another selectee stood between two Army doctors; one peering into his left ear, the other sighting in through his right. "If our eyes meet," they explained, "you're deferred."

A mass of muscle we know has just entered the Navy. No one in the neighborhood ever thought he'd even live to grow up. You see, his mother and dad had some pretty radical ideas—here are some of the steps in his rise to fame:

Gave up baths as "sissy stuff" at age of 7.

Took up cigar-smoking when he was 9.

Sipped first slug of beer at the ripe old age of 11.

Dropped school at 14 in favor of more dates and fishing parties.

Hooked a bride on his 16th birthday.

Incidentally, we forgot to mention that he's responsible for two best sellers and averaged \$8,000 income a year before enlisting.

Then there's the Bob Hope story about the mug who, when told by a recruiting corpsman to "read that sign" asked, "What sign?" "Why, that sign on the wall!" "What wall?" asked the phoney and got a medical release.

Next Sunday afternoon, the corpsman plunked himself down in a movie theatre, and found himself right next to the sightless wonder of the day before.

"What the hell are you doing in the movies," asked the suspicious medic. "Movies?" gasped our foxy friend, "I thought this was the bus for New Rochelle!"

## COMBAT CORRESPONDENTS

(The following story, written by Sgt. Sidney Epstein, a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent, describes events immediately prior to and during an ocean voyage of a Marine Corps contingent to the Caribbean area.)

OUR destination still undisclosed, the contingent of United States Marines which I accompanied embarked from an East Coast port at dawn Friday, August 28, aboard a convoyed ship headed Southward.

From the very day we arrived at the embarkation point—from Marine Corps stations throughout the United States—until we boarded ship several days later, two questions were foremost in our minds: "Where are we going?" and "When are we shoving off?"

It wasn't until the morning of the day we put into port that we were told where we were going.

While anxiously waiting to shove off from the embarkation point, we played baseball, swam and kept our quarters in order.

When the first week-end arrived, and officers learned that transportation would not be forthcoming immediately, leaves were granted the men so that they could say goodbye to their families and friends living on the East Coast.

We received the first indication that we would be leaving shortly, a few days before we actually left. About 10 a.m. the bugler sounded assembly and our group lined up in formation.

Names of the men who were to leave "in a few days" were read, and they stepped out of ranks, reforming into other designated units, depending on their destinations. But their destinations were not disclosed. When liberty call failed to sound that evening, it was explained that all passes had been canceled.

The next day came and went, and each hour the men became more anxious for some official word. The following morning, though, assembly sounded again and the men were told:

"Pack your seabags and be ready to leave at 5 p.m."

Carrying packs and rifles, the Leathernecks formed at the designated hour, loaded their seabags aboard trucks, and began their march to the ship. The roadways were crowded with traffic but we were given the right of way.

No one knew the name of the transport, or even what type of ship she would be. And so it was with a feeling of expectancy that we approached the docks, looking a few minutes later at our transport.

We boarded the ship before dark and each of us immediately received a mimeographed sheet of instructions. We then were directed to the promenade deck, where the Marines were to bunk.

My first impression was that the ship was still a luxury liner, for leading up from a deck to the promenade deck was a beautiful glass and mahogany lined staircase, and on the landing, the entrance to the music room. That was to be our quarters.

The music room was a surprise. Lined up in precise rows were steel bunks, three deep from deck to ceiling, so arranged that in the morning they could be folded up for the "clean sweep-down fore and aft" that is the rule on every Navy ship.

Almost as one man, we sat on our bunks and read the mimeographed regulations we had received before. We were told what areas of the ship were restricted and those we could use; when to eat and where; and perhaps most im-

portant of all, where to go and what to do when general quarters sounded. If any of us had any ideas about the voyage before, they were dispelled. It was not going to be a picnic.

We were then at liberty to look over the ship and found that our fellow passengers were sailors. The ship, we discovered, was a converted passenger and freight liner.

After inspecting her armament, most of us watched the loading of freight—a precise performance handled by gangs of stevedores and salty Navy chiefs.

Taps sounded at nine, and our first night aboard the transport was spent tied up at the dock. At six the following morning everyone lined up for chow, served cafeteria style in shifts, and then stood by expecting to see the ship move out into the bay. That was our first disappointment, for the loading was not complete and we were not to sail until dawn Friday.

Life preservers were issued in the afternoon and a lecture on how to use them followed. We couldn't leave the ship, so most of us went to the top deck to take sun baths or read.

We sailed on schedule. As the ship got underway, we noticed for the first time that another, almost identical ship, was moving out also to accompany us on the trip.

Marines and sailors lined the railing of our ship, taking "last looks" at the landscape. We looked, too, for any sign of a warship that might accompany us, and finally noticed that some destroyers had moved into position. There they remained for the rest of the voyage.

The first night out—at dusk—everyone responded to general quarters, the crew going to its battle stations and the passengers to their assigned positions. We stood on deck peering out into the ocean and realized why subs like to strike at dawn and dusk—it was hard to see anything.

Suddenly the ship's public address system blared out an announcement that gave us a jolt:

"Torpedo hit . . . port bow."

For a few seconds we didn't know what to think. There were a few more instructions over the P. A. directing a damage control party to the scene of the "explosion." Then an officer told us it was "just a drill." We breathed easier . . . and stopped cursing the Axis.

Our ship began a zigzag course that night, always keeping close to the other vessels in the convoy. All were blacked out completely and our Marine contingent which now was doing guard duty day and night, was told how to deal with anyone who attempted to smoke or show a light.

At midnight, general quarters sounded again and from all corners of the darkened ship men poured onto deck. We were all sleeping "fireman fashion" with our clothes and life preservers at our feet, and it seemed just a matter of seconds until the all clear was given. Some said a sub was reported lurking nearby, but no one knew for sure.

The morning of the day we were to put into port was filled with excitement for all the Marines aboard our ship. We found out for the first time our destination. Some of us were to board another ship and go to a different Caribbean port.

Word was passed that we were to dock at 6 p.m., so the day was spent getting our sea bags out of storage, turning in life preservers, cleaning our quarters, and changing into starched uniforms for the first time since we had left the States.

We sighted land at 5 p.m. and from then until we docked, we lined the rails with sailors. Land looked good to us.

Later I boarded another vessel with other Marines bound for another port. We arrived there without mishap and soon had the "situation well in hand."

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**FROM COAST TO COAST THE SWING'S TO OLD GOLD**

# 25 YEARS OF BATTLING

**B**ELOW are some hitherto unpublished pictures of Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault, commander of U. S. air forces in China. The pictures were taken in September, 1917, at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. Chennault was in Officers' School, and he was graduated a first lieutenant. The pictures belong to Carl B. Robbins of the General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



**WHEN HE ENTERED** Officers' Candidate School, Chennault was chosen boxing instructor because he could outpoint any man in his company. In this picture the future general is shown landing a straight left to the jaw of the late Captain Roy C. Fitzgerald, No. 2 boxing talent of the company. Judging by looks on faces of the gallery this must have been an unusually exciting bout.



**AFTER THE SCRAP**, Chennault (left) and opponent (extreme right) posed for a picture with fellow soldiers. "Chennault was fast, cool and scientific with the gloves on," said Robbins, "and he defeated all comers during his stay at Fort Harrison."



**HERE'S CHENNAULT'S** graduation picture, just before he received his first lieutenant's bars, was sent to air school.

THE LEATHERNECK

# Editorial

## Wake Up, America!

TWO men who know war during the past month made piercing statements regarding America's effort in the war. They didn't come right out and say so but they condemned the general apathetic attitude prevalent in this country.

The men: Admiral Thomas C. Hart, former commander of Allied Naval Forces in the Western Pacific, and Joseph C. Grew, recently returned ambassador to Japan. Two men who know the ruthlessness of the Jap.

Said Admiral Hart: "We are going to win the war on the firing line and that is a considerable distance from here. And the function of the rear area is to make and maintain a *powerful* firing line. Now the experiences which sadden me are from the young officers and also enlisted men.

"They come and talk to me about them. They are worried—worried as they can be when they come back to the rear area. I try to talk to them and change their frame of mind. I tell them to look at the good spots, but they tell me they see so many of the others that morally and psychologically it's not good for them.

"The fighting men come to the rear area to rest and recuperate. They have been on the firing line, in danger at all times; they have seen their buddies maimed and killed; they say their turn may come next. They are paying the supreme sacrifice.

"They tell me that when they get back the don't see much sacrifice in the rear area. Strikes make them see red. They complain about 'politics as usual.' They tell me that want 'equality of sacrifice,' a phrase I used when I first came back. . . .

"What are you going to do about it? I don't know. It doesn't do much good to talk, not much good to rant. It's all been said already."

Said Ambassador Grew: "Only by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion can they (the Japs) be defeated. That is what we are up against. Too long have we nurtured the illusion that the Japanese is an insignificant person. . . . He is half-starved, but he is a Spartan. . . . He is a clever and dangerous enemy. His will to conquer is utterly ruthless, utterly cruel and utterly blind to any of the values which make up our civilization. The only way to stop that will is to destroy it. If you fail—please mark my words—you pass into slavery and all America passes into slavery with you."

*Life* in its October 5 issue also had potent comments to make:

"It is time—it is past time—for Americans to reach a decision. We have two choices. Like the people of Europe we may choose the easy way and yield ourselves up as victims of a psychological trickster who has never yet won a decisive victory on purely military grounds. If we choose this course, then let's get on with it. Let's have higher wages—the quicker we get a real inflation, the better. Let's have an orgy of selfishness and self-delusion. And let's bury the boys who fell on Bataan and try to forget them.

"But if we want to be Americans, then let's stand up and be counted. Let's be Americans in Congress. Let's be Americans in the labor unions. Let's be Americans in the kitchens and the homes and the factories, in every thought we think and every decision we make. Let's try to emulate the boys on the *Yorktown* and the boys of Squadron 8 and the boys who are following after them. Let's be Americans, not in a narrow sense, but in the sense of free men so proud of freedom that they have the guts to do the things that are right instead of the things that are easy: Americans in the sense that Abraham Lincoln meant when he said, 'I care not if God is on my side. My constant hope and prayer is that I may be found upon God's side.'"

THEY tell us that it's "everyone's war." Every American must do something. There is no "life and business as usual" anymore; we're fighting for our lives, for our way of living. The "rear areas" must realize that the psychological effect of their dilly-dallying will directly and adversely affect the men on the firing lines.

If they won't do it voluntarily, then beat the discipline of equality of effort home to them.

If we must indict—and we must—then look to the people of the nation who let small victories give them over-confidence, the people who do not have the moral courage to read the black headlines of defeat. Let those people read such accounts as "They Were Expendable," or anyone of the dozens of accounts of humiliating American defeats. If our present program of propaganda—and it is nothing else—fails to wake this nation then let that propaganda be brutal, let the kid gloves be discarded and the iron fist substituted. Let us as a nation say: "To hell with the means, it's the results."

Wake up, America! Every minute men are dying.

Wake up, America! Your husbands, sons and sweethearts are dying.

Wake up, America! The boy who lived next door is lying on a Pacific island with a Jap bayonet in his stomach because he and his outfit weren't properly equipped.

Wake up, America! You're nailing thousands of young men to the cross with your apathetic efforts.

Wake up, America! Or soon the ropes of slavery will bite into the tender flesh of your shoulders.

Wake up, America! Or soon you will have NO gas, NO pay envelope, NO homes, NO FREEDOM!

## GERMAN LUGER AUTOMATIC PISTOL New Model

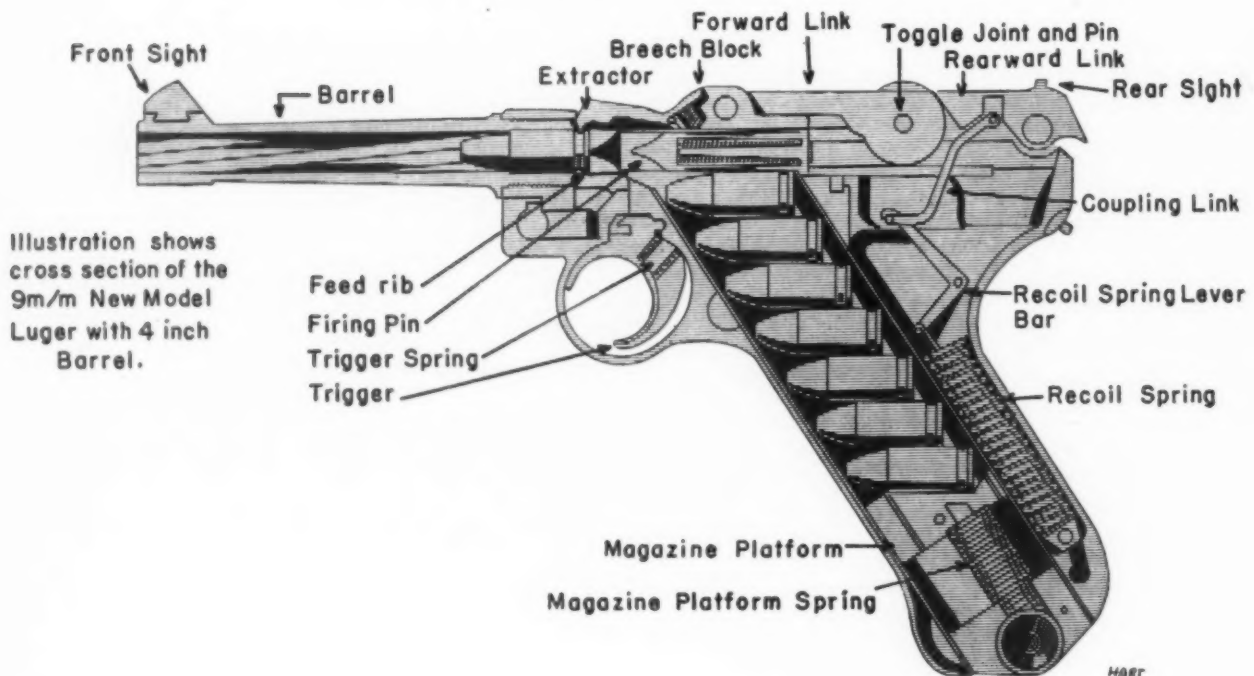


Illustration shows cross section of the 9m/m New Model Luger with 4 inch Barrel.

## SOME NAZI SHOOTIN' IRONS

By R. N. HART

WHAT the Colt Automatic, the old reliable .45, is to the American armed forces, the Luger and the Mauser pistols are to the German armies. Many veterans of the first World War have German pistols as trophies of victory. World War II veterans will soon be rounding up Lugers and Mausers from Axis prisoners and time will find them field-stripping them as they tell how they helped to stop the second great Black Plague in Europe.

Although it is stated that very few were killed by pistol fire in the first World War, a pistol in the hands of a soldier who knows how to use it, can be a very effective persuader. An Axis soldier, facing his own Luger, may be quite willing to admit the Fascist cause is not worth dying for.

The Mauser is proclaimed to be the hardest hitting and farthest shooting hand weapon of today, with a maximum range of about 2,200 yards. In 1940, the Mauser Works introduced their new model automatic loading pistol, Caliber 7.63 m/m (.30 caliber). The new weapon,

now widely used by Germany, Italy, Russia, Finland, Turkey and China, holds either a ten or twenty-round magazine. The pistol is light, weighing only 2.79 pounds; compact, with an overall length of 11.3 inches; and offers a high degree of reliability and safety in handling. There is a noticeable absence of pins and screws in working parts and working parts are in self-contained assemblies affording the most complete protection against gases, dust, grit and weather. The chief parts subjected to extreme wear have been well reinforced, assuring the weapon to stand up without reserve to racking stresses set up in quick fire.

The piece is equipped with a detachable ten-round magazine which may be interchanged at discretion with a magazine holding twenty rounds. Changing the magazine is exceedingly simple and certain. The spent magazine is released by depressing a stud located near the trigger guard, then insert and secure the new magazine. When a loaded magazine is not available, reloading is accomplished, without removing the magazine, by inserting two clips of ten rounds each, a valuable advantage in an emergency.

The muzzle velocity of this weapon is 1,392 feet per second, driving a slug between 8 and 9 inches into pine at a distance of 50 yards. Rear sights are graduated to 1,100 yards. The Mauser can be recognized by the trade-mark on left side of frame and marking on top

side and right of barrel: Waffenfabrik Mauser, Oberndorf a. Necker.

Many of the ballistics of the Luger pistol have not been made available by the factory. The following table is official as furnished by the makers of Luger:

Caliber in millimeters..	7.65	9.00
Length of barrel in inches .....	4¾	6
Muzzle velocity in foot pounds .....	1,138	1,056
Maximum range in feet .....	5,850	5,200
Penetration in inches at .....	55yds	110yds
Pinewood .....	6⅞	5⅞
Beechwood .....	2½	2¼

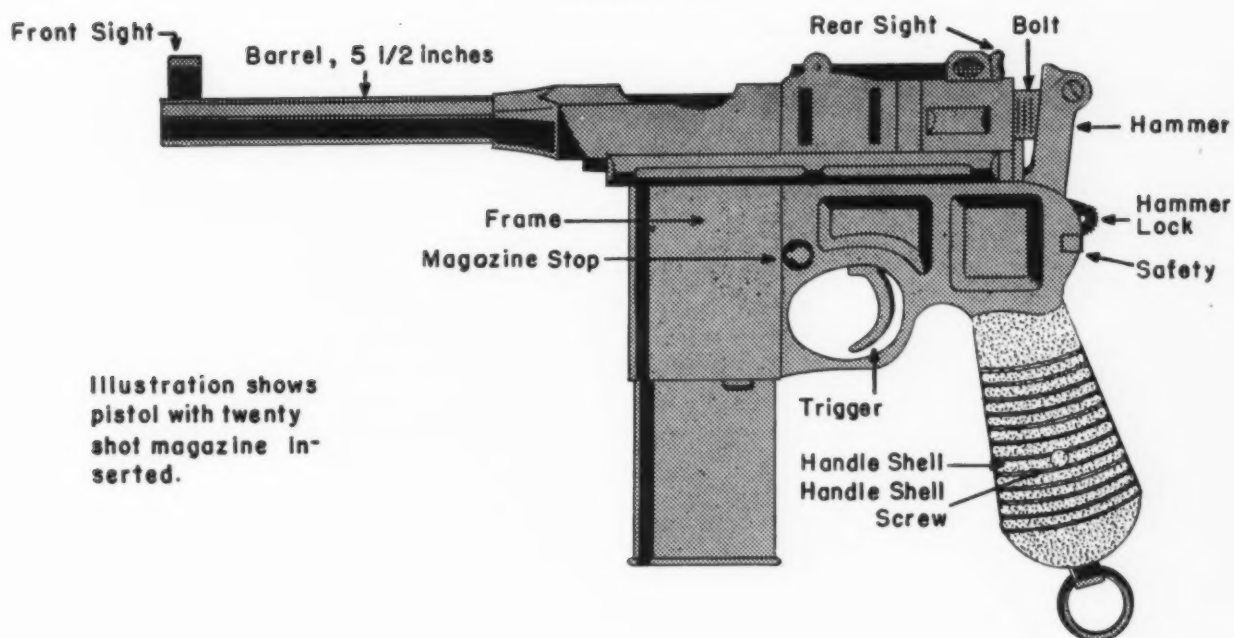
The German D.W.M. ammunition company has perfected a new speedy and powerful 7.65 m/m Luger Cartridge. Loaded with 5.4 grains of Rottweiler smokeless powder and with a bullet of 9.2 grains, this cartridge has obtained results unexcelled by any others. The muzzle velocity has been increased from 1,138 to 1,208 feet per second, and the muzzle energy from 271 foot pounds to 300 foot pounds. The 7.65 m/m and 9 m/m cartridges fit the same magazine. Both cartridges are of the same length but the difference is in the weights of the bullet and powder.

All parts for the 7.65 m/m and 9 m/m caliber Lugers are interchangeable.

## GERMAN LUGER AUTOMATIC PISTOL Old Model



## GERMAN MAUSER 7.63M/M PISTOL Model 712



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**FIRST** developed by Kellogg

**FIRST** to be used by the armed services

**FIRST** to be thoroughly tested under actual service conditions

These seven Kellogg cereals available in the new Kel-Bowl-Pac



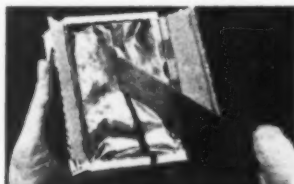
Kellogg's cereals in family size packages may be obtained under Contract Bulletin No. 219 dated December 29, 1941.



1. Run thumb nail down perforated center line.



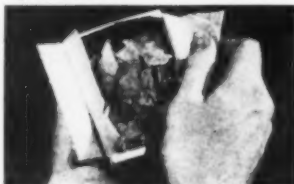
2. Pull first flap up, thereby opening upper and lower edges. Pull second flap up in the same manner.



3. Using knife or spoon handle, cut inner wax paper bag down center.



4. Tear wax paper bag along upper and lower edges.



5. Fold bag edges back or carefully tear off.



6. Pour on milk or cream and eat.

● Here's a brand new idea that really solves a problem! Kellogg's cereals in a box that's a bowl! You just add milk and sugar and eat right from the package! It's another

Kellogg "first," in use for months by the armed services, tested and found ideal for field maneuvers, troop trains, and organizations using mess kits without bowls.

# Kellogg's CEREALS

Cope, 1942 by Kellogg Company

**1775**

**1942**

## **167 Years of Fighting Tradition**



### **ANNIVERSARY SECTION**

"Never once since its beginning has the shining honor of the Marine Corps been dimmed. Its service and actions stud history's pages beginning with the Revolution, through Tripoli, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, up to the present conflict. On many occasions its men have seen action when all the rest of the country was at peace—the Marines have always been ready to uphold this nation's honor under any conditions and in the face of any odds."—Secretary Knox.

"Every member of the Corps can look back with pride on a record of gallantry and accomplishment that is unexcelled by any branch of the Government armed service. Each member of the Corps can be proud that he is part of an organization which is still adding to this record, always faithful and ever eager to answer the call of national duty."—Admiral Stark.

## ANNIVERSARY PROCLAMATION



THE 167th anniversary of the birth of the United States Marine Corps comes November 10, 1942. On that day Marines all over the world pause in their duties long enough to hear an annual proclamation.

At posts from Alaska to far away sunny tropic islands, in ports along the coasts of America, and aboard ships at sea, Leathernecks listen while their commanding officers read the birthday proclamation of the United States Marine Corps.

The commanding officers were directed in official orders to read the following words:

"On November 10, 1775, a Corps of Marines was created by a resolution of Continental Congress. Since that date many thousands of men have borne the name Marine. In memory of them it is fitting that we who are Marines should commemorate the birthday of our Corps by calling to mind the glories of its long and illustrious history. During 92 of the 167 years of its existence the Corps has been in action against the Nation's foes. From the Battle of Trenton to the Argonne, Marines have won foremost honors in war, and in the long eras of tranquillity at home, generation after generation of Marines has grown gray in war in every corner of the seven seas that our country and its citizens might enjoy peace and security.

"In every battle and skirmish since the birth of our Corps, Marines have acquitted themselves with the greatest distinction, winning new honors on each occasion until the term 'Marine' has come to signify all that is highest in military efficiency and soldierly virtue.

"This high name of distinction and soldierly repute we who are Marines today have received from those who preceded us in the Corps. With it we also received from them the eternal spirit which has animated our Corps from generation to generation and has been the distinguishing mark of the Marines in every age.

"So long as that spirit continues to flourish Marines will be found equal to every emergency in the future as they have been in the past, and the men of our Nation will regard us as worthy successors to the long line of illustrious men who have served as 'Soldiers of the Sea' since the founding of the Corps."

That is the message which has been read to Marines everywhere on each anniversary since 1921, inspiring the new recruit and the veteran of three decades, as well as the whole nation. Long-forgotten tales of Marine exploits which once were emblazoned in newspaper headlines will be retold.

Tales of the battle of Belleau Wood which the grateful French renamed the "Wood of the Marine Brigade," and more recent stories of Marine successes on the palm-studded, blood-stained Solomon Islands will be told all over the land.

A grateful nation—one that is proud of the achievements of its Sea Soldier Corps—will join the Marine Corps in observing its 167th birthday.

IN REPLYING ADDRESS  
THE ~~COMMANDANT~~ COMMANDANT  
AND REFER TO NO.

AG-410-10m



HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS  
WASHINGTON

7 October 1942

From: The Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps.  
To: All Officers and Men.  
Subject: Annual Message.

1. November 10, 1942 marks the 167th Anniversary of the Marine Corps. We have every reason to be proud of our long and illustrious past. Since the Revolution, Marines have performed their duty to the Nation with utmost devotion, displaying fighting spirit and heroism which have become a national tradition.

2. As in the past, on this Anniversary Day, we shall pay tribute to our valorous predecessors. Their valiant deeds in the face of overwhelming odds will never cease to give us confidence and inspire us to meet the tasks ahead.

3. Such inspiration has enabled the present Corps to add new names, such as Wake, Midway and Solomon Islands, to the shining scroll on which are emblazoned such immortal battlefields as Tripoli and Belleau Wood.

4. We advance into the new year fighting a war which presents the greatest challenge of all time to the Nation and to the Corps. Let each of us determine that our Nation and our Corps not only will survive but will add new and lasting chapters of glory to the history of a free America and the men who perpetuate that freedom.

T. HOLCOMB.



**GENERAL HOLCOMB** first won renown as a rifleman. The General is pictured above when, as a lieutenant, he won high aggregate medal in the International matches.

## The Commandant

ON November 10, 1942, when the United States Marine Corps marks the 167th anniversary of its founding, receiving the Nation's congratulations in its behalf will be Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb.

General Holcomb is the Commandant of the Marine Corps and it is under his direction that the far-flung activities of this branch of America's military might are carried on.

The Marine Corps stands today as one of the best trained and equipped bodies of fighters in the world, and much of the credit for this fact is given to General Holcomb. Under his guidance the Corps has grown into the greatest size in its history and he sees to it that the fighting power of his organization keeps pace with the latest developments of modern warfare.

General Holcomb is the seventeenth commandant of the Marine Corps, but is the first to hold the rank of lieutenant general. At the time of his selection to head the Corps he was a brigadier general. He assumed his office as major general commandant on December 1, 1936, and received permanent appointment as major general on October 1, 1939.

In January of this year he was raised to his present rank, an act predicated on the growth and development of the Corps under his command and the multiplicity of duties it brought about.

General Holcomb's selection to head the Marine Corps and direct its destinies was a popular choice among the officers and men of the Corps. There were older and higher ranking officers eligible for the post, but his appointment met with general approval as it was known he would fulfill his duties with the same vigorous thorough-going spirit that characterized the leadership of his predecessors.

Thomas Holcomb entered the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant in April, 1900, at the age of 20. Unusual ability as a rifleman soon placed him on the Corps rifle team and in 1902 he won the long-distance rifle championship of the world by placing first in the international matches fired in Ottawa, Canada.

Throughout his entire career General Holcomb has been prominently identified with the development of rifle marksmanship. He was a member of the Marine Corps Rifle Team in 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1907, 1908, and 1911, and of teams representing the United States in the Palma Trophy Match in 1902 and 1903. He served as Inspector of Target Practice in the Marine Corps from October, 1914, to August, 1917.

**GENERAL HOLCOMB'S** duties and experiences have been many and varied. From September, 1902, to April, 1903, he was a member of the Marine detachment attached to the North Atlantic fleet. He served in the Philippine Islands from April, 1904, to August, 1905, and again from October to November of 1906. He was on duty with the American Legation Guard, Peking, China, from September, 1905, to September, 1906, and again from December, 1908 to July, 1910.

While serving in that capacity in China, and also on other occasions as an attache of the Legation, he became an authority on Chinese manners and customs and acquired a command of the Chinese language.

From August, 1917, to January, 1918, he commanded the Second Battalion of the Sixth Regiment of Marines at Quantico, Va., in preparation for overseas service. Once abroad, he commanded the same outfit from February, 1918, to July, 1919, and thereafter was second in command of the entire Sixth Regiment. He participated in all engagements in which the regiment took part—the Aisne Defensive (Chateau Thierry), Aisne-Marne Offensive (Soissons), the Marbache Sector, the St. Mihiel Offensive, the Meuse - Argonne (Champagne) Offensive, the Meuse - Argonne (Argonne Forest) Offensive, and the march to the Rhine following the Armistice.

In recognition of distinguished services he was awarded the Navy Cross, the Silver Star with Three Oak Leaf Clusters, a Meritorious Service Citation by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F., the Purple Heart, and was three times cited in general orders of the Second Division, A.E.F. The French Government conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honor and three times awarded him the Croix de Guerre with palm.

In 1925 he completed the Command and General Staff School of the army as a distinguished graduate, in July, 1931, was graduated from the Naval War College senior course, and from the Army War College in June, 1932.

From June, 1932, to January, 1935, General Holcomb served in the office of Naval Operations. Following that he was commandant of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Va. It was from this post that he was taken to become Commandant of the Marine Corps.



1776-1781

MAJOR SAMUEL NICHOLAS RECEIVED THE FIRST COMMISSION AS A MARINE OFFICER (CAPTAIN) ON NOV. 28, 1775. WAS PROMOTED TO MAJOR AND BECAME THE FIRST COMMANDANT OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

## CONSPICUOUS COMMANDANTS



1810-1859

BRIG. GENERAL ARCHIBALD HENDERSON HIS TENURE OF OFFICE WAS THE LONGEST AND ONE OF THE MOST EVENTFUL OF ANY COMMANDANT. HE HAD SEA DUTY ON THE CONSTITUTION BRILLIANT SERVICE IN THE FLORIDA INDIAN WAR AND THE MEXICAN WAR. HE GAVE THE MARINE CORPS ITS 1ST NATIONAL REPUTATION.



1891-1903

MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES HEYWOOD ONE OF THE MOST CAPABLE LEADERS THAT THE CORPS HAS EVER HAD. SAW CONSIDERABLE ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE CIVIL WAR BOTH ASHORE AND ABOARD. WAS PROMOTED SEVERAL TIMES FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION. THE CORPS MADE MANY OUTSTANDING ADVANCES UNDER HIM MOSTLY DURING THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR PERIOD.

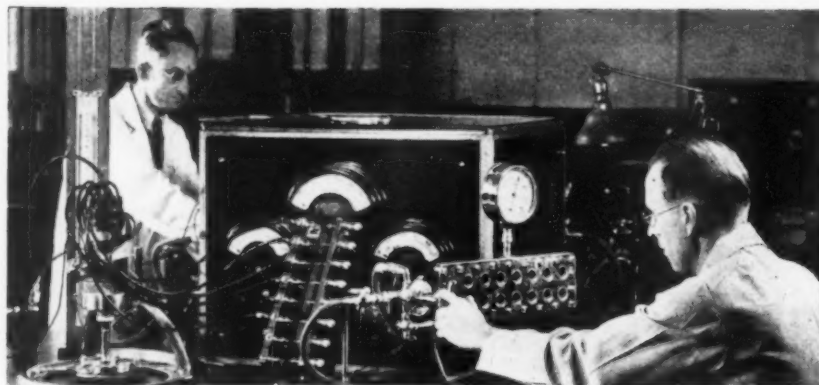
1936-  
LIEUTENANT GENERAL T. HOLCOMB HIGHEST RANKING OFFICER EVER TO COMMAND THE MARINE CORPS FOUGHT IN FIRST WORLD WAR AS A LT COL. - WAS ACTIVE IN CHATEAU THIERRY, SOISSONS, THE ARGONNE FOREST OFFENSIVE - RECEIVED MANY DECORATIONS. GENERAL HOLCOMB WAS WORLD'S CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE RIFLE SHOT, AND HAS CONTRIBUTED MUCH TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF RIFLE SHOOTING IN THE CORPS.

1920-1929

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LE JEUNE SERVED AT SEA DURING THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR - A GENERAL IN WORLD WAR I. HE WAS ACTIVE IN MOST OF THE MAJOR BATTLES. MUCH DECORATED. HIS LEADERSHIP GAINED FOR HIM AN ENVIAABLE RECORD FOR ABILITY AND INTEGRITY. HE REMAINS AN INSPIRATION TO THE CORPS.



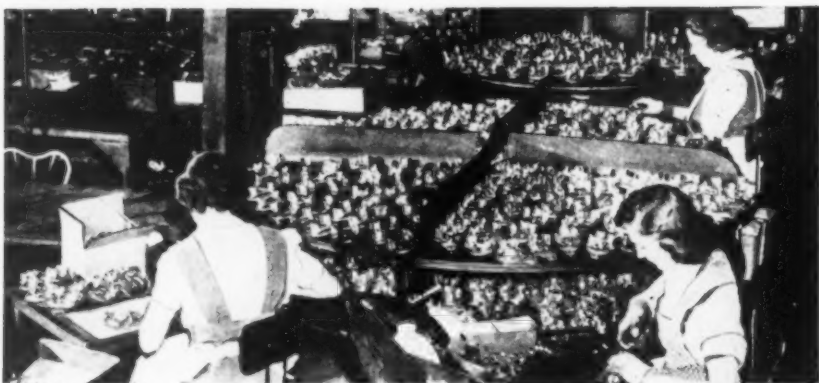
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diversified as armor plate, plastic products and leather goods, to name just three. Of course, there are also the hundreds of well known Auto-Lite units and parts for complete starting, lighting and ignition systems. And when an American victory is won and this job is finished, Auto-Lite will again be in a position to help solve problems of peacetime production.

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## Heroes of Pacific



**LIEUT. COL. H. E. ROSECRANS**, former *LEATHERNECK* editor, led one amphibious battalion ashore on Tulagi. Surprise night attack by Japs made his unit break camp on two minutes' notice, without loss of life. Colonel Rosecrans commands the rubber boat forces in Solomons action.



**ADMIRAL NIMITZ** receiving Samurai sword taken from Japanese officer who committed hara-kiri when Marines raiders swept over Makin Island. Japs, in their hasty retreat to the hills, left most of possessions on Solomons. And Marines acquired rare collection of battle souvenirs. Not all Japanese officers committed suicide, contrary to Nipponese 'fable.'



**CORP. JOSEPH W. SPAULDING** was one of three Marines to return from Guadalcanal patrol on which 25 started out. Jap machine gunners surrounded the Marines at a remote beach-head, waited for tide to roll them out of sandy foxholes.



**FORMER PARATROOPER**, Capt. Harry Targerson, was one-man death-bomb to 40 Japs on Tulagi. In teeth of machine-gun fire, he threw home-made TNT cocktails into caves.



**CARLSON AND ROOSEVELT** plan surprise raid on Jap naval outpost of Makin Island. Raid was great success; Japs were caught so completely off guard that Kawanishi seaplanes flew over and bombed their own infantry unit.



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**MARINE CORPS LANDINGS** during the American revolution started out like this, the men using crude dories.

## Birth of the F. M. F.

WHILE the guns of the "Wasp" and "Providence" covered his landing, Captain Samuel Nicholas led his 220 Marines and 50 sailors ashore and advanced upon Fort Montague—thus the Fleet Marine Force was born.

That first landing was 167 years ago—a scant three months and 12 days after the U. S. Marine Corps officially came into being on November 10, 1775.

Although separated by more than a century and a half of battles and landings in all corners of the globe, there is not much difference between Captain Nicholas' Marines and the Marines who landed, fought and occupied the Solomon Islands, save that the latter have refined the techniques employed by the redoubtable captain.

Here's the story, and except for names, places and the refinements of modern warfare, an eyewitness account of the first landing might read like the latest.

On the evening of March 2, 1776, Captain Nicholas transferred his Marines and sailors to shallow draft boats—sloops in this case—in order to approach the shore below New Providence.

While the big guns of the fleet covered his movement the captain landed. It was a complete surprise. Except for three shots from 12-pounders there was no resistance. In fact, Captain Nicholas' operation is considered the most successful naval operation of the Revolutionary War. It was an auspicious beginning for a body of fighting men ranked as the world's best by men who ought to know—their enemies.

THE LEATHERNECK

**T**HIS gave the Marines their start as specialists in ship-to-shore operations. Since that time they've landed in many places remote from their homeland—Tripoli, 1805; Marquesas Islands, 1813; Falkland Islands, 1831; Sumatra, 1838; Drummond Islands, 1841; Samoa, 1841; Fiji Islands, 1855; Hawaii, 1870; China, 1894; Abyssinia, 1903; Russia, 1918—to mention a few.

Perhaps the most distinguishing feature between the men led by Captain Nicholas and the Marines of today is the fact that in those Revolutionary days the Marine was a sailor turned soldier. Today he is a highly trained specialist in ship-to-shore landings.

For a long time the Marine was trained as a soldier and fought as such, but during the Mexican War the Navy had its hands full with landings up and down the coast from the Rio Grande to Vera Cruz and changes had to be made in technique.

During the Spanish-American War Admiral Sampson determined to attempt to take Guantanamo Bay from the Spaniards so that it might be used as an advance base from which the American squadron could bottle up Admiral Cervera's fleet in Cuban waters.

A Marine battalion consisting of five rifle companies and a battery of artillery had been practicing landing tactics at the operations base of the U. S. fleet at Key West, Fla. The Leathernecks trained rigorously in the art of putting artillery, equipment and men ashore in the least possible time.

The battalion was called to carry out the attack on Guantanamo Bay. The initial landing was made without casualty and the 650 Marines, supported by a unit of sailors and a detachment of Cuban troops, proceeded to clear 6,000 Spanish regulars from the neighborhood.

The future of the Marines as specialists in amphibious warfare was assured.



**LANDINGS HAVE BECOME** more scientific business for the Corps in 1942. Here are Marines landing in Solomons.



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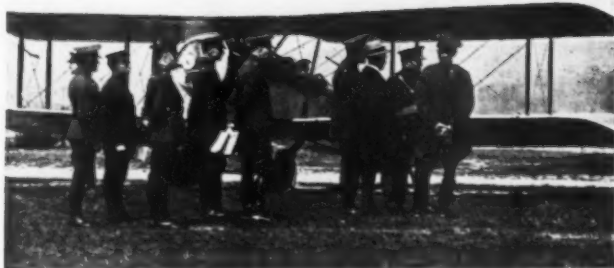
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**MILITARY LEADERS** inspect the Marines' plane of pioneer days, the DeHavilland, during World War I.

## Marine Aviation

**N**EVER in the history of naval warfare had fighter planes alone sunk a capital ship. Nobody, particularly the Japanese, put much credence in the theory that it could be done, but they didn't include Marines in four patched and battered Grummans at Wake Island in their calculations.

When the Japanese sailed their armada of twelve ships, heavily protected by anti-aircraft batteries, in the direction of the sandy, tree-studded island for a final assault December 11, 1941, they paid scant attention to those four battered, patched Grummans hovering overhead.

As the fleet neared the island, the leading elements opened fire, but the Marine gunners standing by were waiting to see the slits of their eyes. Boldly the Japs approached to 4,700 yards. Then all hell broke loose.

The Marines opened with their five-inchers and those four old planes came screaming down. Those planes were poison. They concentrated on two ships, one a cruiser. With eight 100-pound bombs Captains Henry T. Elrod and Frank C. Tharin sent the cruiser to the bottom. The other ship last was seen trailing smoke.

That December 11th was a great day for "Marfitron 211" and the little island's defense battalion. Before the Japanese could flee out of range they had left behind, on the bottom, a cruiser, two destroyers and a gunboat.

By the time the Japs with their overwhelming forces finally conquered the island, those planes and the defenders had accounted for a light cruiser, two destroyers, one submarine and six bombers. Probably more planes were shot down by those gallant Marine flyers, but they haven't had a chance to make their report, yet.

One remarkable feature of this unequal battle is the fact that at no time were there more than four Marine planes in the air and frequently only one or two. The others were being patched up for the next day's battle.

Wake Island is now history, another glorious page in the history of a Corps whose fighting traditions date back to November 10, 1775, when it was founded at Tun's Tavern in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Not much later, after Wake Island, the Japs again learned what sort of men they were up against when they decided to take on the United States and that nation's little band of professional fighting men.

THE LEATHERNECK

The little men with the too big ideas started in the direction of Midway, probably believing they were on their way to "dictate peace in the White House." They brought along a large portion of their fleet and aircraft carriers.

WHEN word of their approach reached Major Lofton R. Henderson of Coronado, Calif., he led his squadron of dive bombers into the air and straightway made for the enemy.

The Major picked out two aircraft carriers and ordered his men to concentrate on them. Zero fighters swarmed about the out-numbered squadron, but were brushed off. The storm of anti-aircraft fire was ignored. The squadron kept to its purpose.

Corporal Eugene T. Card of Oakland, Calif., was in that fight and received three shrapnel wounds, but what happened to his Major concerned him more than his own injuries. The corporal was in a plane that followed the Major down to within 300 feet of the carrier.

Here's what happened as related by the corporal: the left wing of Major Henderson's plane was set aflame at the outset. The Zeros had been concentrating on the leader, apparently believing that if he were down the remainder of the squadron would break off the attack in confusion.

In the cockpit, the Major didn't waver. He aimed his plane at the carrier he had picked out as a target. The fire spread. A heavy trail of smoke poured out behind him. The heat inside that cockpit must have been terrific.

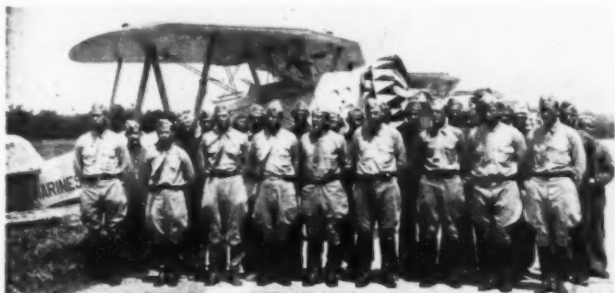
Down, down went the Major. The throttle was open and that plane hurtled through the air like a shot. He crashed into the carrier. Corporal Card is certain the Major DIVED DOWN THE SMOKESTACK.

Marine aviation can celebrate its own particular anniversary as May 22, 1912, whereas the Corps itself celebrates November 10, 1775.

Marine aviation begins with First Lieutenant Alfred A. Cunningham, who by sheer persistence started the aviation branch, thus making the Marines the "fightin'est" outfit on land, sea and in the air.

As far back as he could remember, Lieutenant Cunningham had been obsessed with the idea of flying. Along in 1903 he made two flights as a passenger aboard gas inflated balloons in Georgia and he couldn't get the flying bee out of his bonnet.

The year 1911 found him stationed at the Philadelphia Marine Barracks as a second lieutenant. There he met an inventor named Brown, who had used his last money to



**HELL-DIVERS OF 1930'S** were this group of Marine Corps flyers who took first honors in military flying at Cleveland Air Races and Montreal's Canadian air pageant in the Summer of 1932. The officer pilots from left to right in front row, are Lieutenants T. J. Walker, C. J. Chappell, G. L. Britt, C. F. Schilt, L. H. M. Sanderson, Lt. Col. R. E. Rowell, commander, and Lieutenants D L. Cloud, T. J. Cushman and E. L. Pugh.

November, 1942

# TEXTILES

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THE LEATHERNECK

build an airplane. The lieutenant saw in this an opportunity to get at least one Marine in the air and promptly rented the plane for \$25 a month.

Then his troubles really started. He approached Rear Admiral Albert W. Grant for permission to use an open field at the Navy Yard as an airdrome. The admiral was caustic—to put it mildly—but finally consented. The lieutenant's adventures with "Noisy Nan" which wouldn't fly at all under normal conditions, then began.

The lieutenant was a man of resource. He built a bump into the runway on the theory that if the plane was bumped into the air it would fly. In such a manner he succeeded in obtaining flights of at least fifty feet.

"I called her everything in God's name to go up," said Cunningham, "I pleaded with her, I caressed, I prayed to her to lift her skirts and hike, but she never would. Though I will say this, that beyond that, she never threw me down. I learned air things from that old girl."



**GENERAL ROY S. GREIGER** is one of the pioneers of Marine Corps aviation. He flew "crates" as early as 1916.

After meeting with official chills, the lieutenant joined the Aero Club of Pennsylvania. In his spare moments he talked nothing but Marine Aviation and the need for it to club members. The club soon went to work on their congressmen and senators.

Major General Commandant William P. Biddle, a Philadelphian, sent for Lieutenant Cunningham soon thereafter. He was hot under the collar.

"What," he demanded, "are you doing up there in Philadelphia? The politicians are trying to get a Marine Corps flying field established at Philadelphia and it looks as if you were at the bottom of it all."

The Lieutenant got off light that time, but finally the political pressure got pretty stiff on Washington officials. They sent for the Lieutenant again and he finally had to admit that he was behind the whole movement. They reached a compromise. For calling off his campaign, Marine Corps officials promised to send him to the Naval Aviation Camp at Annapolis. There he earned his wings.

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TO Lieutenant Cunningham goes the credit, too, for attempting the first catapult take-off ever attempted from a warship underway. He broke his back in the effort. The try was made in 1916 off the battleship "North Carolina."

The catapult did not function properly and the plane failed to attain flying speed. One wing was tilted by the disturbed air in the wake of the ship and the plane turned over on the Lieutenant. Incidentally, he did not know of the fracture until it was disclosed by an X-ray some years later. He thought he had suffered a torn ligament.

In April of 1916, the dauntless Cunningham asked to attend the Army Aviation School at San Diego. When his request was approved he became the first officer "in the Navy or Marine Corps to be ordered to purely land flying."

When the World War broke out about a year after Cunningham's request for transfer (he was now a captain), the Marine section of naval aviation consisted of five officers and 30 enlisted men, all stationed at Pensacola, Florida.

Taking his handful of men abroad, he wangled a field from the French and set about trying to have his unit attached to the Marine Brigades already in action, but failed.

"This force," he wrote later, "although enormously handicapped by failure to deliver us all of our planes and being placed at the front under the administration of officers unfamiliar with aviation, overcame obstacles and performed its mission in true Marine Corps spirit."

In all, four Marine squadrons of land fighting planes and a headquarters company were organized before the war's end to operate under the Navy as the Day Wing Command of the Northern Bombing Group in the Dunkirk area. They concentrated on anti-submarine activities; patrol and bombing U-boat's bases at Ostend, Zeebrugge and Bruges.

Since he had few planes, Cunningham requested the

British to lend his men planes. The British complied and as many Marine pilots as could be accommodated operated with the British until the Armistice.

For a comparatively small outfit, the Marines did an outstanding job in that first war for democracy and its ideals.

In one of their bombing attacks they killed 30 German officers and 300 men, while in another operation they dropped over a ton and a half of food to a French regiment cut off and surrounded by Germans and they did it in the face of terrific anti-aircraft fire.

For participation in this action Captain Robert S. Lytle and Captain Francis P. Muleahy were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

Since the World War, Marine Aviation has been expanded considerably and has done much pioneering work in long distance hops and the scientific advancement of flying.

For example, on April 22, 1921, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas C. Turner led a flight from Washington, D. C., to Santo Domingo, D. R., and return. It was the longest flight, unguarded over land and water, ever accomplished by naval aviators up to that time.

To Captain Alton N. Parker, the Navy gave the Distinguished Flying Cross for participating in a flight, December 5, 1929, as test pilot over unexplored regions of the Antarctic with Admiral Richard E. Byrd's expedition. The flight led to the establishment of this country's claim to a large portion of the region, and discovery of a new mountain range.

There have been many such peace-time activities which have kept Marine Corps aviators in fighting trim, but the list is too long. It was by such peace-time work, though, that Marine pilots acquired the "know-how" of flying which gives them such a decided advantage in this war.

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"Sergeant, U. S. M. C., reading orders," a drawing by Norman Price

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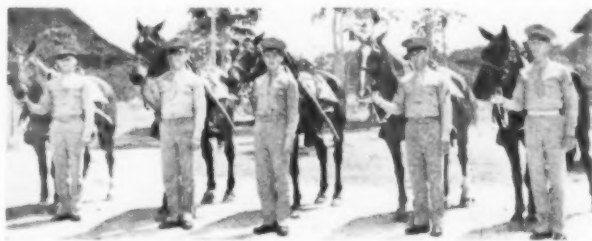


## Horse Marines

THIS week, sometime during the celebration of the 167th birthday of the United States Marine Corps, some will pause to remember the song, "For I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, I feed my horse on corn and beans," which salty Marines whistled in their squad rooms at the turn of the century, little realizing that the great day of the "Horse Marines" in China and Nicaragua were still to come.

Even today a few remnants of the now forgotten legions of mounted Sea Soldiers still remain to patrol some eleven naval ammunition dumps, too large to cover on foot, on 108 horses fed on a regulation diet of oats and hay. With boots and saddle, spurs and stirrups, these modern "horse Marines" ride a route which cannot be made by jeep or auto on the lookout for spies and saboteurs.

Etymologists have never traced the term "horse Marines" to its origin in America. Early records show that the first mounted Marines in this country were British and



**HORSE MARINES** stand by Australian-bred mounts in China. These animals were imported for the patrols.

that they were evacuated from Portsmouth, N. H., in late June, 1779. They were known as Manley's Marines and had been cavalymen under General Burgoyne. Captain John Manley, from whom they took their name, was also a colonel of the Sixteenth, or Queen's, Regiment of Light Dragoons.

The United States Marines have never had cavalry for their mounted troops, which have taken to the field in different parts of the world, and they have never been known as such. Official records have called them "mounted detachments" and the world has called them "horse Marines."

Four years ago the most famous detachment of mounted Marines, that of the Legation in Peiping, was disbanded and the men absorbed into other regular Marine combat units.

The first officer of the Peiping Horse Marines was First Lieut. David M. Randall, USMC. The last to command the mounted Leathernecks was Second Lieut. De Wolf Schatzel, USMC.

The Marines first went to China during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 marching—not riding—with other allied troops to the relief of the foreigners besieged in the British Legation at Peiping. Nine years later when revolution threatened to sweep China and bring with it havoc for foreigners, the commandant of the American Legation Guard, Major John H. Russell, later Commandant of the Marine Corps, was authorized to form a

THE LEATHERNECK

mounted detachment of seven men—one sergeant, one corporal and five privates.

Their major duty was to carry messages at all hours of the day and night between the chancery and the residence of the Dalai Lama, number one living Buddha, who was particularly interested in the fight of the Ming dynasty to stay on the throne of China.

**A**S mounted soldiers they made a tremendous impression on the Chinese, so much so that after the revolution the American government decided to keep the "face" accidentally created by the Marines and made them a permanent mounted guard.

They rode Mongolian ponies, sturdy little beasts that weighed but 800 pounds, were usually mean, and were ragged until clipped and curried and were tough as a quarter steak. The men who rode them were picked from among the Marines who came out to Peiping for the normal two-year tour of foreign duty. They were selected for the Horse Marines for their knowledge of horsemanship, their excellent service record and their light weight. They wore the usual Marine uniforms varied to include riding breeches, boots, spurs and in the winter fur hats. In addition to being armed with the regulation .30 caliber rifle, they carried cavalry sabers.

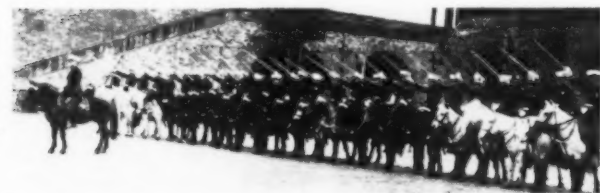
In the earlier years the Marines maintained a mounted patrol at night and took a weekly census of all Americans living in Peiping and its suburbs. The men of the detachment were familiar with the place of residence of all Americans, the location of all legation and Chinese government buildings so that they could be sent anywhere that trouble broke out. In later years their horses could take through Peiping's narrow streets closed to automobiles and motorcycles.

During the '30's Chinese soldiers were equipped so that they could handle trouble in Peiping. Communication had improved so that the Marines were no longer needed as mounted couriers while the Chinese no longer molested Americans. They became "decorative" and were ordered disbanded.

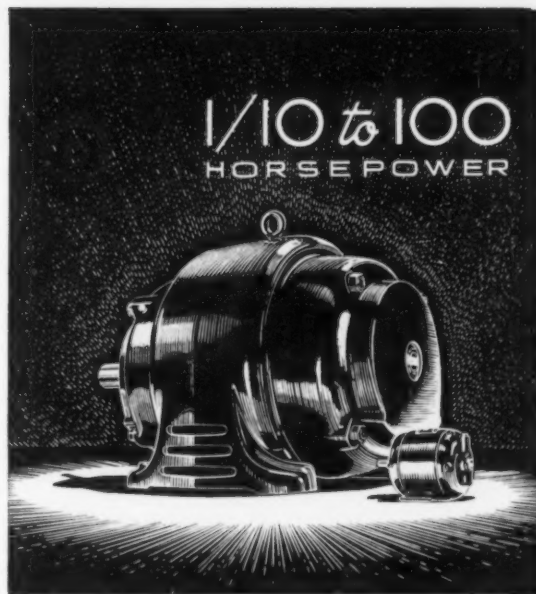
Camels and mules have been used by the mounted Marines. Camels were used during a trek across the African desert in 1805 when the Marines took the Tripolitan stronghold of Derne, while mules have served as Marine mounts in Ethiopia, in Nicaragua and in Haiti. Two mounted companies were maintained in Santo Domingo and at Vera Cruz were small mounted detachments.

During the Mexican war mounted Marines served with the Army in different parts of California but there have been no "horse Marines" participating in any war the United States has engaged in since.

Officers in the Marine Corps have a chance to learn to ride at Quantico and at San Diego, just in case the horse comes back.



**FAMOUS PEIPING HORSE** Marines are pictured here, drawn up in parade formation for their daily inspection.



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# Early Corps Training

WHEN Major William Ward Burrows first established a training camp for officers and men of the United States Marine Corps on a hill in Washington, D. C., at the close of the 18th century, he inaugurated a training system that is directly responsible for the present-day Marine's reputation as the world's best trained fighter.

The elaborate Marine training stations at Parris Island, S. C., and San Diego, Calif., are a far cry from the humble beginning of the Corps' first recruit depot.

When on November 10th, the Nation observes the 167th anniversary of the Marine Corps, it will note with pride the many achievements of its "sea-going soldiers" and the traditions that have made them the world's best.

The Marine Corps had its first headquarters in Philadelphia, but shortly afterwards moved to Washington, at the same time setting up a Marine encampment on a hill overlooking the Potomac River.

At that time the demand for Marines aboard American ships was so great that men were placed aboard as soon as they were enlisted.

Major Burrows, commanding officer of the Corps, had other ideas on the subject, and consequently instituted a training course for recruits to enable them to fulfill their duties better. The newly-inducted men thereafter were taught infantry drill, interior guard, musketry fire and naval customs and regulations.

Today at Parris Island and San Diego, the course of instruction follows closely the original curricula of the original Marine training base. The recruit is taught close and

extended order drill, manual of arms, use of the rifle and other small arms, bayonet work, marching, erection of shelter tents and other field duties.

The novice Leatherneck is instilled with the same discipline, loyalty and devotion to duty as his earliest predecessor.

Parris Island first became a recruit depot in 1911, and with the exception of a short period when the base was used by the Navy, has been in continuous operation as such. It has played a most important part, turning out thousands of Marines during World War I and is doing the same now for World War II.

The San Diego station has been used for training new Marines since August, 1923. Prior to that the recruits received their training at Mare Island, Calif. San Diego is the reception center for all those enlisting at points west of the Mississippi River.

Although at both San Diego and Parris Island more advanced weapons are used later, initial training in marksmanship is given with the famous .30 caliber Springfield and the new Garand. Smaller arms shooting is with the .22 and .45 automatic pistols.

Back in the days of the Continental Marine, however, weapons were a wide range of types and makes. Most of the time the prospective Marine was obliged to bring his own equipment. A circular of the times states that "each applicant for enlistment must have a good, effective firearm, ammunition box and cutlass."

When guns were issued they included muskets collected from practically all the armies of Europe. Most numerous were "tower muskets," the celebrated British "Brown Bess," captured from the enemy, and Charville muskets provided by the French.

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# Marine Discipline

**D**ISCIPLINE is that which distinguishes the army from the mob—and the U. S. Marine Corps from any other military organization in the world.

Back of this present day discipline in the Corps lies a 167-year old reputation for stern justice tempered by a profound understanding of the temptations to which hard fighting men are likely to succumb in times of peace.

This reputation has culminated in the sort of discipline which a surprised sailor described after the battle for Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. He wrote that officers and men going into battle not only dressed alike, but called each other by first names. Fighting men, on the eve of action—possibly death—have too much respect for each other, regardless of rank, to stand on formality.

On the parade ground, however, discipline and contact between officers and men are another matter. The Marine takes pride in the smart appearance of his outfit and his rigid adherence to the letter of the rules and regulations.

Much of the discipline is self-imposed. Each Marine is a self-appointed guardian of the Corps' reputation. Any action, no matter how slight, which reflects upon the Corps itself, is punished swiftly—and not always by higher authorities.

The Corps' reputation for discipline in and out of battle started with the founding on November 10, 1775. The somewhat harsh British naval code was adapted to suit the needs of the Corps. The code was modified considerably, but even so there are records, humorous and otherwise, which indicate the Corps was not for pantywaists.

There are early entries in the history of the Corps relating to such offenses as desertion, theft and drunkenness. Lashes were laid on to the tap of a drum. The sentence of one James Anderson for desertion from headquarters is recorded as "50 lashes, by the taps, hard labor, ball and chain."

In connection with the wearing of the ball and chain, however, Colonel Franklin Wharton, as Commandant, wrote in February, 1806, as part of an order: "The Commandant, unwilling that the character of a soldier who is to return to duty after punishment should have been tarnished by the wearing of chains and fetters during servitude, orders that part of the sentence to be remitted which was to place upon them the ignominious marks, unworthy of those engaged in the honorable pursuit of fame."

The order was occasioned by the sentencing of John Fowler and Anthony Mauntpelier for the attempted stabbing of a citizen.

Early Marines, by the way, considered civilians fair game. One Josiah Brown received a sentence reading "50 lashes by the taps of the drums and to return the hats, pay back the change and pay all expenses of witnesses attending the trial."

It seems that Brown induced a gullible Alexandrian to sell him hats and paid for them with whist counters which he persuaded the merchant were guineas.

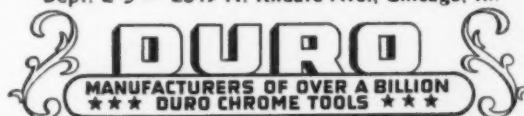
Use of the lash, so frequently mentioned in the early history, was abolished May 16, 1812. The lash, more commonly known as the cat-o'-nine tails, was a short wooden stick with tails of stoutly knotted cord about two feet long and was applied to the bare back of the luckless prisoner, often leaving scars for life.

After the abolition of the lash the military courts of the Corps turned to hard labor sentences, loss of pay and dishonorable discharges to enforce discipline.



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**TROOPS AT REST** outside captured warehouse. On Guadalcanal, Japs abandoned tons of materiel to U. S.



**JAPS WERE SO SURE** of permanent occupation of the Solomons they even printed paper money to "buy" supplies.



**SPLIT-TOED SHOE**, handy for shin-ning up trees, once worn by a Jap sniper, being tried on by a Marine.



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## U. S. MARINES IN TRAINING

QUANTICO, VA.—The new Johnson light machine gun, recently made a part of the U. S. Marine Corps paratroops equipment, is an object of interest to Platoon Sergeant Donald L. Truesdale, left, one of few enlisted men in the Marine Corps to receive a Congressional Medal of Honor, Corporal William Bennett, standing, and Sergeant Dwight Ray, right. Sgt. Truesdale has been in the service 17 years.

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# GIST

## OF THE MONTH'S NEWS

### TRENDS

**ALL EYES ON SOLOMONS** as Nippon hurls increasingly stronger units against Marines holding Guadalcanal. What started as small landing operation now developing into major sea-air-land battle for control of Southwest Pacific. Odds are about even that Marines will stand fast, although Japs dominate all sea approaches to combat area.

**STALINGRAD STILL STANDS** after sixty days of "military miracle." Unconquerable spirit of defenders holds at bay total Nazi mechanized might. But Russia has suffered severe losses in strategic positions, manpower, material, must have much more help from Allies to survive winter.

**SECOND FRONT ISSUE DIVIDES UNITED COMMAND** as statements from Stalin, Willkie indicate Russian loss of faith in British, U. S. promises. Two obstacles to immediate action: (1) necessary slowness of convoy system in concentrating trained men and materiel, (2) failure of United Command to agree on leadership. Dieppe raid was sample of what too-hasty attack may lead to, revealed great strength of German defenses. Issue has now become of more moral than military value.

**TROUBLE BREWS IN LATIN-AMERICA:** Chile and Argentina deny U. S. State Department charges of aid to Axis subs, resent discrimination against their shipping. Puerto Rico and Cuba yell for help, in throes of acute gas and grocery shortage-unemployment crisis. Revolt nipped in Nicaragua; Italian spy ring bared in Brazil. Mexico bans export of silver to U. S., asks fair treatment of Mexico workers needed to harvest U. S. crops. Axis agents are spreading grim gossip, breaking up housekeeping for some of our Good Neighbors.

**NEW SUBMARINE WAR** on United supply lines concentrates on marine cross-roads off Dakar, Newfoundland. Navy increasing blimp convoy units from 23 to 151. German surface raiders and sea bombers pound convoys continuously on Murmansk route with United losses as high as 50 per cent. Enough supplies getting through to hold Axis, but not to attack.

**NAZI EUROPE GETTING TOO HOT TO HANDLE:** "Underground" erupts into open revolution in Norway, France, Balkans, giving Hitler unofficial "second front," keeping dozen Axis divisions from front-line action. Execution of 6,000 hostages in September, conscription of 150,000 French and Belgians for Nazi labor only fans flames of rebellion. Italy again on verge of revolt, Goebbels and Hitler speeches admit regional dimension inside Germany. Rats are beginning to leave Hitler's sinking ship.

**TURKEY ON THE FENCE** has just concluded (1) deal with Germany to deliver 45,000 tons of vital chrome output in exchange for arms (2) deal with Britain to deliver flax, vegetable oil, other raw materials for arms. The Turks are obviously playing no favorites, waiting to buy their winning colors after the game.

**FESTERING DAKAR TROUBLE BOILING TO A HEAD:** Vichy evacuates all women and children, concentrates all available troops and warships. British success in cleaning up Madagascar may set pace for swift action here soon, against much tougher resistance.

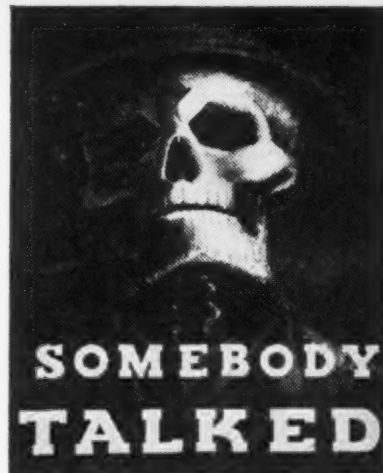
**U. S. MORALE STILL CONFUSED** by conflicting statements from leaders, lack of organized war plans at home and abroad. Negro, draft, censorship, politics problems no nearer solution. Home folks and bigshots alike tired and dizzy from galloping wildly in all directions at once.

### DOUBLE OR NOTHING

*The \$8 Question: Was Stalingrad a Defeat for Hitler?*

The Nazis' military objectives—closing off of Volga supply route to Moscow, cutting off of Caucasus from rest of USSR armies, nullifying of Stalingrad as base for future Soviet offensives or war production center—were all accomplished six weeks ago. As they belatedly admitted, Nazis did not need to capture city itself to score major victory. But smart Marshal Timoshenko's preservation of most of his forces as threat to Nazi flank, and Hitler's love of a Big Show—in this case, big triumphal entry into Stalin's home town—made Adolf keep his generals wasting men and machines on

thankless task of destroying a city that wouldn't be destroyed. Looks as though he had bargained with Tojo for Japs to jump Siberia when Stalingrad was taken. Orders were to take the USSR "City of Steel" at all costs. Six weeks' battle to carry out these orders verged on military suicide to save diplomatic and moral "face." Generals von Bock and Halder told der Fuehrer he was crazy; were relieved of command for bucking Adolf's intuition. Russia gained six weeks more to dig in for the winter, save precious oil and supply lines, although total effect on unfathomable Red potential has yet to be seen. Germany lost millions in manpower, machines, morale. Those six weeks of playing to the gallery may have doomed Hitler's Caucasus drive.



*The \$16 Question: Will There Ever Be a Second Front?*

It's too late now. Hitler has had plenty of time to bolster defenses, can detach men from Russian front whenever needed. Axis has propaganda ace-in-the-hole here, playing up British and U. S. failure to aid Russia in her darkest hour. Actually, Axis is fighting on a dozen fronts already; one more would make little difference in world picture (Mediterranean due to explode any minute now). But original second front issue is now a dead turkey, cold and aliced to ribbons by "typewriter strategists," better left untouched.

*The \$32 Question: Can Air Power Alone Bring Germany to Her Knees?*

Air enthusiasts say yes, but all previous war experience says no. Madrid, Chungking, Malta, British Midlands all were bombed almost daily with heaviest air forces Axis could muster, yet remained potent military centers. Only actual ground invasion has gained any territory for either side in this war. Bombings are spectacular but spasmodic, leave enemy plenty of time to recover, dig in. Only continuous air blitz of all enemy territory, requiring impossible quantities of planes, arms, men, fuel, could take place of infantry occupation.

*The \$64 Question: Can We Hold the Solomons?*

The man who picks this tossup right could clean up any football pool. Japs have advantage of much shorter supply lines, big battle fleet ruling sea approaches, greater familiarity with terrain. Americans have advantage of being fighting Marines, backed by land-based Fortresses from Australia, impervious to Jap Zeros. U. S. victory here means Rising Sun has had short day in the Pacific. Jap victory means United epidemic of "too little, too late" fever will claim thousands more victims.

## BLOW BY BLOW: SECOND MONTH OF STALEMATE FOR THE AXIS



Sept. 15—Laval's decision to send Hitler 150,000 skilled French labor conscripts brings country to verge of revolt. All theatres, cafes closed for 48 hrs. 1,400 Americans arrested in retaliation for U. S. & Brazil roundup of Axis aliens. Artificial food shortage made by govt. to drive workers to Germany.

Sept. 16—Irish police seize bomb-slinging pro-Axis IRA headquarters, imprison two men for hiding arsenal of 92 machine guns, 18 bombs, 109 rounds of ammunition. But bombings, demonstrations against AEF, Axis spying from hills around Londonderry air base continue. 700 women parade Dublin streets protesting high food prices. Sale of liquor to U. S. forces banned completely. All Irish cities out of bounds.

Sept. 24—Ship launchings: Kaiser-built Victory ship launched 10 days from start ("Impossible," snorts Axis), in service 2 weeks later. New destroyers USS "Philips," USS "Renshaw" launched at Kearny. Army engineers promise to refloat USS "Lafayette," old "Normandie." New carrier under construction at Newport News to change name from "Bon Homme Richard" to "Yorktown." New USS "Quincy" being built at New Bedford. New airplane carrier, USS "Princeton," launched at Camden Oct. 19.



Sept. 25—War's heaviest air attacks massed against Nazi industrial centers from Norway to Italy. RAF reports loss of only 3 planes per day for last 9 months of operations over Europe. Flying Fortresses still supreme for daylight bombing.

Sept. 26—War. Dept. cancels Louis-Conn fight, reminds nation war is more important than world's championship. St. Louis Cards refuse to admit baseball is secondary, crash through to World's Series upset over Yankees. ("Anything can happen now," Axis agents tell Hitler.) Special trains to races, football games canceled for duration. La Guardia calls for gambling cleanup in New York; million dollar Chicago lottery ring dragged into court. But country as whole still refuses to obey 35 m.p.h. limit, spends money on drinks, movies, slot machines instead of home cooking, war bonds, scrap drives.

Oct. 2—FDR returns from highly secret coast-to-coast tour of war industries. Only a few thousand trusted workers and a dozen Axis agents knew he was on the road. First-hand dope on war production was encouraging, he told press, but labor pains still have to be settled. Press was spanked for protesting "useless" censorship. Congress was spanked for not passing anti-inflation bill. (They pulled up their britches and passed it pronto.) Politics entered into trip but little, altho Election Day was only a month away.



Oct. 3—Soviet Commandos thrust deep behind Nazi lines at Murmansk; British & U. S. raiders dash ashore at Tobruk, Bengazi in Libya; Royal Marines close pin-cers in Madagascar mop-up; Yugoslav, Greek, Russian guerrillas harass Nazi & Italian communications & supply lines.

Oct. 4—Wendell Willkie returns to U. S. after round-the-world trip to United capitals. Saw front-line action in Libya, Russia, China, gave full credit to fighting Allies. Was most popular American guest ever received by Stalin, Chiang-Shek. But not so popular at home: W.W. was publicly spanked by FDR for criticizing United failure to furnish second front, which he declared was essential to uphold Soviet faith. Replied W.W., "I have a bad habit of saying what I think."



Oct. 5—U. S. Army now operating world's largest airline, bigger than all pre-war lines combined. U. S. planes, tested by experts on all battlefronts, stack up well, altho Army fighters need plenty of bugs ironed out. Carrier-based Navy fighters and torpedo bombers, Army's Flying Fortresses & Liberators, medium bombers, are world's best.

Oct. 6—Sec. Knox visits Canal Zone, Rio de Janeiro in southern tour to bolster anti-sub defenses. Argentina protests failure of her ships to gain clearance permit for West Coast ports, after she refused to allow her ships to bring supplies into North Atlantic.



Oct. 13—Navy announces USS "Astoria," "Quincy," "Vincennes" lost in early Solomons action. USS "Jarvis," USS "Little" likewise missing in Pacific action, with 2 other unnamed destroyers and a submarine. Jap ship losses for same area, same time, three times as great as U. S.

Oct. 14—First foreign recruiting station for U. S. forces opened in London, enabling men to transfer from British to U. S. units. Panama also opens recruiting drive to bolster canal defenses. In U. S., draft of 18-19 year olds seems inevitable.

Oct. 15—U. S. troops reported landing in Liberia, edging closer to Dakar. Brazil warns people to expect Dakar-based air raids; U-boat activity in So. Atlantic redoubled; Vichy sends all available troops, ships, supplies to stand off combined British and U. S. grab.

Oct. 16—With 43 warships badly hit, Japs abandon Attu and Agattu, keeping only Kiska base, bombed steadily by U. S. Army, Navy planes. No Jap air resistance reported, only world's worst weather keeps Marines from landing, singing "Kiska Japs Goodbye."



## UNITED AIR POWER CHECKS AXIS ON ALL FRONTS

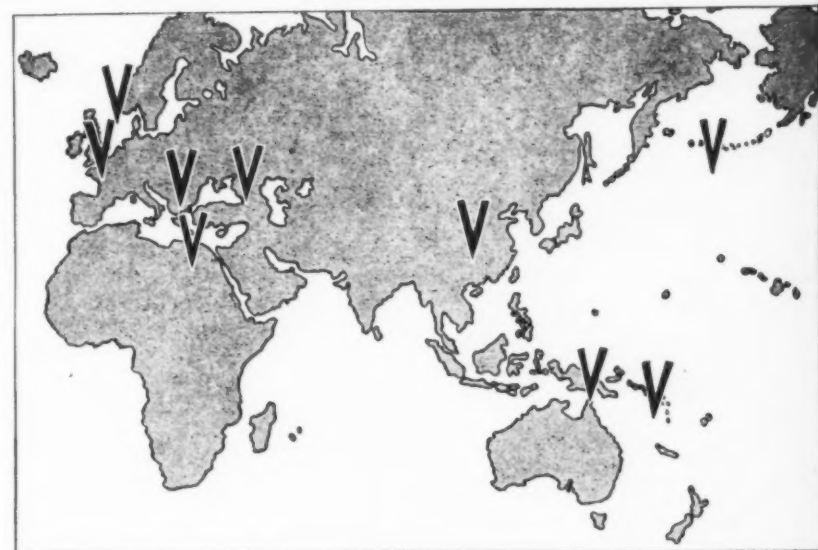
## V MARKS THE SPOTS

United bombardiers sighted in sweetly on Axis installations this month from "Adolf's Folly" in Occupied Europe to "Hitler's Headache" in the Aleutians. Giant V's of precious Axis materiel mushroomed into the air as the high-level precision bombers (U. S. Liberators, Fortresses, British Stirlings, Lancasters, Halifaxes) laid eggs squarely on supply depots, troop concentrations.

Steady pounding by light, heavy and torpedo bombers drove Japs from both north and south poles of their Pacific clothesline: Aleutians and New Guinea. Only the Kiska installation remains of the Japs' misguided jab at Alaska. Only the depot at Kokoda in New Guinea stands between the onrushing Aussies and Jap beachheads at Buna, Lae, Salamaua.

In China, Jap fighters offered little resistance to Chennault's revitalized Army Bomber Command. Chiang's troops are enjoying a well-earned breather, mustering strength for further drives against Jap positions at Canton, Hankow, Nanking, with supplies being flown in daily from India. China, at least, has no complaint about "decadent democratic defaults."

In the epic skies above Stalingrad, U. S. pilots and fighter planes aided Soviet Stormoviks in defying the full strength of Hitler's Luftwaffe, which attacked with an estimated 1,000 planes a day. While German air-arm was tied up here, RAF and U. S. Air Forces held field day all over Europe. Soviet long-range bombers hit every Axis capital in the Balkans, Rumanian oil fields, East German factories. U. S. Liberators blasted Mediterranean convoys, Greek and Italian shipping bases,



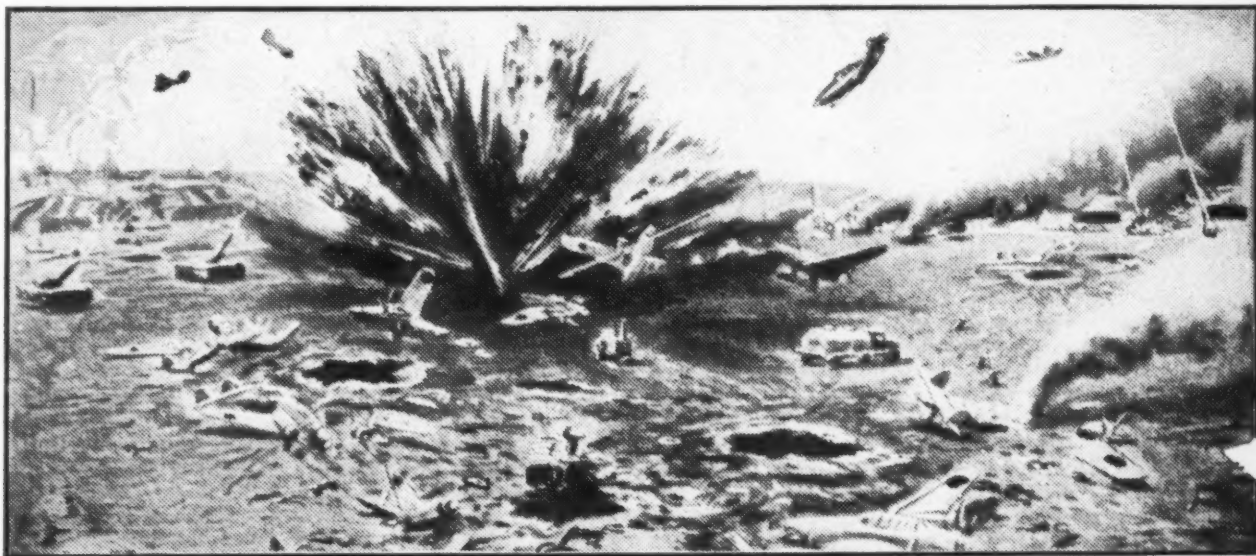
Libyan supply depots.

Over western Europe, round-the-clock bombings were in order, with new 4-ton British bombs twice as destructive as the famous "block bombs" that made hamburger out of Hamburg. French industrial center of Lille had biggest daylight raid of war. New Mosquito bomber-fighters whizzed across Channel and raised bumps in railroad yards. German transportation system is now so fouled up that food from France cannot get across border (300 miles) without spoiling from delays. Evidence that German morale is crumbling under repeated bombing comes from words of both Hitler and Goebbels.

Other plane flights, serving as training for future bombardiers and navigators,

drop leaflets, food, small arms, and ammunition by parachute to underground fighters in Occupied Europe. "Propaganda" bombing and raid on Oslo, capital of smoldering Norway, caused open revolt to flare, as Quislings ran for cover. Trondheim, Nazi naval center, was put in state of siege; puppet Quisling told Hitler flatly he could do no more to bring country into Axis camp. Steady small Commando raids on French Invasion Coast provide fine training for new shock troop units, bring hope to enslaved Free French sympathizers.

All over the world, V for Victory is being written now not furtively with chalk on back fences, but boldly, in bloody scars on Axis front-line outposts.



November, 1942

## HATE AMID THE RUINS

The city of Stalingrad has ceased to exist except in the indomitable spirit of half a million fighting Russians, who for sixty days have held off with sheer guts and superhuman courage the full might of the Nazi mechanized war monster. Historians and experts of all nations are awed by this "military miracle of all time." By rights Stalingrad should be a captured shambles, its people dead or imprisoned, victims of an overwhelmingly superior force.

Instead, their deeds have become flaming headlines across the world's front pages. The foe drove inside the city's gates, but the defenders refused to surrender. They fought every inch of the shell-torn ground, met advancing tanks with bottles of gasoline, survived attacks by a thousand bombers, and bleeding and exhausted, even counterattacked.

Reinforcements from Moscow poured into the city, but sometimes even reinforcements would not avail. Then, workers from evacuated plants, college students and Volga boatmen hurled themselves against the advancing foe, using any scrap of metal for a weapon. Once, when a strong Nazi column broke through the southern defenses, it was this ragged army of inspired civilians which halted the highly trained specialists in slaughter. And then, straight from the drill grounds, recruits with only a few days of tank training went into battle, and pushed the German veterans back.

The lines were now only 35 to 45 yards apart and gains were measured in yards and buildings. Every house was a fortress, every street a battlefield. Some streets changed hands half a dozen times in one day. It was an old-time Chicago gangster war on an immense scale. Ground floors of large buildings became artillery emplacements; cellars and staircases became machine-gun nests; heavy kitchen tables sheltered snipers. Tanks were still in use, but hand weapons did most of the fighting. Many tanks were dug in up to their gun turrets to prevent their being burned or captured by enemy anti-tank fire. With hundreds of their tanks buried under the caved-in walls, the Nazi now used their armored vehicles with miser's care.

The smoke from continuous German shelling has blotted out much of the industrial smoke which rose over Stalingrad during three Five-Year plans that changed a country town into a modern city, that

upped its population from 150,000 to 500,000. The great factories have been turned to war production, so that as the battle neared, tanks rolled direct from production lines to front line action. The miles of beautiful parks are stripped bare of green, blasted into bleak wastelands of shell-holes, fallen trees, wrecked tanks. Among them, night and day, death creeps more fierce and bloody than any Indian massacre. Machine-gun nests, outposts for tommy gunners and small artillery emplacements mushroomed in the smoking debris where even a fragment of wall stood starkly. Each time German detachments crept down a street, crossed an intersection or slipped into an alley, they met a withering crossfire. Prussian military tac-



tics were of little use: the Red Army was still in Stalingrad; the rule books were burned when the first field hospital was bombed.

Colder winds now sweep across the Volga. They whip the flames of the blazing buildings in the outskirts, lash at the rubble and the torn soil of the streets, and raise clouds of stifling, blinding dust. By the river, shivering women and children continue to fill sandbags with dirt. In the houses, behind the cliff, pale, tired soldiers continue to fight.

Stalingrad is now in its third month of siege. Its streets are battlefields, mined, bound with barbed wire, blocked with barricades. Under the protection of Volga gunboats, troops cross the river. At dawn,

the Soviet artillery opens up tearing gaps in the Nazi blockhouses and redoubts, turning back waves of Nazi tanks. Then, the Red tanks and infantrymen drive doggedly up a hill and then another, into the teeth of withering machine gun fire.

No quarter is given in this vast slugging match. The tommy gun and the hand grenade still rule the battle. The Russians, Berlin claims, use boiling oil. When all else fails, Red sappers, carrying 55-pound packages of TNT, slip toward the enemy strongholds and blow them up. The killed remained unburied, and the stench of death and desolation hang heavy over the city of steel. A young Soviet playwright tells of the great battle for the Volga city:

"The sky is afire and the very earth staggers along 40 miles of front. The wreckage of Nazi bombers piles up in the streets as shells endlessly puncture the sky.

"The blaze of burning houses light up the whole horizon. Artillery thunders incessantly, and the crash of bombs is heard day and night. There is no such thing as a safe spot in Stalingrad even on the river. Bombs that missed their targets fall into the water and send up heavy, swirling columns of water. Heavy laden ferryboats ply across to the city. In the dark waters the blood-stained bandages of the wounded stand out distinctly.

"There is no time to bury the dead. The charred corpses of women and children, burned to death when the Germans bombed a steamer taking them to safety, lie on the Volga beach and cry out for revenge.

"The headquarters of Stalingrad's defenses are situated deep underground where the enemy cannot smash. The faces of those who direct the battle are as gray as ashes. Their eyes are fevered with the lack of sleep. While I talked with them

I tried to light a cigaret. It was no good. Match after match went out. There was too little oxygen in the air.

"The battlefield stretches ahead in the brief southern dusk—smoking mounds, burning streets. The enemy's white signal flares shoot into the sky. Night brings no relief. The air hums and throbs as German bombers circle the city.

"One more day, one more night has gone by. The streets are even more deserted, but the city's pulse throbs. We pull up at a factory gate. Armed worker volunteers, resembling the Red Guardsmen of 1918, carefully inspect our documents. There are no ordinary inhabitants in the city today; they are all defenders.

"After Stalingrad we shall be merciless."

THE LEATHERNECK

## AT THE COCONUT GROVE

There are over 250,000 islands in the Pacific Ocean, from tiny Wake & Attu to huge New Guinea, Borneo, Australia. But the eyes of the entire world were focussed last month on the dark, steaming shores of one coconut isle—Guadalcanal in the Solomons, where the entrenched U. S. Marines were standing by to join battle for the first time on more than a hit-and-run basis with the vaunted Jap infantrymen.

Darkest segment of map shows terrain held by Marines—a 4 mi. wide, 10 mi. deep beachhead containing a mile-long airfield, chief objective of the Solomons combat.

is the semi-circular harbor of Tulagi, won at such bloody cost in the initial invasion two months ago. There too Marines dig in, prepared to repulse the Jap assault that has been building up for weeks.

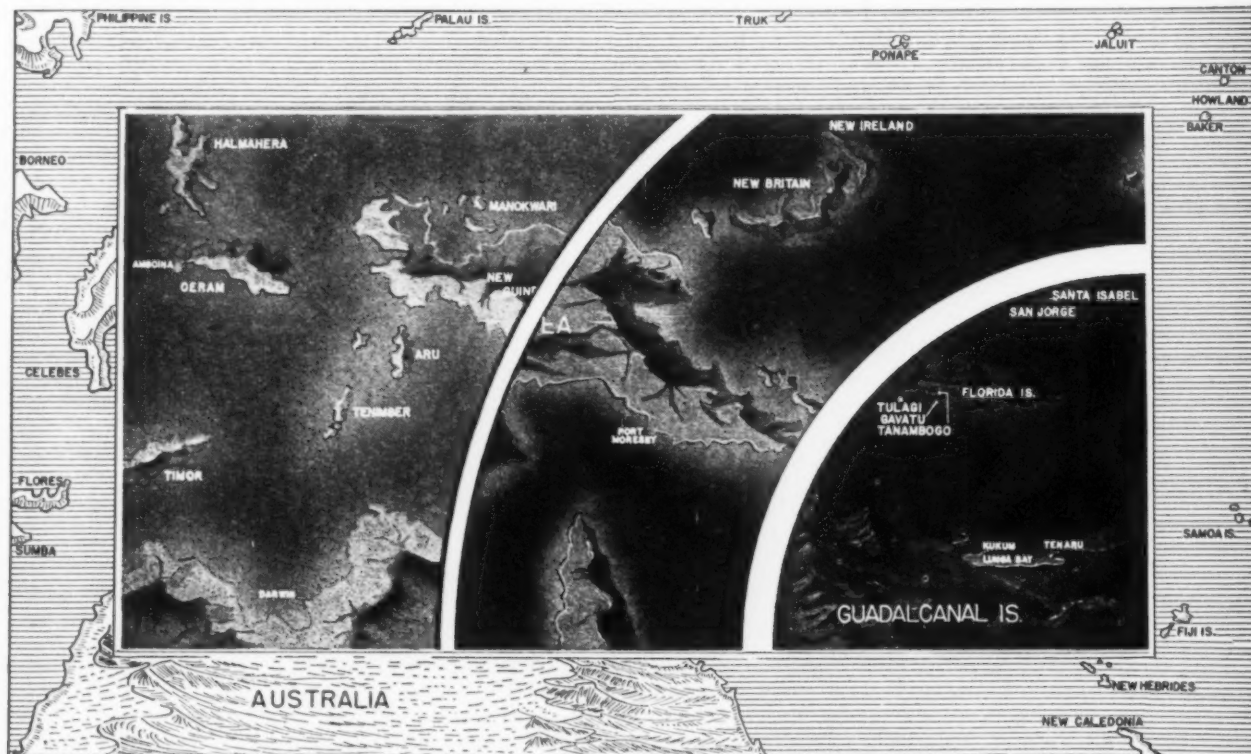
Three Jap invasion fleets have been driven off by Flying Fortresses & carrier-based Navy planes. But they have been able to land increasing numbers of Jap troops in the mountain jungles beyond Marine patrols. Jap torpedo boats and subs sneak in ordnance and supplies, toss a few shells at the Marine camp, and duck back to safety.

Safety for the Japs is anywhere in the northern Solomons: Rabaul in New Britain is their main base; even closer is

000 troops, a half dozen battleships were rumored massed for all-out assault on the few thousand Marines and Army troops on Tulagi & Guadalcanal.

These figures may well be exaggerated. The Japs have not yet used over 200,000 men in their total South Pacific action. 72,000 took Singapore & Java; fewer than 20,000 were on Luzon. But they are shooting the works on Guadalcanal.

Japs are landing men with insufficient supplies, expecting them to live off the land: coconuts, monkeys, pigeons, tangerines. One prisoner captured by Marine patrol indicated he had not eaten for 4 days. Marines have 2 good meals daily,



Rest of Marine-occupied area is mostly a coconut grove. But instead of dance bands and floor shows, there are the recurrent roar of Jap bombers, the scream of shells from Jap warships and subs, searchlights instead of spotlights, snipers instead of strippers. There were even earthquake shocks to keep the joint jumper!

From these groves in peacetime came copra & oil to keep that schoolgirl complexion for American beauties. Marines there today shout "No soap" to Jap gunners, sleep at their posts in ankle-deep mud on rain-soaked blankets. When they have time, they wash their gear, jeeps, bodies in the swift, clear Unga River. The Tenaru, on other side of airport, is muddy, crocodile-haunted.

Across the channel from Henderson Field (named for Marine Major who dove flaming plane down Jap carrier smokestack)

Kieta on Bougainville Island. Their use of land-based bombers after October 1 indicates they have another airfield hidden somewhere near. Rabaul & Kieta are being too steadily bombed by planes from Australia & Port Moresby to be of much use.

The latest Jap fleet, employing at least 4 battleships and aircraft carriers, was too strong for the defending force of U. S. cruisers, weakened by loss of the "Quincy," "Astoria," "Vincennes." Japs stood off at 15 miles and shelled Marine installations mercilessly, then swept south to shell an auxiliary U. S. training & supply base in the New Hebrides.

This was farthest south of any Jap thrust. New Caledonia, Fiji, Samoa all stood by to repel flanking action, as reports piled in of giant Jap reinforcements assembling at their main Pacific base of Truk—Mr. Moto's own Pearl Harbor. 250,

running even to steak, beans, canned peaches, coffee.

Marine "Avenger" fighter planes more than hold their own against the Japs. Planes shot down are often old models, flown by youngsters, indicating shortage of Jap pilots & new planes. But Jap fleet still rules most of sea approaches. Reinforcements from New Caledonia, Samoa run tremendous risks.

Why are the Japs so set on getting back Guadalcanal? (1) To save face, (2) to blunt U. S. spearhead poised for fatal thrust into Nips' South Pacific ring of steel, (3) to keep from being flanked at New Guinea, (4) to regain threat to U. S. supply line to Australia.

That showdown battle we have been daring Yamamoto to come out and fight for months now may already be under way by the time you read this.



### HITLER IS THAT WAY

The Superman of the Aryan race (who recently had his nose straightened and chins lifted to preserve glamor for his newsreel public) has to wear glasses in order to sign the treaties he later tears up. His perfectly proportioned head he has willed to posterity so science can analyze the origin of the famous intuition which has led so many German soldiers to glorious death for the Fatherland. His wardrobe includes 100 suits, 60 pairs of boots, 35 different type hats to match his varying moods.



You're getting warm now, Hermann!

### THEY SAY

Latest Axis propaganda outbursts against the U. S. declare:

"The recent U. S. edict against cuffs on trousers in war time shows the decay of American liberty, because it took away from the male the symbol of domination and the right of freedom."

"The marked rise in U. S. traffic casualties from auto accidents is due to the panic from frequent air raid alarms."

"The authorities dare not introduce a complete blackout for fear of sudden increase of gangster crime. The streets are full of drunken soldiers and seamen, while the hotels are filled with wealthy Jewish refugees."

And finally, "The war is upsetting the basis for all American musical and artistic culture. The Metropolitan Opera House is to be closed for the duration."

Are you listenin', Irving Berlin and George M. Cohan?



### OVER THERE

American movies banned in Vichy for duration. Last picture shown, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

Southern France, home of dried fruits, has none to eat as Nazis seize entire output for troops.

Armed bands in France raid small-town city halls; seize ration books, issue counterfeits.

12 million Frenchmen have lost average of 33 lbs. each; nation on verge of mass tuberculosis. Common foods now: sawdust beefsteak, tree-bark yeast, pine-tree sugar.

Chinese welcome Jap air raids of propaganda leaflets. Within a few minutes, not a scrap of Tojo's Timely Topics, featuring smiling Father Hirohito's face, is left lying on the ground. Reason: There's a great shortage in China of paper for sanitary purposes.



"Did He Say Next Winter, Otto?"

He is very fussy about his surroundings; since the Russian rash broke out on his military blueprints, he has had every red object removed from his various palaces. No one wearing red is permitted in his private office. (Wonder what he does about the red Nazi flag?)

He is quaint about foreign dancers—likes 'em with a drape shape, flowing clothes, and no questions asked. A gal would have to be pretty hard up, even in starving Europe, to go for Adolf, the mirror-hound.

As Ogden Nash once put it:

"How can der Fuehrer go on thinking he is der Fuehrer,

When you think what he must see every time he looks in the mirror?"



They Don't Know the Half of It!

THE LEATHERNECK



"Them M.P.'s ain't got no sense of patriotic duty!"

## WASHINGTON IS THAT WAY

Wacky wartime Washington is the only place in the world this could have happened.

It was on a street-car, headed for Georgia & Alaska. (Don't ask us how it gets to both places at once!) The motorman was new at the job, and kept asking the passengers which switches he should turn to stay on the right route. When the conductor at the other end of the car got off to inspect one rail circuit, playful passengers gave the "go" signal to the motorman up front, took turns playing conductor for 45 minutes before he caught on.



"From what he says he'll do to the Japs, I'm gonna let him get drafted."

## OVER HERE

Small movie houses in U. S. rural sections forced to close from lack of business. Farm labor shortage grows more acute.

Dried fruit shortage imminent as U. S. Army requisitions almost entire crop to send to troops abroad.

Ration-book issuance almost a certainty with meat, wool clothing, coal, gasoline, soap, fats among national commodities.

Nation-wide diet education in order to wean public from meat and potatoes to spinach and chopped carrots. U. S. service men will be getting better than home cooking before the duration is over.

Nation-wide scrap drive, to send every available unused ounce of metal against the Axis, netted some strange fish. Beauty shops collect lipsticks, hairpins, curlers. Yonkers motorists rip off bumpers, replaced with wooden models. Next thing will be wooden bedsprings. Is nothing sacred?



"AND WE THINK THE HINDUS ARE ALL FOULED UP!"

## QUOTE . . UNQUOTE

"There is no cheap way to win this war except by going in there and slugging."—Admiral King.

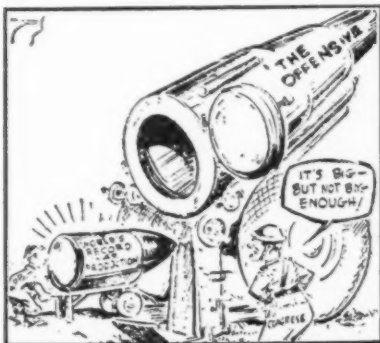
"The kids all say our equipment brings them home."—Maj. Gen. Kenney, air commander in S. W. Pacific.

"There are periods in a lifetime when it is harder to live for your country than to risk your life for your country. You and I are living in such a time today."—Carl W. Ackerman, Dean of Columbia University.

"America is the only country where your life is what you make it."—Larry Allen, Pulitzer-Prize winning foreign correspondent.

"It is plain that to American women the important thing is silk underwear, not uniforms."—Lt. Ludmila Paulichenko, USSR sniper queen who has killed 309 Germans.

"I want to see that the Japanese language is spoken only in hell."—Vice-Admiral Ghormley.

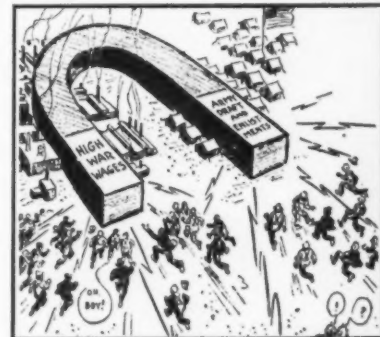


It was in a downtown chowhouse. Show-boys of "This Is the Army" were with a 2nd Lieut. Nearby a Marine was eating alone. The group made several cutting remarks about the "marvelous Marines."

The Leatherneck finally turned and said, "Lay off the Marine Corps, boys. We're doing all right."

"I don't see you putting on any hit like 'This Is the Army'," said the shavetail.

"Listen, bud," retorted the gyrene. "We're busy putting on a little show of our own down in the Solomons—or haven't you heard?"



## THEY TELL ABOUT—

Sgt. A. J. Barrios expected to soften up Capt. Glenn Chamberlain, both of Company A, Second Service Battalion, at Camp Elliott, with his rhyme for an extension of time on his furlough.

He wired the Captain:

"Plenty women, plenty wine, plenty money, not enough time. Please wire extension."

The Captain's answer was:

"Plenty of work, excitement, too, am awful sorry, but no can do. Extension not granted."

Marine recruiters in Oklahoma City will have no trouble enlisting Marinettes if the Leatherneck version of the WAACS and WAVES is ever authorized. As a matter of fact they probably have the phone numbers of several already.

Recently they announced that they needed two typists and a stenographer for duty with the fleet force. They took it for granted that "For men only" was understood.

But the next morning their little error became mighty apparent. Girls from all over the city and even from 120 miles away flocked to the recruiting office to offer their services. Seems the girls wanted a situation, and, as usual, the Marines had it well in hand!

Rosy cheeks were not what Donald Moore was looking for when he ate a bushel of carrots. He was color blind according to the USMC recruiter, who rejected him.

A month later, Moore, one of Denver's more persistent 17-year-olds, reappeared and told the recruiter he was ready to try again. Again he flunked.

"Well," the boy sighed, "I'll get another bushel and be back. Wish I liked carrots."

### LITTLE RECRUITS MAKE BIG HEROES



## DO YOU MARINES AGREE

*with the worries of this soldier on foreign duty, revised from "Time"?*

Dear Dad:

What is going on there? Yesterday, my July 13 issue of Time arrived. It makes me sick and bitter, and fills my mind with unanswerable questions. The drive for scrap rubber is a "disappointing failure"; the sale of war bonds is \$200,000,000 per month below Government expectations; aggressive war must wait until after the November elections; steel laborers seek a dollar-a-day increase in wages.

And all the while, the young, gallant sailors and marines and soldiers are dying in the Pacific, and in Ireland, the boys are waiting with the realization that they must be next. And we in the outposts who feel guilty because we are so far from the actual fighting, we sit and rot in stinking, malarial jungles and have too much time to think.

Personally, I think we shall win this war but only after tens of thousands of people have been needlessly killed. Let me offer this warning: If this generation of soldiers returns home to a collapsed and chaotic civilization, we shall not stand on street corners selling shoelaces; we shall not ashamedly wait in line to receive bread.

Is it asking too much of civilians to give up a little of their comfort so that some one else might win security for them? What a ludicrous and tragic situation that soldiers must beg, actually beg, for arms to defend people who, by their very actions, don't seem to give a damn! The fine American institution of the Sunday motor trip is far more important than a boatload of supplies to the tankmen and aviators in Egypt. Sacrifices? Look to the Chinese people and learn what the word truly means.

To you, Dad, I would give a firm handshake, and to Mother, a tender kiss, for I am very proud of you both. America is not the land of your birth, but, you have become finer, more worthy citizens than many people who can trace their citizenship back several generations.

I want to believe in my country, Dad, but find it increasingly difficult to believe in its people. But who is interested in mere words when big money can be made—and the boys are dying in the Pacific?

LEE.

(Det. 120th Signal Radio Intelligence), A.P.O. 889, New York City.



BRIG. GEN. RUPERTUS, former C.O. at Dago, Washington, New River, decorated for leading first wave of assault on Tulagi and Gavutu in Solomons.

Recruiting-poster Marines, their manly chests be-decked with marksmanship medals, are a popular sight on the American scene today. But those die-hard Leathernecks in the Pacific are sporting medals of a different sort—medals of heroism, wound stripes, "action over and above the demands of duty and merits."

The lowly Field Musics have their heroes, too. Harold F. Alexander, stationed on the "Ranger," was commended posthumously by the Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. Alexander went to the assistance of Lieut. Com. G. M. Ottinger, USN, without regard for his own safety, when the latter was felled by a brow. While aiding the injured officer, the Music was struck by another brow (probably some low-brow who didn't appreciate music.)

In Washington, a Pfc. stationed at the Navy Yard saved the life of a soldier attempting suicide in the Anacostia River and received the commendation of Acting Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal and the recommendation for the Treasury Silver Life Saving Medal. What these dogfaces won't do for publicity!

Pfc. Charles R. Andrew saw the soldier on the rail of the bridge and made an attempt to prevent him, unsuccessfully. So, the Navy Yard guard ran to the end of the bridge, hurdled both the bridge rail and a barbed wire fence, and swam about fifty yards to rescue the drowning man. Bleeding profusely from leg injuries suffered while hurriedly climbing over the barbed wire fence and rocks, Andrew towed the unconscious man to a piling where a Coast Guard boat rescued them. Not being contented with getting the man out of the water, the Leatherneck coolly helped to revive the soldier after he had been put aboard the patrol boat.

THE LEATHERNECK

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**THE MARINE CORPS BAND** of 1942 is a great body of specialists in martial music. The band has been a leading morale-builder in the corps for more than a hundred years. Here are the Corps' best bandmen in front of the Capitol.

## War-time Music

By HAROLD DURNELL

**W**HAT this country needs is less boogie-woogie and more marching songs! The popular Axis airs are all military, and Hitler claims his men march 33% farther while giving out with vocals. It's a proven fact that music makes tough going easier, that war songs put energy into troops, even when exhausted.

A bugle corps or band is a "shot in the arm" to weary marching men. The bagpipers go with the Scotch Highlanders right into the front lines, along with machine-guns and mortars. Their native music helps to make these "Ladies from Hell" among the world's finest fighters. Every gyrene who's ever gone on a 20-mile march knows what a difference a single bugle or even one good baritone can make in extra manpower and mileage.

Marching tunes must be on the humorous or patriotic side. The home-and-loved-ones theme is a close second, but you'll find it popular mainly around campfires and barracks, not out in the communications lines. Men want snap, not syrup, when they're on the march.

So far in this war, the emphasis has been on the sentimental side. Tin Pan Alley has turned out a number of songs, but nothing to compare with immortal inspirations of other wars. We need something like them today. The man who writes it has a chance to go down in history along with Rouget de Lisle's "Marseillaise" and George M. Cohan's "Over There." Song writers can be national heroes too.

Oddly enough, our first song-writing hero was not an American but a British surgeon at Ft. Cralo, N. Y., who wrote the words to "Yankee Doodle," and meant to be anything but patriotic. It seems the Colonial Militia was an untrained lot, and the lyrics were intended to ridicule their corny uniforms and ragged drill routine. But the Continental Fife and Drum Corps, far from snowed, lifted the scornful ditty as a tribute to that rugged individual-

ism which was to win the war for them. Almost overnight (songs always travel faster than official reports) it became No. 1 on the Revolutionary hit parade. Troops sang it on the march, making their own cadence and adding original lyrics that would never pass today's radio censors. The original tune, incidentally, was a Christian chant of the 12th century.

In the early years of the War of 1812, in which U. S. sailors and Marines established many of their proudest traditions, Americans made "Hail, Columbia" their theme song. It was not until 1814 that Francis Scott Key visited the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay, to release a captured friend. He was aboard a British man-of-war when they began shelling Ft. McHenry near Baltimore. All through the night he watched the bursting bombs light up the American flag, which had not been pulled down at sunset lest the British take it as a sign of surrender. Key's anxiety was at the highest pitch upon discovering the flag was still there the next morning. He gave vent to his feelings in the lyrics of "The Star Spangled Banner," which, set to an old drinking song, immediately became popular and were adopted by the Army and Navy as a national anthem.

But it was not until a hundred and seventeen years later that Congress got around to making it official for all U. S. citizens, in an act passed March 3, 1931.

In our next war, when Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor led U. S. troops into Mexico, their favorite was a more romantic tune called "Green Grow the Rushes, Oh." From the first two words of this chorus, which the Mexicans took for a war cry, they coined the word "gringo," which is still applied to their neighbors across the Rio Grande.

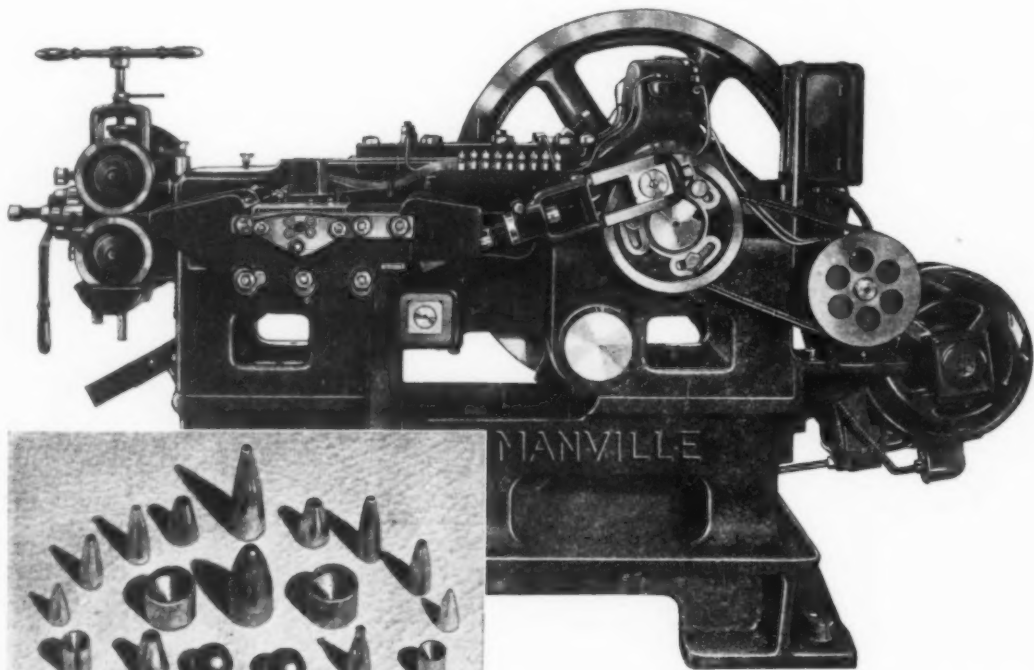
In Civil War times, the northeast seaboard was solid for "Rally Round the Flag." This song, correctly titled "The Battle Cry of Freedom" was written the second day President Lincoln called for troops. "We Are Coming, Father Abraham" (not to be confused with Bing Crosby's "Abraham") was another war song written in response to this call.

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching" thrilled

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many a Union heart in 1861, and "Marching through Georgia" was popular after the war—popular with Yankees only, needless to say. As yet no one has set to music General Sherman's remark that "War Is Hell!" but it has undoubtedly been the theme of many a song and gripe session around bivouac campfires.

"John Brown's Body" was the Yank marching song, while the Rebels charged to the strains of "Dixie." "J. B.'s body" was later glorified by Julia Ward Howe and tagged "Battle Hymn of the Republic," from which John Steinbeck got the title for "The Grapes of Wrath." Herman Arnold penned the original "Dixie" lyrics on a wall of a Montgomery, Ala., theatre. The records don't say exactly which wall it was. It may have been his dressing room, or he may have been used to getting his poetic inspirations somewhere else.

The Spanish-American War gave us "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Troops shouted this battle-cry as they charged up San Juan hill behind Teddy Roosevelt in 1898. Originally written for a minstrel show, "Hot Time" was later beat out in many a political parade and torchlight procession.

In 1912 an English music-hall singer started "Tipperary," a song about an Irish lad in London longing for his colleen in the Emerald Isle. This unknown singer missed theatrical immortality by three inches of columnist's type. With a good press agent, she could have been as famous for "Tipperary" as Margaret Speaks is for "The Star Spangled Banner" or Kate Smith for "God Bless America." By 1914 every British soldier accepted "Tipperary" as the tune of the hour, passing it on to the AEF with whom they buddied in France. This proves that a good marching song belongs to fighting men of all nations. Current examples are the Aussies' "Waltzing Matilda," the British "Bless 'em All," and "Madelon" from France, all of which have high ratings with American and other United troops. "Tipperary" is not the first bit of lifting the British have done to bring attention to old Eire.

Paris went wild in June, 1917. Streets were blocked for miles; women wept, men shouted themselves hoarse. Why! The first American troops were arriving under General Pershing. Regimental bands were playing and the boys were singing a new song! It gave a pledge and announced America's entry into the battlefronts of World War I. No war song ever written gained popularity so fast. After a quarter of a century it still remains among the finest of all marches. This was George M. Cohan's instant hit, "Over There." General Pershing has since stated that Cohan's masterpiece was a big factor in maintaining morale and turning the tide of the last war in our favor.

Other more humorous numbers from the last war are still sung at Rotary Club luncheons and American Legion conventions, perhaps recalling old times to veterans more vividly than news pictures. You've sung them yourself a hundred times. Remember "K-K-K-Katy," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "There's a Long, Long Trail?" Famed for its unpublished lyrics—was "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." Better known as "Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous," it was written on the scene of action by Sgt. "Red" Owlands. A sharp little gal named Marie Le Coq who worked at the Cafe de la Paix in Armentieres was aces high with Sgt. Red, and out of this beautiful friendship was born the one and only "Hinky Dinky."

**I**N THE years between World Wars I and II, undisputed tops in martial music were the compositions of John Philip Sousa. So outstanding was his success in this field that he was known as the March King, and rightfully so. For half a century, no Marine parade has been quite G.I.

without one of his pulse-stirrers: "Washington Post," "Semper Fidelis," "Stars and Stripes Forever." It is no accident that Marines take to Sousa marches. For twelve years he was leader of the U. S. Marine Band, establishing its high military reputation among military musical outfits. His death in 1932 left an unfilled gap in the ranks of America's music-makers.

And so here we are in the midst of World War II. What are the men singing? We don't mean at USO parties or community sings, but out there—in Iceland, India, Egypt, Britain, Australia, and the Solomons. The song-hacks have given us enough gut-bucket and barrel-house to last for a dozen durations. From here on, we can coast along with the current stock of jukebox favorites, of icky ballads and rhythm numbers. But what about those songs to sing beyond the range of radio or juke-box, those numbers that spring spontaneously to the throats of marching men? We are sadly lacking in tunes which can compare with that long list of previous inspirational bullseyes. Of course, it's no easy matter to sit down and dash off a hit number, especially a march.

It's especially difficult to write another "Over There" during the present duration. This war is proving to be unlike any other in our national history, and the old song formulas just won't work somehow. Gone are the drum-beating flag-waving parades, the hasty issuing of rifles and marching off to mow down the enemy. This is a war of precision machinery, of vast distances, long planning, and cold calculation. Our soldiers and our people are having to suppress their emotions and work grimly, calculatingly, to meet production schedules, save raw materials, maintain supply lines, keep the complex weapons of war working to maximum efficiency. You can't write a hit tune about a production line or a bomb sight; you can't warm up to an M-3 tank or a B-17 bomber the way you could to Gunga Din or the Rough Riders.

The war hasn't really touched the hearts of our people yet. It will take more hand-to-hand fighting on crazily-named islands in the Pacific, more shoulder-to-shoulder standing fast as in Alaska, more casualty lists, more days of suspense and nights of worry. War music springs from warm human contact, from full hearts, tense nerves, tight throats. The Russians have their war songs, dozens of them. Let's hope it doesn't take another Stalingrad over here to make this war's song hit for America.

Another thing: we've counted too much on professional song writers to make our music for us. The radio and the juke box have taken the place of the old "banjo on my knee." We sing synthetic sob-songs and made-to-order marches that last six weeks and then slide off the Hit Parade into oblivion. We need songs that spring from the men themselves, folk songs like "Hinky Dinky" and "Bless 'em All." It's a safe bet that this war's big hit will never be written behind a desk on Tin Pan Alley.

They've certainly tried hard enough. We've had everything from "The White Cliffs of Dover" to "Goodbye, Mama, I'm Off for Yokohama." Every big tunesmith in the business has had a crack at it—but not one has scored in the black as yet. "This Is Worth Fighting For" was a near miss, and the latest "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" may, with some help from *Newsweek*, make the grade. After all, it did start with the men of the guncrews.

But we're too wise to propaganda, too leary of having our emotions played upon, to let Tin Pan Alley lead us around by the kazoo. It's a serious situation, this lack of war songs. But you can bet it will be well in hand before another year is over. If the folks back home won't give them songs to sing, service men will write their own. You just can't keep 'em quiet.

# Courage in Corps

**A**FTER 167 years of "firing the first and last shot" on battlefields all over the globe, the Marine Corps can point with pride to its record of courage under fire.

One of the earliest displays of Marine courage occurred when a detachment was fighting under John Paul Jones on the *Bonne Homme Richard* in 1770. They were engaging the British Man-of-war, *Serapis*, and, at the high point of the battle, the Marines crawled out on yard-arms and dropped grenades down the open hatch of the British vessel. This neat trick proved to be the turning point of the battle.

But no less courage is evidenced as the Leathernecks of World War II go about the grim business of victory. It is already obvious that after this war, historians will be furnished with a wealth of "hero copy." And some of the best human interest heroism comes from the files of enlisted men.

Take the case of the "One Man Gang," Sergeant Thomas E. Hailey, who became a hero in a suit of underwear on stormy December 7 at Pearl Harbor.

Sergeant Hailey was standing on the deck of the USS *Oklahoma* when it was hit by Jap bombers, and capsized almost immediately. The sergeant quickly "shucked" his uniform, plunged into the oily water clad only in his underwear, and amidst bombs and shrapnel swam to the USS *Maryland*, moored nearby. On the *Maryland* he worked furiously rescuing the *Oklahoma* crew.

This task completed, Hailey helped man an antiaircraft gun as the Jap planes bombed and strafed the area. Although he had never handled this type of gun before, he did an excellent job and was responsible for a number of hits.

Still in his underwear, he left the ship, picked up a rifle and started for the Naval Air Station. There he volunteered to search the area by airplane, and remained aloft for five hours, armed only with his rifle.

Then there is Corporal Joe Driskell who was aboard the USS *Nevada* December 7. When the Japs struck, he raced to his post as gun captain of Number Nine Broadside Gun. He and his men opened up as the Jap planes were raising hell overhead.

Suddenly a Jap "egg" exploded beside Driskell's gun, blasting his uniform from his body and seriously wounding him. The gun was wrecked so the corporal stumbled to another gun and manned it against the Nipponese planes.

Driskell refused to join the wounded. As a matter of fact, he assisted other wounded men to evacuation spots. When a fire suddenly broke out, Driskell fought the flames until the blaze was under control.

**A**NOTHER Marine to completely disregard his own safety to carry out his duties was Corporal Harold R. Hazelwood on the Midway Islands December 7. When the Japs cut loose, Hazelwood was operating a switchboard, and a shell struck the command post in which he was stationed.

His leg was fractured. The same shell seriously injured First Lieutenant George H. Cannon, his commanding officer. Immediately checking the switchboard, Hazelwood



**U. S. MARINES** achieved fame in the Mexican War as they fought from 1846 to 1848. Here are the resplendent uniforms worn by the Marines of that war-torn period.

found that communications to the gun battery were disrupted.

Ignoring his own injuries, the corporal set up his switchboard again to transmit the commands of Lieutenant Cannon, who also refused to leave his post.

Lieutenant Cannon later died from loss of blood.

Another Marine who showed the kind of the spirit that is making it rough on Japs is Sergeant Dale Peters. He was a corporal on December 7 when the Japs swooped down on Sand Island, one of the Midway group, and bombed his station.

The explosion blew him through a window, and he was still groggy as he pushed to his feet. His one thought was to get into action, and his eye caught a nearby hangar that was burning as Marines were working furiously removing large aerial bombs.

Peters reeled toward the hangar, made a mis-step and fell 14 feet into a pit. Even this didn't stop him. Once again he struggled to his feet, and this time reached the blazing hangar. There he worked with the other men, enveloped by flames as they removed these powerful charges that might explode any minute.

The wounded Peters saw this dangerous job through until the last precious bomb was removed.

It was over 160 years ago that those Marines straddled the *Bonne Homme Richard's* yard-arm to drop grenades into an enemy's ship hatch, and although the Marines' fighting tactics have changed with the times, the Corps' special brand of courage hasn't.

Hailey, Driskell, Hazelwood, Cannon, Peters and thousands of other Marines—they're all sparked by the same thing that put those Marines out on the ship's yard-arms.

# MAN, here's a handful of Real Gun!



THIS is the H&R Submachine Gun. Fellow by the name of Reising figured it out. He has over 60 firearms patents . . . knows his way around.

This gun takes regular .45 cal. pistol ammunition . . . bottom-fed from a 20-cartridge clip.

It pounds out heavy slugs at the rate of seven per second . . . but you're expected to spray bursts of only three to five shots—a matter of trigger touch-control you can catch onto in no time.

Fires semi-automatic, too—one shot-eject-cock-and-reload each time you squeeze the trigger. That's good for controlled fire when you have time for it. Saves cartridges, too.

This baby has all the accuracy you could want at ranges up to *three hundred yards*. Not 100 . . . 300. That's because it doesn't try to climb off the target. Has so little recoil you could

shoot full-automatic with the butt against your chin (if you think *that* would help your aim). No heavy bolt . . . uses "delayed blowback" to take the shock. Only 3 moving parts. You can take it apart in 83 seconds . . . *in the dark*.

That's H&R Reising Model 55, shown above . . . only 22" long, with the stock folded. Weighs about 6½ pounds. There's another model with a full walnut stock . . . 36" overall.

With this H&R Reising Submachine Gun, brother, you're *tough*. You own a big patch of ground. You've got a handful of *real gun*.

You'll see more of this job. They're turning them out, up in Worcester.

*Lots of them.*

★ **HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON** ★  
**ARMS COMPANY** ★ **WORCESTER, MASS., U.S.A.**



**RED AND GREEN** uniforms worn by Marines of American Revolution are shown here. Consisted of green and red coat, white woolen jacket, light-colored breeches, red hat with white binding. Painting is by H. C. McBarron, Jr.

## Marines as Guards

**W**HEN the United States Marine Corps observes the 167th anniversary of its inception on November 10th, it will have maintained during that period a reputation as the most consistent guardian of public property on record.

Although best known as "the fightin'est outfit on earth," the Marine Corps has augmented the defenses of our country since the Revolutionary War, acting as guards aboard ships of the Navy, in Navy yards and bases, and has been called on numerous times to watch and protect other properties and rights of the people.

The Continental Marines participated actively in engagements of the American fleet. When prisoners were taken, it was part of the Leathernecks' duties to guard them. And the Marines did guard them, whether aboard the capturing vessels or at the concentration camps established inland for that purpose.

History records that during the Naval War with France from 1799 to 1801, Marines at one time marched a miscellaneous collection of prisoners and buccaneers from the coast to Frederick, Maryland, where a prison camp was maintained.

After plans were made to exchange such prisoners for Americans it became the duty of the Marines to escort the prisoners back aboard ships for transfer to West Indian ports.

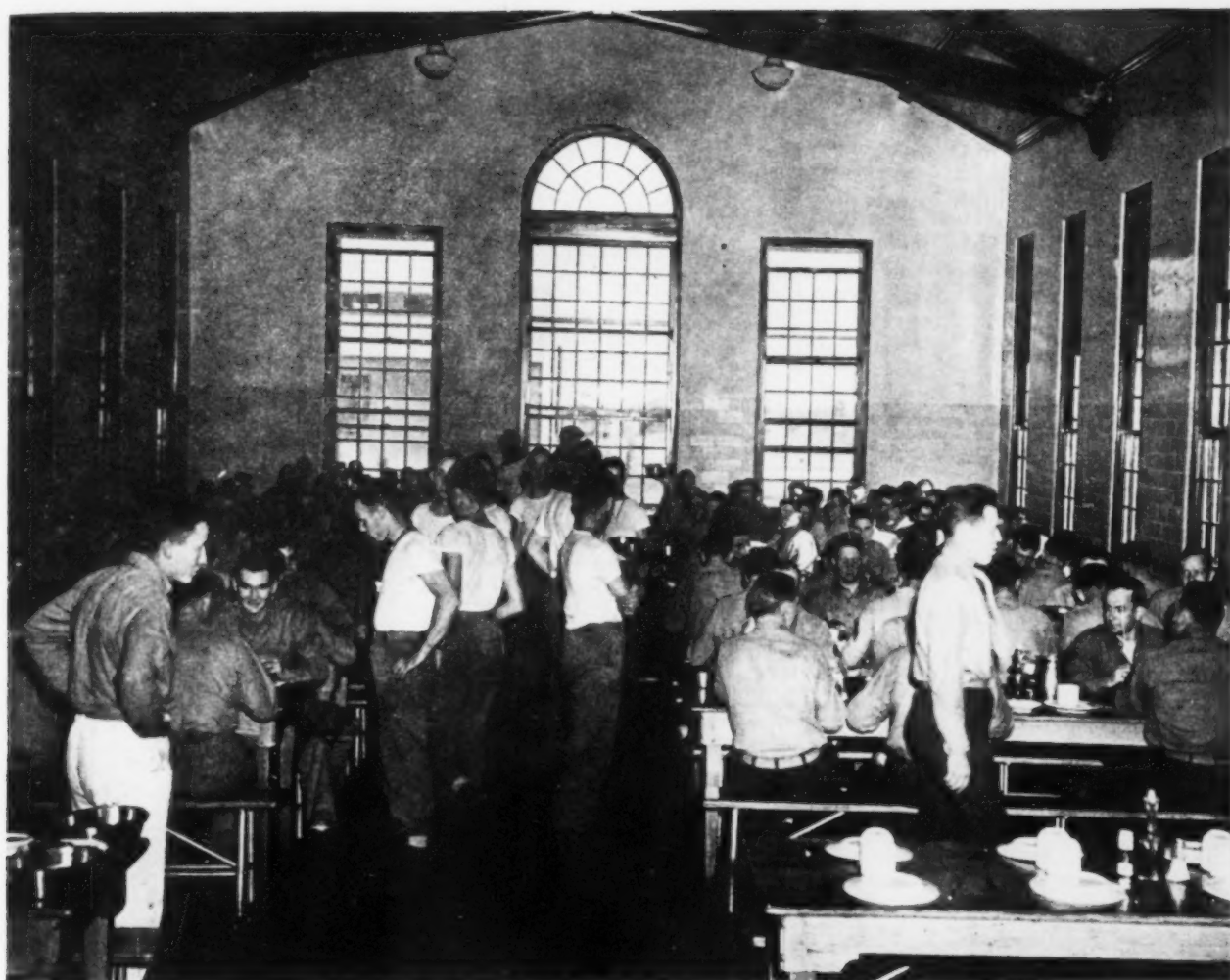
At the end of trouble with France, Congress ordered a sweeping reduction in the country's armed forces. It provided for the sale of all but the 13 larger naval vessels. Only six were kept in commission. The remainder were laid up and assigned a Marine guard of one sergeant, one corporal and eight privates, each as part of a skeletonized crew.

In further keeping with the Government's policy of retrenchment, all Marines were ordered discharged except as guards for such vessels and also to protect the Navy yards at Boston, Washington, New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk.

Guard duty, aboard the early vessels, did not mean merely that the Marines were sentinels. Part of such service embraced "protecting and sustaining the necessary and stern discipline of a ship by their organization, distinctive character, training, and, we might add, nature."

During the Revolution mutinies were not infrequent among the unreliable crews of the period, and the Marines were expected to be the force behind the captain in dealing with these serious breaches of discipline. Whenever the crew was called to quarters, the Marines habitually were mustered on the quarterdeck near the arms chest in the event of an emergency.

When vessels were engaged in actual battle, both during this period and later years, Marines, armed with muskets and bayonets, were used to enforce discipline over the gun crews and were expected to use the weapons for such purpose if necessary.



**MESS HALL FOR RECRUITS** at the rifle range, Parris Island, is typical of the Corps' modern facilities for the important job of feeding fighting men. Marine cooks with expeditionary forces are performing amazing feats.

## Marine Corps Chow

**I**F THE mess sergeants throughout the United States Marine Corps are suddenly given orders to prepare a special menu on November 10th in honor of the Corps' 167th Anniversary, they're going to be stymied.

Because, as far as food for Uncle Sam's Leathernecks is concerned, every day is a holiday.

Each and every meal prepared for the "fightin'est body of men in the world" can well satisfy the most exacting gourmet.

Carefully designed menus of attractive and well-prepared food necessary for these top-notch sea-going soldiers are the order of the day in the Marine Corps. The man who said that the Army travels on its stomach should have known about the Devil Dogs. They fight on their stomachs.

The average cost of the food served to a Marine each day is 56 cents. In extreme contrast is the rate of 20 cents per man per day which was spent for food for the Marine of the early 1800's.

Today's Marine Corps menus are designed to give fighting men the required number of calories and vitamins necessary for the work they are doing. The amount may vary according to climatic conditions, but Marines stationed at or fighting on foreign soil eat "chow" of the same quality and quantity as their buddies back home.

Just what Marines fighting in the Pacific are eating must remain a secret because to disclose such information would reveal details of transportation, but it can be said that while there is, of course, less variety, the men are well fed.

Sample menus from Marine bases throughout the country give an idea of why Marines believe their "chow" is equal to or better than that of any other service in the world.

For dinner on Sunday, September 20th, the Leathernecks at Quantico, Va., had roast turkey with dressing and giblet gravy, mashed potatoes, buttered string beans, lettuce and tomato salad, bread and butter, coffee and ice cream.

For breakfast the same day they were served cereal, fried eggs and bacon, toast, butter, jam, coffee and ap-

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ples. Their evening meal consisted of cold cuts, baked beans, sliced cheese, beet and onion salad, bread and butter, doughnuts and coffee.

A typical middle of the week menu at the training base, Parris Island, S. C., consisted of stewed prunes, cereal, fried eggs and potatoes, toast, butter, and coffee or milk for breakfast; for dinner, roast beef, mashed potatoes, Navy beans, creamed asparagus, cucumber and onion salad, bread and butter, coffee and cherry pie, and for supper, spaghetti and meat balls with grated cheese and sauce, Lyonnaise potatoes, lettuce salad, hot rolls, coffee and fruit gelatin.

For three meals on a recent Sunday, one of the largest Marine bases used per 100 men: 27 pounds of apples, 45 pounds of dry cereal, 100 half-pint bottles of milk, 12 dozen eggs, 14 pounds of bacon, 50 pounds of bread, 6 pounds of butter, one large can of jam, 9 pounds of coffee, 16 pounds of sugar, 20 cans of milk 50 pounds of turkey, 30 pounds of potatoes, three large cans of string beans, seven pounds each of lettuce, tomatoes, cooked ham, cheese, and onions; two-and-a-half gallons of ice cream, four pounds of lunch meats, 11 pounds of Navy beans, one large can of stewed tomatoes, two large cans of beets, nine pounds of flour, one-half pound of yeast and two pounds of shortening.

**B**ACK in 1820 the average Marine was supposed to receive daily 18 ounces of flour or bread, one and one-quarter pounds of beef or three-quarters-of-a-pound of

pork and one gill (quarter-pint) of "good Merchantable Rye Whiskey." The whiskey cost the government about one and three-quarters cents.

**Grog or whiskey continued to be part of the Marine Corps' rations until August 31, 1862, when it was no longer issued to enlisted men.**

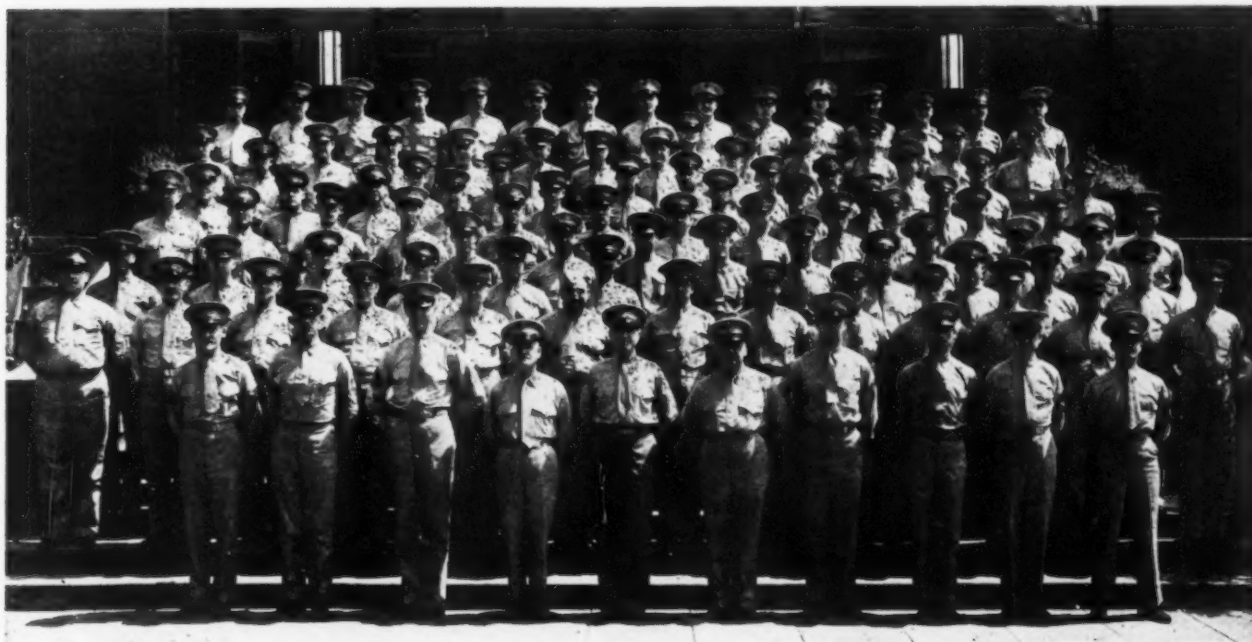
The food which the enlisted Marine eats today is as good as, if not better than, that which he was getting in civilian life. The Corps points out that the food its men is getting is more wholesome because the individual is assured a scientifically balanced diet, whereas in civil life a man may pick his food and ignore victuals that make up a proper healthy menu.

Galley in the Marine Corps are equipped with every modern means necessary for mass feeding. It is no longer necessary to peel potatoes or slice food by hand as that is now done automatically by machine.

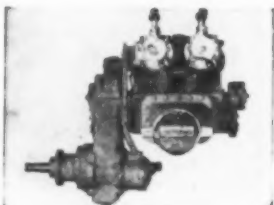
Meals are cooked in smaller quantities than is usual in the other services so that each "batch" is uniform. Tastes are catered to as much as possible, but mess officers must "reach a compromise" in seasoning food for men from all over the country who are used to different styles of cooking.

Marine Corps cooks and bakers are given formal schooling, but get their best instruction right in the mess hall galleys under the critical eyes of masters in the culinary arts. Pride in their work leads to perfection, and in the Corps nothing less is acceptable.

Good food, like a good mind, means a sound body.



**PICTURED ABOVE ARE GRADUATES** of the First Sergeants' School, recently completed at Philadelphia: Back row: Bean, Murtagh, Gagne, Orem, Cronk, Channell, Mills, Doyle, Smyle, Nave, Council, Harris, McDevitt, Umlauf, Reifel. Sixth row: Raber, Wolff, Strong, McMichael, Baker, Krueger, Longcope, Hampson, Goricki, Jenkins, Dolly, Kenski, Fairley, Arnow, Gamble. Fifth row: Holliday, Martello, Kinman, Verdon, Covington, Smith, Bartuck, Jones, Casper, Carr, Thomas, McDonald, Watts, Ulbrich, Knoll, Thomas, Sandifer, Bond. Fourth row: McMahan, Bitto, Murphy, Jordan, Platt, Lewis, Cure, Acker, Hapenny, Callahan, McLaughlin, Sheridan, Malone, Browman, Robinson, Cheek, Delke, Crutcher, Kitzmiller, Street, Cummings. Third row: DeFonzo, Bricker, Hogan, Oliver, Tanner, Burt, Casey, Brooks, Lupo, Farnan. Second row: Mills, Hutchison, Howell, Button, Henshaw, D'Avanzo, Jernigan, Walker, Callahn, Couto, Catoe, Lipke, Butler. Front row (instructors): Bandyk, Waters, Ramsel, Colonel Randall, Lieutenant Hooper, Birt, Johnson, Berwanger, Langston, McNally.



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## FLEETWOOD CRAFTSMEN

INCORPORATED

**FLEETWOOD, PENNA.**

## Captain Jimmy Bones and His Devil Dog Marines

Reprinted by popular request—1923-27-34-39-40-42

*'T WAS winter time in Quantico  
In nineteen-twenty-two;  
The slum was pretty rough that night,  
And all the men felt blue.  
The hail and sleet with ghostly feet,  
Beat on the bunkhouse dome;  
Some men doped out their time to do  
While others thought of home.*

*Then from the starless night there slipped  
In through the bunkhouse door  
An old Top Sergeant whom no man*



*Had ever seen before.  
The hoar frost glistened in his hair,  
His eyes like star shells shone;  
His gnarled mustache hid half his face,  
And he was skin and bone.*

*He sat down near the glowing stove  
and warmed his fleshless hands,  
The chill of death was in his breath,  
Like thunder his commands.  
His voice was hollow like the tone  
Of one who'd long been dead;  
But when he spoke the silence broke,  
And this is what he said:*

THE LEATHERNECK

"Pipe down, all you devil whelps,  
and snap out of your dreams;  
A tale I'll tell you of heaven and hell,  
And the Devil Dog Marines:  
Just Captain Jimmie Bones, M. C.,  
Their Skipper wrote his name;  
He was a fiend for fighting,  
He had no care for fame.

"Have never seen so fierce a man  
On land nor sky nor sea;  
He had a scar for every war,  
And fought in ninety-three.

When he was riled, he had an eye  
That drilled a hole through  
men;

He spoke but once and no man  
asked

Him how nor why nor when.



"Now Jimmie was the headpiece  
Of a hundred brave Gyrenes;  
He used to have a whole lot  
more,

Who died from eating beans.  
But them what ate the chow and  
lived,

They sure were hard boiled guys;  
They flicked the bullets off their coats  
Just like so many flies."

The old Top Sergeant's voice grew low.  
And at its ghostly gloom  
Men shivered, and the vermin crawled  
Upon the bunkhouse broom.  
He stuffed a live coal in his pipe  
And deeply did inhale;  
He blew the smoke clean through the roof.  
And then resumed his tale.

"They said the devil made him mean  
When he was in the skies,  
And filled them all so full of hell  
It blazed out through their eyes.  
Then old St. Peter found the bunch  
And gave them souls of white,  
But hell still boiled up in 'em and  
They couldn't else but fight.

"So Peter had to can old nick  
And when to earth he fell,  
He got himself a steady job  
Recruiting souls for hell.  
Well, Peter stamped Marines O. K.  
And marked them all First Class,  
'Cause all that ever scared 'em was  
To see a looking glass.

"Now some they come from Texas sand  
So they was full of grit,  
And some was from Montana plains  
Where they'd been roughing it,  
Some more they come from old New York  
And wore a bowery frown,  
Then some which was the toughest came  
From good old 'Frisco town.

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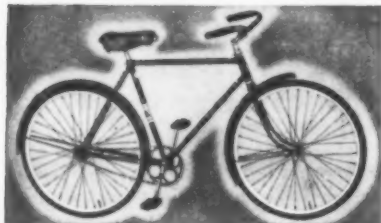
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*Greets the U. S. Marines*

"Old Jimmie Bones shoved off for France  
In nineteen seventeen,  
And shipped across the roughest crew  
The world had ever seen.  
Each one had 'First to Fight,' tattooed  
Across his chest in black,  
And right betwixt his shoulder blade,  
'Watch out we're coming back.'

"Them hundred Devil Dogs sure was  
A bold and daring crew,  
They bit the soles right off their shoes  
Whene'r they'd want a chew.  
There wasn't one amongst that bunch  
Of them U. S. Marines  
Who couldn't spit three fathoms deep  
And sink three submarines.

"And when it came to shooting guns,  
Why, say, them men was there;  
They'd shave a man a mile away  
And never miss a hair.  
They'd trim the eyebrows off a lark  
A'soaring in the sky,  
Or shoot the points off falling stars  
As long's they had an eye.

"They cruised on all the seven seas  
And rationed on hard tack,  
They'd fought their way around the world  
And half to hell and back.  
They'd been in every war there was  
Clean up to Vera Cruz;  
The only thing they hadn't fought  
Was Huns and too much booze.

"Now Jimmie Bones reached France O. K.  
With that all-furious crew,  
And every one turned 'round to say,  
'No savvy parley vous.'  
The French girls grabbed them by the hand  
And washed their necks with tears,  
The Frenchmen slapped them on the back  
And yelled them deaf with cheers.

"Then Jimmie made a speech and said,  
'I hear you got a war  
Around here somewheres hereabout,  
And that's what we came for.  
But all I've got to say is this:  
Enjoy it while you can  
I'm going to clean up Germany  
If I lose every man.'

"The Germans heard that Jimmie Bones  
Had crossed the sea to fight,  
And when they got the awful news  
Their feet turned cold with fright.  
So when they lamped his roughneck crew  
From off an aeroplane  
It nearly knocked 'em for a goal  
And some went plumb insane.

"Said they, 'What is this thing Marines?  
If they had said before  
They had such devil dogs as those,  
There wouldn't be no war.'  
So that is how they got their name  
Of Devil Dog Marines,  
And ever since they chased the Dutch  
Daschunds clean off the scene."

**T**HE old Top Sergeant rolled his eyes  
As though to recollect,  
And where he let his fierce  
glance fall  
It scorched six feet of deck.  
Said he, "No man has ever lived  
That crossed old Jimmie  
Bones;  
He had the power that lifted  
men  
Or dragged kings down from  
thrones.



"A general of the Allies looked  
Out through his periscope  
And seen ten million German  
Huns

A'coming on the lope.  
He bit his short mustache and said:  
'We're in an awful stew,  
We only got a million men,  
It looks like they'll break through.'

"Then Jimmie Bones piped up and said:  
'You didn't count Marines;  
I got some hell dogs that'll chew  
The spikes right off their beans.  
'Cause numbers don't mean nothing to  
My well-behaving crew;  
Why they ain't been to school enough  
To count the men they've slew.'

"The general said, 'You win, my man.  
Go take your wild Marines  
And form a scouting party  
Just to double up the scenes.'  
Then Jimmie Bones saluted stiff  
And to the General said,  
'We'll break through to Berlin, sir,  
If we don't we'll come back dead.'

"With that he yelled, 'Outside, Marines.  
And snap out of your hop;  
We're going out to gather up  
The German lemon crop.  
And if I see one of you men  
So much as leave a rind,  
You'll rate the brig till kingdom come  
And sixty dollars fine.'

"The hundred Devil Dogs fell out  
And then they all fell in;  
And each one closed a gap in ranks  
By shoving up his chin.  
The chief cook turned up missing when  
The time for counting come,  
But he was cooking shrapnel up  
To make the crew some slum.

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PENNA.

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the United States Marines

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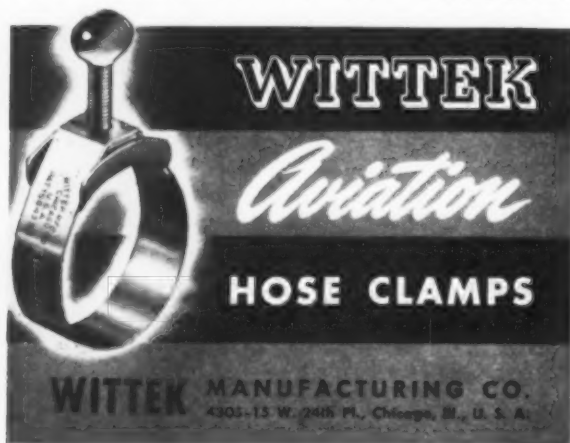


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Classed as an observation scout plane, the Vought-Sikorsky "Kingfisher" equipped with Wittek Aviation Hose Clamps, has successfully proven itself in effectively combating the submarine menace and in making attacks against the enemy.

Proved by use in service, Wittek Aviation Hose Clamps are standard equipment of aircraft manufacturers and engine builders, and the standard replacement clamp of the industry. Catalog available on request.

**THE STANDARD OF THE INDUSTRY**



*"Then Jimmie Bones, he gave a talk;  
To all his men he said:  
'We are shipping on a heavy sea  
With reefs and shoals ahead;  
But all I got to say is this:  
Remember, you're Marines,  
'Cause water settles everything,  
And that's what our name means.'"*

*"He marched 'em on company front  
In quick and double time,  
He marched 'em in a riot square  
And in a skirmish line.  
He ran 'em in a platoon rush  
And then by single squad;  
At each advance ten thousand Huns  
Stretched out and hit the sod.*

*"They mowed 'em down with Browning guns  
And with their Springfield gats,  
And then they couldn't get that way  
They stuck with bayonets.  
And when they came to trenches they  
Just shoved the banks all in,  
And tons of Huns were swallowed up  
And never lived again.*

*"The Germans shot a bunch of bombs  
Of dead limburger cheese,  
But all it did to Jimmie's men  
Was to make 'em cough and sneeze.  
Then Jimmie lit a strong cigar  
From off a passing shell;  
Three million Huns got one good whiff  
And died from that vile smell.*

*"The hundred Devil Dogs shored on,  
Their eyes flashed liquid fire,  
Which melted guns and cannons up  
Like they were just lead wire.  
They kicked about a million Huns  
Into the River Marne,  
And if they drowned or sunk or swam  
They didn't give a darn.*

*"The Germans thought that judgment day  
Had come to take its toll;  
They got the Julia in their knees  
And trembled in their soles.  
And when they saw those Devil Dogs,  
And learned their awful yell,  
They knowed their judgment day had come  
And they was picked for hell.*

*"So what was left throwed up their mitts  
And hollered 'Kamerad';  
But Jimmie's men thought that was Dutch  
For talk profaning God.  
So they stuck their bayonet  
Right through them anyhow,  
And buzzards came down from the sky  
And ate 'em up for chow."*



## PILLOW TOPS — HANKY CASES TABLE COVERS

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**CHARLES G. DAVIS**

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*"Now Kaiser Bill and Hindenburg  
Was in a game of craps;  
He staked his royal crown against  
A box of ginger snaps.  
Old Hindy won the crown and said,  
'This ain't no good to me,  
I'd sooner have a bite to eat  
Than all of Germany.'*

*"Said Kaiser Bill, 'I'll tell you what—  
You lend ten marks to me;  
I'll pay it back in a month or two  
With French indemnity.'  
Said Hindy, 'Where'd you get that stuff?  
D'you see some green on me?  
I bought myself some Liberty Bonds  
From Mrs. Liberty.'*

*"Just then the Crown Prince busted in  
And said 'Oh, Papa, dear,  
I see some wild men coming who  
Will wreck this joint, I fear;  
I'll shoot a long range shot at them.  
And if they still persist,  
Then I'll take out a million men  
And slap them on the wrist.'*

*"The Kaiser took a peep out from  
A half raised window blind  
And seen a hundred Devil Dogs  
A'swimming across the Rhine;  
The river was a'running blood  
From all the men they slew,  
And every time they ducked their heads  
They'd drink a quart or two.*

*"The Kaiser's hair stood up on end  
And turned from black to white,  
And when he spied old Jimmie Bones  
His blood ran cold with fright,  
He grabbed the Prince's hand and said,  
'Don't fool with that wild Yank,  
He'll fill you full of bullet holes  
Where Papa used to spank.*

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Established 1897

"'What Ho, the Guard!' cried Kaiser Bill.  
'There ain't no guard no more,'  
Said Hindenburg, 'The guard was shot  
Out there by the palace door.'  
'Where is my ally, Gott?' yelled Bill.  
'Von Gott, he ain't at home,'  
Said Hindenburg: 'The Gott you had  
Was in your crazy dome.'



"The Kaiser's eyes stuck out a mile.  
'What shall I do?' said he.  
'I'll save me and my six brave sons,  
To hell with Germany.'  
Said Hindenburg, 'It went to hell  
Long time before this thing;  
Ten million Huns that you sent there  
Are waiting for their king.'

"The outside palace door crashed in.  
There was a mighty roar  
'Thank Gott,' said Hindenburg; I'll see  
That mush of yours no more.'  
With that he grabbed his gat and blowed  
The brains out of his head.  
And Kaiser Bill knowed then and there  
He meant just what he said.

"The Kaiser beat it for the door.  
And flung it open wide;  
And there he met Jimmie Bones  
A'coming just outside.  
Behind him was his Devil Dogs  
With gleaming bayonets,  
And Kaiser Bill knowed they had come  
To get a whole world's bets.

"Then Jimmie gave him just one look  
That turned his gizzard pale,  
And made him wish that he had spent  
His life in some nice jail.  
Said Jimmie Bones, 'So you're the cur  
That kicked up all this row;  
You got about an hour to live.  
So don't give us no gow.'

"The Kaiser's nerve went over the hill,  
His brow dripped bloody sweat;  
He got down on his knees and cried  
And got the carpet wet.  
His teeth they rattled just like dice  
Do in a game of craps;  
And every word that Jimmie spoke  
Was like a note of taps.

"Then Jimmie Bones drew out his gat,  
And then he tossed it by;  
Said, 'You ain't fit enough to live,  
And not that fit to die.  
You've served the devil all your life,  
But now you'll work for me.'  
And then he thought up things to do:  
Jim Bones can think of three.

THE LEATHERNECK

"You'll stand a guard of twenty hours  
Around the Arctic Zone,  
With fifteen minutes off to thaw  
The marrow in your bones.  
And every hour throughout the night  
You'll answer reveille,  
And every twenty years or more  
You'll rate a liberty.

"And all you'll have to drink  
Is German blood you've shed;  
And when you're hungry you will gnaw  
The bones of German dead.  
You'll do a jolt in eighty-four  
For ten or twenty years,  
And under a hard-boiled non-com  
You'll shed your dying tears."

"Then Jimmie stopped and silence filled  
The gloomy castle hall;  
The Kaiser rose and tried to speak  
Then fell against the wall.  
Said he, 'I thought the devil was  
A tough and ugly guy,  
But you got Satan cheated with  
One look out of your eye.'

"Said Jimmie Bones, 'Now that ain't all  
I'm going to leave you do;  
Them things is just light duty, but  
There is heavy duty, too.'  
The Kaiser throwed up both his mitts.  
'You win,' that's all he said.  
He gave a yell that was heard in hell.  
And then keeled over dead."

The old Top Sergeant paused awhile  
To hear if some would doubt;  
He sneezed a sneeze; the stoves grew cold  
The window panes fell out.  
He rolled himself a cigarette  
From sweepings off the floor,  
And lit it with his flaming eye,  
And then resumed once more.

"Now German spies sent word to France  
That Jimmie Bones was dead;  
And all his hundred Devil Dogs  
Was slaughtered, too, they said.  
The women weeped a lot of weeps  
The men felt pretty bad;  
And all of them were mourning 'cause  
The shock it hit 'em bad.

"The cook was boiling coffee up  
From just a chunk of meat;  
Said he, 'If they is dead or not  
They'll be back here to eat.'  
The world will never see the time  
Marines had met defeat;  
They would have gone to hell to cut  
Off Kaiser Bill's retreat.

"A sentry sighted Jimmie's men  
A'coming o'er the hill;  
And dragging on behind 'em  
What was left of Kaiser Bill.

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BAYPORT

MINNESOTA

And when they reached old Paris,  
They was met with yells and cheers,  
And showers of gold enough to last  
'Em all a thousand years

"They hung a million medals on  
Old Jimmie and his crew,  
And when they took 'em off they had  
A barrel full or two.  
And ever after that each lived  
Just like a billionaire;  
They never answered reveille  
Or heard a bugle blare.

"And all they done was bunk fatigue  
From then for evermore;  
And when they died, they went above  
And knocked at heaven's door.  
Old Peter came down to the porch  
And shouted, 'Halt, who's there?'  
'United States Marines,' said Jim,  
'First here and everywhere.'

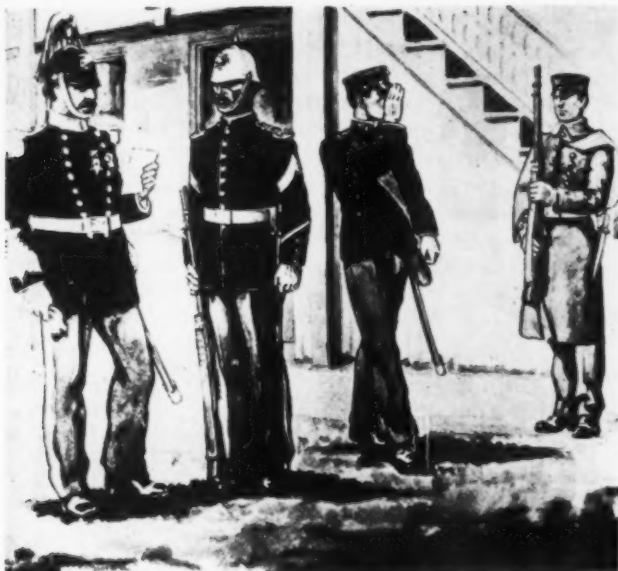
"So Peter let the whole bunch in  
Along with Captain Jim,  
And each one grabbed themselves a harp  
And sung the Marine hymn.  
And ever after that each stood  
His guard on heaven's green,  
And nary a German has got past  
The brave U. S. Marine."

The old Top Sergeant heaved a sigh  
That raised the bunkhouse roof,  
And those that sat too close to him  
Were blown ten feet aloof.  
He cut the sling from off a gun,  
And took a three foot chew,  
And where he spat the floor gave way  
And hell came boiling through.

Then from the fiery pit there rose  
A corporal of the guard;  
His face was sunk, his flesh was iron,  
His look was twice as hard.  
Said he, "The detail's still intact  
Around the brimstone floods,  
The devil's peeling onions and  
The Kaiser's peeling spuds."

The old Top Kicker knit his brow;  
Said he, "All right, that's well;  
But when you've finished with that job,  
They'll start to coal up hell.  
And if them billion tons ain't in  
Before they shut an eye,  
I'll run 'em up 'fore Jimmie Bones,  
And let 'em tell him why."

The corporal turned and leaped head on  
Down through that fiery mass;  
The floor closed up, the bunkhouse swayed  
With clouds of molten mass.  
The Top arose, the lights went out,  
Taps sounded, came the rain,  
A chill swept through the room and he  
Was never seen again.



**GUARD DUTY WAS** one of the principal functions of the Marine Corps at the turn of the century. Here's the type of uniforms, gear used by Leathernecks of that day.

## History of the Corps

**D**ISPLAYING the same fighting spirit and heroism that marked the glorious march of their predecessors down the years of devoted service to the nation, the United States Marines observe their 167th Anniversary November 10, while blazing a trail toward victory in World War II.

Today's rough and ready Leathernecks not only are living up to traditions of the Corps' brilliant past but are writing a new chapter in American history, beginning with their successful launching of America's first land offensive of this global war.

At the Solomon Islands, these specialists in quick-death kept the faith of those liberty-loving sons of the Revolution. In so doing, they more than matched the first mission of the Continental Marines.

Eight months after the Declaration of Independence, the newly-formed Continental Marines, under the leadership of Captain Samuel Nicholas, performed their first mission in March of 1776, a landing operation from Navy ships at the British-held Bahama Islands. It was perhaps the most successful Naval operation of the Revolutionary War, carried out with practically no resistance and with no bloodshed.

Eight months after Pearl Harbor in this "survival of the fittest" war, the Marine Corps last August hurled its largest landing force in history against the Japanese, forcing them to relinquish control of the vital Solomon Islands. It marked a turning point for America and the United Nations in the Pacific area. But it was accomplished only after much bloodshed because the Japs were strongly entrenched.

The Marines proved at Solomon and Makin Islands—and are still proving—that man for man they are more than a match for the Japs.

Marines in the Solomon offensive, no doubt, were in-

November, 1942

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TO THE  
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*"A Salute to the Finest"*

### DAVEY COMPRESSOR COMPANY

Kent, Ohio

spired by the valorous Wake Island "sea-soldiers" whose gallant stand under the leadership of Major James P. S. Devereux, now a lieutenant-colonel, will never be lost from the memory of red-blooded Americans.

Hopelessly outnumbered, but inflicting heavy damage on the Japs until the very end, the small force of Wake Islanders answered when messaged if they needed anything:

**"Sure, send us more Japs!"**

So long as that fighting spirit flourishes—and you can count on it to the last Leatherneck—Marines will be found equal to every emergency in the future as they have in the past.

**A** GLANCE back into history shows clearly why Marines fight with the fury of all hell broke loose. tenaciously stick to their tasks and display versatility. individual courage and heroism. It's a matter of tradition.

Marine Corps traditions are deeply entrenched in the soil of America. Corps history is the history of America.

The Marine force was born when the flames of the Revolution were searing their way down the colonies. Struggling to organize a military-naval service to defend the young Republic, the Continental Congress on October 13, 1775, took the first official step to develop a Navy. A small Navy fleet was formed later and Esek Hopkins was selected its commander-in-chief.

On November 10, the Congress authorized the formation of two Marine battalions and provided for one colonel, two lieutenant colonels, two majors and lesser-ranking officers. However, Marines were not actually recruited for the two battalions as such but for isolated detachments which served aboard Navy ships throughout the Revolution. A colonel to head that force was never selected.

The oldest existing Marine Corps commission, dated November 28, 1775, was issued to Captain Nicholas, who was destined to lead the Marines' first landing operation and to become the first Marine Corps Commandant.

Marine recruiting was first undertaken at Tun Tavern in Philadelphia. Robert Mullan, the tavern proprietor, became captain of a Marine company and was one of the principal recruiting officers during the Revolution.

A "drumming up" technique—similar to that used by the Salvation Army—was employed in recruiting. Men were lured into the service by offers of prize money, prospective bounty, a pension and promises of ample grog and other rations.

The problem of obtaining suitable arms and equipment, however, was more difficult than the procurement of men. A variety of weapons was used—muskets, blunderbusses, pistols, bayonets, cutlasses, lances, pikes, spears and even tomahawks. Marines aboard ship were also issued hand grenades.

It was because the British held practically all the ammunition and many other military supplies that the Navy and Marines set out on their first joint mission—an epochal project which touched off 167 years of close cooperation between the Navy and Marines.

Commodore Hopkins' small fleet, with its Marine complement, set sail for New Providence Island in the Bahamas where large quantities of military supplies were stored.

The fleet, consisting of eight ships, arrived at the rendez-

vous in March, 1776. Directed by Captain Nicholas, the Marine force was transferred to two smaller ships for landing operations. Under cover of gunfire from two larger vessels, Nicholas and his Marines landed without resistance or mishap. They immediately advanced toward the Town of New Providence, greatly surprising the inhabitants.

Nicholas, a diplomat as well as fighter, sought to accomplish his mission with the least bloodshed. When the Governor of New Providence by message asked Nicholas his intentions, the Marine officer replied that he wanted only the military stores; that if they were surrendered no harm would be done to the inhabitants.

As Nicholas and his Marines approached Fort Montague, near the Town of Providence, the enemy fired three 12-pounder shots at them, ordered by the Governor. The garrison, however, offered no further resistance, spiked the guns and abandoned the fort.

Commodore Hopkins advised the inhabitants of Fort



**CONTINENTAL MARINES ARE** pictured deploying in the woods during an engagement in the American Revolution. Notice the drum insignia: "Don't Tread on Me."

Nassau, the principal town, that he desired to carry out his mission without doing them any harm or damaging their property. No resistance was forthcoming.

With the Governor and other captured British officials in custody, the American fleet sailed for home, loaded with military supplies sorely needed by the Republic for the successful prosecution of the war.

**N**INE months later Marines were called upon for the first time to serve with the Continental Army, which was badly in need of reinforcements. By this time Nicholas had become a major and had formed a battalion of Marines near Philadelphia. In December, 1776, Nicholas and his ornately dressed Marines joined George Washington's army in New Jersey, where they fought with distinction at Trenton and Princeton.

The Marines, however, soon returned to the sea and in

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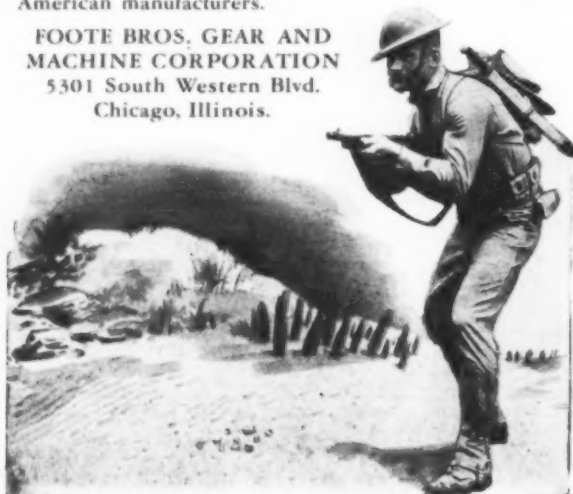
## In There Fighting

WHEN the Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand, an umbrella of fighting planes did its part in establishing the beach head.

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1779 assisted John Paul Jones, "father of the American Navy," in scoring a smashing victory over the superior British ship *Serapis* off the British Isles. It was one of the most remarkable and desperate fights in the annals of our Navy and typified the early Marines in naval action.

Jones' *Bonhomme Richard* closed in on the *Serapis*, but many of the guns on the *Bonhomme Richard* burst on the first broadside. Only the guns on the upper deck were left to carry on the fight. But small arms fire delivered by the Marines from the tops and other elevated positions against the personnel on the *Serapis*' deck more than compensated for the loss of gunfire on the main deck. The Marines were able to keep the open decks of the enemy ship practically clear of men.

The two ships soon became fastened together. Although the Marines' small arms fire completely dominated the *Serapis*' weather decks, the British ship's lower guns blasted the *Bonhomme Richard* near the water-line and she was in danger of sinking. But an unidentified Marine snatched victory out of almost certain defeat. He crawled out on the yardarm of the *Bonhomme Richard* and dropped a hand grenade down the hatch of the *Serapis*, igniting a powder chest. It was a glorious triumph for Jones—and his fighting Marines.

Aboard ship in the Revolution, Marines' primary battle stations were the fighting tops. Their deadly aim against the exposed personnel of enemy ships gave rise later to their reputation as sharpshooters.

And the present Marines' excellent discipline also can be traced back to the days of iron men and wooden ships. They maintained battle discipline over the ships' gun crew.

It was not long before the Marines acquired their nickname "Leatherneck." They wore black leather stocks around the neck as part of their uniforms. The stocks were worn to resemble the high stocks and collars of the period.

The hair of Marines was worn queued and powdered according to the customs of the time. The distinctive color of their early uniform was green. They wore green coats with turn-back skirts faced with white. Uniforms were well supplied with decorative buttons.

Officers wore white waistcoats and white breeches edged in green. Knee-length, black gaiters and cocked hats completed the officers' uniforms. Enlisted men wore green shirts, green coats with red facings, breeches of light colored cloth, woolen stockings and a round hat with white binding.

After the Revolution both the Navy and the Marine Corps went out of existence. But it was not long before the United States realized it needed a naval force and Marines to protect its shores and to resist pirates.

Pirates off the coast of Portugal captured eleven American vessels in 1793. This action caused Congress on March 27, 1794, to authorize establishment of a Navy and to direct that each ship carry a Marine detachment.

The beginning of a two-year, undeclared war with France led Congress in April, 1798, to authorize the formation of a Navy Department. At this time Marine enlistments were carried on somewhat as during the Revolution. Detachments were formed on particular ships without regard to a central organization.

The Marine Corps, as it is known today, was established by a Congressional Act of July 11, 1798. It provided for an organization of "one major, four captains, 16 first lieutenants, 12 second lieutenants, 48 sergeants, 48 cor-

THE LEATHERNECK

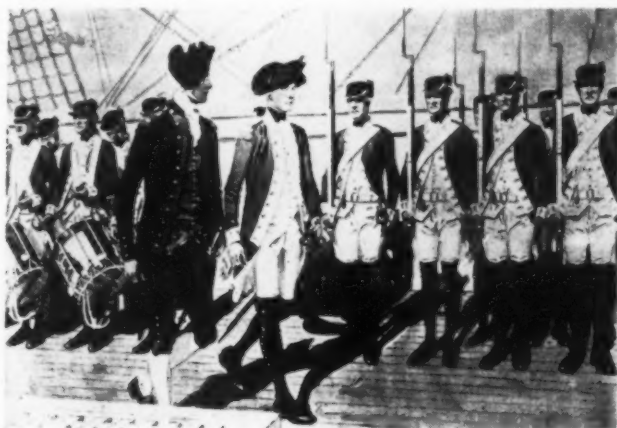
porals, 32 drums and fifes and 720 privates, including Marines who had been enlisted."

President John Adams appointed William W. Burrows major commandant of the Corps on July 12. Burrows, a Philadelphian, was a Revolutionary War officer. He assembled a small staff for his headquarters, which he established near Philadelphia in the late summer of 1798.

Early in the 19th century Marines began to lay the foundation for the outstanding reputation which they now enjoy the world around.

The unofficial war with France was hardly over before the Barbary Corsairs committed depredations on American commerce in the Mediterranean. It marked the first time the Marines were to fight in the Old World. Their Derne Expedition made history and paved the way for greater use of the Corps.

The ruling Pasha of Tripoli declared war on America. He was a usurper who made himself ruler even though he was the youngest of three sons. He killed his older brother, and Hamet the next in line, fled to Egypt, fearing bodily



**JOHN PAUL JONES** inspects the Marine Corps detachment on the warship, Bon Homme Richard, on May 13, 1779. This painting is by H. C. McBarron, Jr.

harm. William Eaton, an American who had considerable diplomatic experience in the Barbary States, was instructed to place Hamet in power, since it was felt Hamet would be friendly toward the United States.

Eaton and Hamet formed an expeditionary force for an advance against Tripoli. The force consisted of Lieutenant Presley N. O'Bannon and seven other Marines, 38 Greeks, 90 of Hamet's followers, a party of Arabian cavalry and footmen and camel drivers. Eaton had made arrangements for reinforcements and supplies to meet him near Derne.

This motley Army set out in March, 1805, on a 600-mile march across the North African Desert. It proved to be one of the most trying and difficult tasks ever attempted by Americans. Their advance was only about half as fast as was expected. Food ran short and revolts and mutinies plagued the leaders. Then Eaton failed to obtain reinforcements of 100 Marines from an American squadron. However, several hundred tribesmen joined the Army.

The Arabs mutinied again as the force reached Derne in April. Eaton promised them handsome bribes and they

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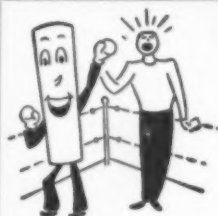
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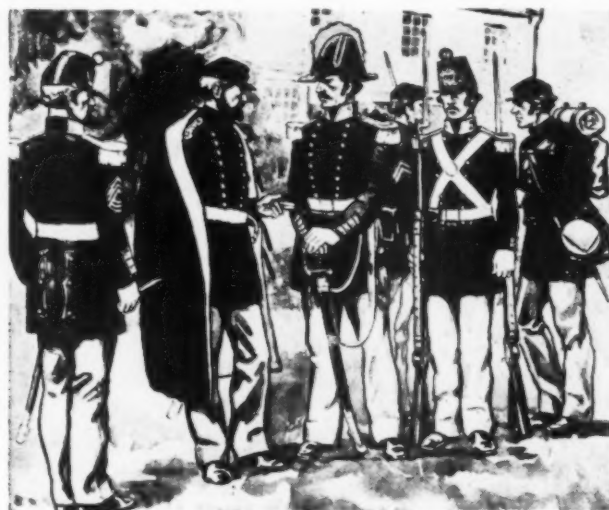
rejoined the advance. In the Derne attack, three ships of the Navy squadron silenced the fort, but two separate Army offensives on the town failed.

Enemy reinforcements were known to be approaching. Eaton knew the only chance of capturing the town was before they arrived. He ordered the few remaining Americans and Arabs to assist Lieutenant O'Bannon's group that had already made one abortive attack on the town.

With a boldness seldom equaled in history, O'Bannon's men and Marines drove the enemy out of part of the town. Marines seized the harbor fort. It was the first time in American history that the Stars and Stripes were hoisted on a fortress in the Old World.

The Marines then turned the fort's guns on the Governor's castle. This completely demoralized the town's defenders and they promptly retreated. In spite of their early reversals, Eaton's force took over the town within two hours.

Tripolitan troops arrived about two weeks later, surrounded Derne and made repeated efforts to recapture it. Eaton and his forces succeeded in retaining control of the town until June, when the United States government ordered him to abandon it.



**GYRENE'S WHO FOUGHT** in the Civil War had the fanciest uniforms in all the Union Army. Here are some typical Marines at the Barracks in Washington, D. C.

Meanwhile, peace had been negotiated with Tripoli. Hamet temporarily was made a pensioner of the United States. Thus ended the Tripolitan War.

There is little need to recount the numerous battles and engagements in which the Leathernecks participated or recall their pursuit of peace in many hot-beds of revolution.

It is far better to remember that no matter how arduous or thankless their tasks might have been, the Marines were found always faithful and willing to sacrifice their lives if need be.

Down the years of history, men of the Marine Corps have marched courageously beside Uncle Sam through every war, with hearts and heads high and eyes forward to the Stars and Stripes flying ahead.

Uncle Sam knows his Marines will never let him down. They'll always be at his side in time of peace or strife.

THE LEATHERNECK

# Marines in Making

A UNITED STATES Marine is made—not born. By the time a recruit has suffered, died and been resurrected from the huge Marine bases at Parris Island, S. C., or San Diego, Calif., he is well on his way to becoming the toughest fighting man the world has ever seen.

At either of these bases the recruit is well grounded—literally—in the fundamentals of becoming a Marine.

Take an average young man from somewhere east of the Mississippi who went to Parris Island as a civilian and came out a man.

His first night was exceedingly unpleasant. His new



**PARAMARINES LEARN ROPES:** This group of the Corps' parachutists is set to go aloft for immediate action. These boys go through one of the toughest courses.

boss—drill instructor—told him in salty terms that from now on life was going to be different. It was.

For two weeks he got up before the sun, swept and swabbed his hut, made his bed taut with hospital corners and fell out with his rifle, belt and bayonet for drill.

He thought drill was walking, but not at P.I. He discovered that there drill means plowing your feet through the sand. The new recruit sweated away that roll of fat around his middle. His legs began to harden.

Meanwhile, he was learning close order drill, the rudiments of first aid and something of Marine Corps lore. Now the recruit began to take pride in being a Marine.

Then came extended order drill. He learned that the way to enter enemy territory was with scouts and advance parties out to guard against surprise and that it was best not to bunch up lest two men be killed by the shell burst which should have hit only one.

He learned that when the sergeant patted his hands in the direction of the ground, it was best to get down and fast—even if his nose did make snake furrows in the sand.

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He figured that his ability to "hug the deck" might save his life some day.

Then one morning the recruit went to the rifle range. For almost a week, he snapped his empty rifle at small targets on the school range. His whole body ached from the unaccustomed positions required to shoot a rifle accurately. He was at the range two weeks before he finally got to shoot his weapon.

At first the rifle's reactions when fired, puzzled him. He found the thing had a tendency to bash his face unless handled properly. Later, the time came when he could fire his rifle almost without thinking. That rifle became a part of him and he learned to respect its shooting qualities.

**W**HEN the new Leatherneck got back to the main station he was really tough. Then came days on the bayonet course where he learned the parry right or left, the horizontal butt stroke, the vertical butt stroke (both designed to crack a head or jaw), the short thrust, the long thrust and the jab.

The men who took six of the Solomon Islands from a well-entrenched foe and staged the daring Makin Island raid were Marines who proved they could take anything at Parris Island or San Diego. Present-day Germans may soon have the opportunity to pay the Marine Corps' training the same tribute their fathers did in 1918. Here are extractions from documents of German units that opposed the Second Division, including the Fourth Marine Brigade, in France:

**"Combat Value: The 2d American Division can be rated as a very good division, if not possibly an assault division. The various attacks of both the Marine Regiments were carried out with vigor and without consideration of losses. The moral effect of our fire-arms did not materially check the advance of the enemy. The nerve of the Americans is still unshaken."**

Here's another observation by World War I Germans:

**"The high percentage of men thus decorated (as marksmen, sharpshooters and expert riflemen) as perceived among the prisoners allows a conclusion to be drawn as to the quality of the training in rifle marksmanship that the men (Marines) received. . . . The prisoners are mostly members of the better class, many of them artisans, and they consider their membership in the Marine Corps as something of an honor. They proudly resent any attempts to place their regiments on a par with other infantry regiments; call themselves 'Soldiers of the Sea' and are well informed as far as the history of their Corps during the period of the Revolutionary War is concerned. . . . Their (Marines) training in rifle marksmanship is remarkable. Once they broke through our left flank they settled down behind rocks and by their rifle fire broke up every counterattack."**

Those early Marines were tough, too. They had to be, for although they received only the training given to soldiers, they were hard and versatile enough to stage the first successful landing on foreign soil at New Providence in the Bahamas on March 3, 1776, and to participate in the first naval engagement off Block Island Sound later in the same year.

It took the Mexican War and numerous ship-to-shore operations to bring to the forefront the need for a specialized force to handle the job. The task was given to Marines and since that time they've been landing often in various parts of the world.

THE LEATHERNECK



**MARINES HAVE LANDED:** But this time it's from the skies. The wide doors in a Marine transport plane swing open and the combat troops unload this anti-tank gun.

## Versatile Gyrenes

*"... In the snows of far-off northern lands.  
And in sunny tropic scenes,  
You will find us always on the job.  
The United States Marines."*

THE familiar stanzas of the popular Marines' Hymn, perhaps better than anything else, vividly illustrate the complete versatility of Uncle Sam's fighting Leathernecks—their adaptability to, and their quick mastery of, any circumstance.

When a Devil Dog sings "Our flag's unfurled to every breeze, from dawn to setting sun," and carries on with "We have fought in every clime and place where we could take a gun," it is more than an idle boast.

History is his advocate.

Policy limits the strength of the Marine Corps to 20 per cent of that of the Navy. Under such circumstances, it is quite natural there is little room for specialization and overhead, with the result that each Marine must be "tops" in just about anything he undertakes.

It is not enough to be a good rifleman, a good pistol shot, or an expert with the bayonet. A Marine must be all three and more. He must be a scout, familiar with the jungle and civilization alike; he must know the Arctic and the balmy lagoons of Samoa; he must be able to take care of himself on land and on sea; he must be able to run, walk, swim or sail as the occasion demands. Quite often, survival depends upon it.

There have, indeed, been few "breathing spells" in the fabulous history of the Marine Corps.

Four months after its organization on November 10, 1775, its original Leathernecks were called from their battle stations aboard Commodore Esek Hopkins' ships to lead landing operations which resulted in the capture of New Providence in the Bahamas.

Marines have been at battle stations almost continually

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since that time, frequently pressing forward to protect this country's interest when the rest of the nation was unaware what was taking place. Marines have fought the Florida Indians; subdued the fanatical Boxers in China; led the way against the Spaniards in Cuba; conquered the traitorous Aguinaldo in the Philippines only to have him "sell out" to the Japanese while his own countrymen fought valiantly for freedom on Bataan; and turned back the Kaiser's invincibles at Belleau Wood.

Whatever it takes, the Marine can deliver.

When Marines streamed onto the beaches of Guadalcanal in the Solomons and chased Japanese officers out of their morning bath and away from their morning rice, they were merely living up to the marine tradition of "getting there first." Some of those Devil Dogs wore polar-bear insignia on their sleeves to show that they were among the first American troops to set foot in Iceland a year earlier.

**I**N WAR and in peace, Marines must always be at full strength, equipped down to the last cartridge and shoe lace, ready to move off at a moment's notice—often with no notice at all.

Those fellows who fought their way onto Makin Island, wiping out the Japanese garrison—they were Marines, writing another chapter in the Corps' history of versatility.

**Marines in the air were among the first to adopt dive bombing.**

Marines take up the fighting on the beaches where the Navy leaves off. They must be familiar with Navy tactics and naval strategy, as well as land operations by the Army. The Corps proficiency in putting troops aboard transports and getting them off, successfully, in the face of hostile fire, is unequaled anywhere in military history.

These are not easy tasks, mastered in their "spare time." They require months, even years, of intensive drill, study, work, and more of the same. A Marine's job is never done, for he must always know what's new. To him, it is more than a slang expression.

Marines know well that many soundly conceived military operations have failed because the troops involved did not know how to pack their equipment aboard ship so that it would be instantly available when needed. History is full of examples. Getting to the scene first with the most and best equipped men is a job in which the Corps prides itself.

Quite often, Marines have accomplished the "impossible" by putting a fully equipped battalion on a transport, ready for active duty, in 24 hours.

In addition, Marines provide detachments of trained men for capital ships of the Navy, guard naval property and shore establishments in this country and outlying possessions, perform special missions, and protect American lives and property in disturbed areas.

America is confident it will hear much of the Marine Corps in this war. The Marines are certain of it. Whatever it takes, they will supply. From the beaches of Tulagi today—from other parts of enemy-occupied territory tomorrow—comes the familiar:

"Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand."

# German Army

(Continued from page 35)

regiment of three 105-mm. light field-howitzer battalions, and one medium battalion of 105-mm. cannon battery and two 150-mm. howitzer batteries, plus additional combat and service troops. During an advance, whether the division is marching in two or three columns, and whether these columns are more or less abreast or echeloned to one or both flanks, it is fundamental principle to provide each regiment with artillery. The distribution normally allots one light battalion to each infantry regiment and the 105-mm. cannon battery to the advance guard. The other two medium batteries go well forward in the main body. If the division marches in a single column, the advance-guard regiment has at least one battalion of 105-mm. Howitzer and the 105-mm. howitzers and the 105-mm. cannon battery as a minimum of medium artillery. The rest of the artillery is well forward in the main body.

Such formations are in keeping with the doctrine of locating and determining what is in front, finding a weakness, and then exploiting it.

Like everything else that represents the German army, their equipment, so far, at least has proved to be very little more than what other armies have. But they have perfected those implements until they work like clockwork.

Tanks, which were first used by the English during the first World War, are a particularly good example of this.

Theory of World War I was for tanks to serve the infantry. The tank should move no farther than the immediate objective of the infantry.

When the Germans began to rearm, they rejected this theory—made their tanks faster and used them, especially after a breakthrough, in large numbers and supported them with highly mobile infantry, artillery, engineers and aviation.

Since the Spanish Civil War, Nazi military leaders have tended towards self-contained armored divisions—panzers. A tank division is designed to make the most of speed, shock action and protected fire power. It's core in the tank brigade. All other elements—motorized infantry, artillery, reconnaissance, communications, engineer, antiaircraft and antitank elements, attached aviation—are intended to assist the tanks' maneuvers and to protect them.

What German tanks are like is still a bit of a mystery. Some have been captured and studied but others are known only vaguely.

In general, the quality of the vehicles appear to be good, but they are probably no better than the tanks of other powers. It is said that their armorplate is not of the best, that joints crack easily, and that the tracks do not stand up too well. On the other hand, German tanks have been carefully designed to make them tactically effective. Despite the relative

inferiority of the steel, their armor is hard to penetrate for the plates are set at such an angle that many projectiles glance off. Moreover, there has apparently been a tendency to rely primarily on the tank's speed rather than on its armor for protection from antitank fire.

**O**BSERVATION and communication equipment of the tanks is believed to be excellent. Some models have power-operated turrets, periscopes and smoke-screen apparatus. In the newer productions, self-sealing fuel tanks have been installed, as well as fireproof walls between the crew and engine compartment.

But the great strength of the German tank arm lies in its numbers. The emphasis has been on producing large quantities of vehicles just good enough to do their job rather than making smaller numbers of technically perfect tanks.

So far as is known, the present German tank organization is in reality an armored division in which the tanks play the major role, and the motorized infantry, artillery and the anti-tank weapons for tanks is a fundamental doctrine.

An armored division may be given break-through, enveloping or encircling missions such as in the Wedge and Kessel. Since all missions are attack missions requiring favorable conditions for tank attack, we often find the motorized infantry brigade a trail blazer for the tank brigade, as well as being a supporting means once the attack is launched. Thus the motorized infantry brigade may follow the tank attack as support, to finish mopping up and hold the terrain reached. Or it may precede the tank component, especially when the division is operating on a flank and secure with or without fighting for it, a favorable assembly and preparation area for the tank attack.

The reinforced, fully motorized infantry brigade and the tank brigade can be used independently of each other when the situation so dictates.

The German commander rests his ease today upon:

- (1) A thoroughly trained, war-strength, first-line officer and enlisted personnel; (2) a strong mobile reconnaissance; (3) a strong anti-tank defense, both by fire and by obstacles; (4) the organization with-



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in the infantry division, from the platoon up, of varied types of fire power; (5) economy of force, through the extensive use of obstacles; (6) an aggressive and bold leadership.

Material factors can and will be debated pro and con, but until a satisfactory robot is developed, man must play the dominant role. It is upon man, the leader and the led, that the German army counts.

And German soldiers are not supermen. They are trained exclusively for victories, they know how to win these victories but they are bound to be completely bewildered if they suffer one single trouncing.

The German soldier is not superman. His morale is like the motion of a tank that can go forward but not backwards and needs constant refueling. He had not learned how to retreat or bear reverses; he has not achieved the elasticity ultimately needed by every army. The German army morale is solid but not elastic. Hitler's enemies should know this. The crisis in the German army will begin at the very moment when it becomes impossible to maintain the present systematic routine.



## Street Fighting

By BERT LEVY\*



THERE are so-called military experts who seem to envisage fighting as taking place solely in rural country. The emphasis even in professional military training is on country fighting rather than city fighting. Yet we know from the progress of the war already—Tobruk and Sevastopol are among the best examples—that fighting units, whether of the Army itself or of the home guard, will

have to fight in every street and in every house, when and if the enemy invades any territory we hold. Therefore, every fighting unit must be trained in the specific tactics of street fighting and particularly the home guard units which will put guerrilla methods into effect. Street fighting is not a negligible part of modern war; it is a very important part. Towns can be made into fortresses and may hold up the enemy for long periods. In the resistance of the Russian people

to aggression we have seen how towns and villages, stoutly and skillfully defended by regular or guerrilla forces, can be quite literally thorns in the flesh of an advancing enemy. A town can be the center of a defended area, as at Tobruk and Sevastopol, that holds up the enemy indefinitely. The troops that attack towns and cities must, likewise, know the proper methods of street fighting. But the main emphasis of this article will be on methods that can be applied by guerrilla units as well as regular forces.

Casualties are always very high in street fighting, but the advantage is invariably with the defenders. Ordinary dwelling houses or commercial buildings form excellent cover, and—if the town has previously been bombed or shelled

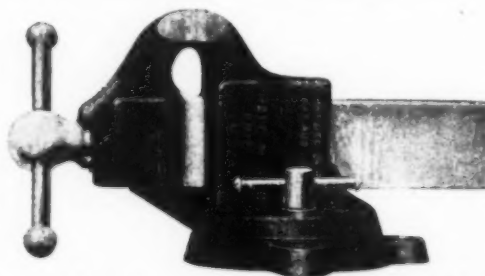
—the demolished buildings, with their great piles of rubble, and heavy beams or steel girders, are still better. Enemy tanks can do very little in street fighting. Nor for that matter can the enemy's artillery or dive bombers help in actual street fighting, for, once the enemy has entered a town, his own shells or bombs are likely to cause as much harm to his own troops as to the defenders.

While a tank can smash through one or two flimsy cottages, it cannot plough

\*Courtesy "Infantry Journal."



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along, over or under under rows of houses. In a city or town it has to keep to the comparatively narrow streets, and this means that it can be held up by easily constructed barriers. One overturned street car, or a couple of earth-filled trucks, may stop tanks. Furthermore, tanks in cities can be effectively fought by antitank grenades flung from roofs or windows—windows high enough for you to be well out of range of the tanks' guns. Or grenades can be thrown from areas and basement windows, or from cellar or sewer manholes under which a packing case or chair has been placed for the defender to clamber up on when he gets the chance to fling a grenade under a passing tank.

In the defense of a city, town, or village all approaches must be prepared to resist the initial attack by using road



blocks, land mines, pill boxes, barbed wire, small strong points on all possibly advantageous ground, cross trenches, fox holes of all types along all roads (and this includes not only main roads but secondary roads), and other similar measures. In preparing strong points for resistance they must be placed so that they can be enfiladed by straight, cross, or converging fields of fire from other strong points. Exact ranges must be known between all

points from every direction. Enemy armored vehicles will leave the main roads when they are held up and will attempt to by-pass strong resistance. Therefore be certain that defense points are so prepared that they guard the approaches from every possible direction thoroughly. But if the enemy does capture and occupy a strong point, concentrated fire from all other points can immediately be brought to bear upon it. The first ring of defense

of a city or village should be a ring of strong points some distance out from it. The second ring of defense consists of all strong points and buildings on the outskirts, but there should also be plenty of strength between rings, and then concentric rings within.

To convert a village or town into a fortress you will need to erect serviceable barricades. Old and unusable motor cars or trucks, filled with sand or loose earth, are very good for this purpose, as they can be wheeled into place at a moment's notice. Have them already loaded in readiness. You must turn the vehicle over when it is in place, and take the wheels off. A strong rope, fixed to the car's axle or chassis, and brought up over its top, will help your efforts to tip it over. Or a large tree, growing by the side of the street, can be sawed nearly through

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and pulled across the road when a block is needed.

Flimsy barricades of the traditional kind, such as we see in illustrations of the French Revolution or the Commune, made of furniture and mattresses, etc., are of no use against modern arms and tanks. Their sole utility might be as a temporary shield to enable you to cut across the street, protected from view. If an enemy machine gun is already in place, you will not get the chance to build such a barricade.

Nor will you ever defend barricades in the old traditional manner. It is too easy for the enemy to lob shells over them from their mortars, or even to throw grenades over them. Barricades can be defended, but by covering fire from houses, piles of debris, and so on.

Barbed wire is also useful in streets for holding up motorcyclists and infantrymen, and it has the advantage that it can be rapidly adjusted. But it must not be used stingily.

Back fences should all be removed. The enemy tries to fight in from back yards and the rears of buildings. Dynamite and raze all buildings that obstruct the field of fire. Reinforce all strong buildings as strong islands of resistance. Dig deep dugouts in all available buildings as protection against artillery fire by day. Shore up with 8 x 8 or 4 x 4 beams from the basement to the ground floor and from the ground floor to the second. A false ceil-



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the smoke. This will overheat the barrel of his gun. When he stops to change it, dash across. Learn the firing rhythm of enemy machine guns, the pauses between bursts, the longer pauses when belts or magazines are empty. An emergency screen can be obtained by slinging one or more blankets across the street from upper windows, attached to wire or ropes. Wet the blanket first to make it heavier. A rug can be used. Then throw a weight attached to a string across from one window to the other. Then the men catching the weight can pull over the rope with the blanket on it which has been connected to the string. A machine gun cannot keep firing continuously, and your men can dash across behind the blanket screen during pauses. The screen can also be used to mask the hurried movement of a small

ing of planking packed with sand from the dugout will strengthen the building and prevent the quick spread of fire. Have extra exits from dugouts. Crawl trenches from one building to the next should be one of the main concerns for movement at night and communication in case the building is demolished.

Before the enemy attacks a town he will shell and bomb it. The second his bombardment is lifted, his trained units will speed into the town. You must be ready. Therefore, take shelter from his shells and bombs in places which you can use later advantageously to repel his attack. Such places, affording good shelter, are concrete blockhouses and sheet-iron shelters placed inside the rooms of fortified houses. The blockhouses and fortified houses must be chosen so that they face each other across the street and have a good field of fire, and can be quickly moved and rubble of bricks,

concrete, sandbags, packed around them.

While you stay in buildings, you are protected, but as soon as you go out on to the open street you are at the mercy of machine-gun fire. Therefore, get your men across the street in the night time if you can. If, however, you cannot wait, provide them with a smoke screen. Even if a machine gun has a fixed alignment on the street, the gunner will have to keep firing continuously as he does not know at what moment you may be crossing in

body of men up or down the street.

In proceeding along a street—if you must use the street—walk on the right-hand side, keeping close to the houses. The riflemen in the houses on the right can hardly see you, much less get a good aim with their rifles. The enemy in the houses on the other side have to hold their rifles in a most awkward position to sight you, unless they can shoot left handed.

Let me strongly advise all guerrilla fighters to practice shooting left handed,



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and from other awkward positions, such as tree tops. Left-handed men should practice right-handed shooting. You will find this is not time wasted. Remember how many good shots in pool you have to pass up, if you can't switch the cue over to your left hand!

The lines of retreat or advance should be so planned that every unit is coordinated and protected by the others. Every city block should have its reinforced buildings and every building held by your troops should be inconspicuously marked.

In Spain when the Spanish and Nazi rebels of Franco took a building, they flew a flag or a large sheet from a window, thus giving away their buildings completely to our troops. We used a little dirty rag the size of a handkerchief in an upper corner of a window, or a piece of wood or an old sock placed in the same corner of every window. Barbed wire should be used profusely in street fighting. Rushes are of very short distances (ten, twenty, thirty yards). Machine guns should be placed on the ground floors for an even sweep up, down, and across the street. Rifles in the hands of good snipers on roof tops and upper floors are long range weapons for as far off as you can expect to shoot within a town.

Concentrate all your fire on one building and after blasting in the door with a mortar or grenade get to the top as fast as you can. Here I will quote a paragraph from an article on street fighting by Tom Wintringham, which appeared in *Picture Post*: "The German infantry are trained to try to seize the top floor as soon as they get into a house. It is always a good rule in this sort of fighting to be on top of your opponent. In using hand grenades it is much easier to drop them down than to throw them up; and in using bullets it is easier to fire downwards through floor boards rather than upwards through ceilings which come to pieces and blind you. Fighting within buildings includes much more at close quarters and it is easier to jump downstairs and put your feet on a man's face than to jump upstairs and do the same thing."

Do not rush the door of an enemy-occupied building. And be sure to spring any booby trap before you enter. Two Tommy machine gunners and one grenadier should approach under the covering fire of their comrades. Then, from a prone position alongside the door the grenadier flings in a grenade, and just to make sure pitches in another. Then one Tommy gunner fires from just outside the door across and up into the far corner of the ceiling covering about one-quarter of the ceiling with his shots. The second machine gunner then dashes for the corner of the room under the peppered part of the ceiling and sweeps the rest of the ceiling while the other Tommy gunner is reloading. By that time any Nazi upstairs is either dead or dancing hard. Then one man makes for the stairway covered by the bullets of the others shooting ahead of him. At the same time two or three more men can enter the house and begin to mouse hole into the next room from the secured ground floor room while the others are securing the

upper floors. Then they mouse hole through the upper rooms.

Mouse holing is simple work with a pick or crowbar. First make a small hole, toss a grenade through it, enlarge the hole, and toss a second through it from the inside of one room or building to the next, thus making reasonably sure everybody in the room through the wall is killed. Make one hole in all floors, ceilings, and walls. Keep well to one side of a hole as you make it.

Ropes and ladders should be procured to raise or lower mortars and machine guns for high or low level fire as needed. Leave a few men in all buildings as you fight ahead. These will protect you against surprise and be your communication and supply line. Every available man should carry up sandbags. These can be filled from dugouts which should be made in basements right away for protection against artillery fire.

As you mouse hole up one side of the street you can get straight and cross fire from all angles to buildings across the street. Furniture tossed out of windows can act as a screen, masking a short rush across the road. This barricade will not stop a bullet. Make for the center of the town and work out like fingers from the center, taking enemy positions from the rear. Remember that cities defended by determined people cannot be taken without enormous losses by the enemy.

If the Germans attack you in this mouse hole way, occupy the room above, and the rooms around the room into which they will break. Stretch trip wires if you have time. Make loopholes into the "battlefield" room and fire low.

Progress only along one side of the street, you can deal with enemy-occupied houses on the other side by directing three converging lines of fire on each opposite house in turn. This fire will come from the house directly opposite the enemy house, and from houses up and down the street from it. When one opposite house is put out of action, you may be able to dash across to take it; then you can mouse hole along, once you have taken the first house, to drive the enemy out of other houses.

Mouse holes are also useful in attic party walls of houses, not for attacking but for rapid movement and for observation. A few tiles displaced in the gables will give you an excellent observation post.

It is not always possible to use the mouse-hole method of taking a street. When this is true the following method can be used for fighting up an enemy-occupied street in the daytime. In starting to take a street men open up a crossing fire on the two corner houses from the protective covering of a ditch, stone wall, or the opposite corner buildings. Then three or four men—no more than that—make a dash for the nearest side of the buildings covered by the protective fire from machine guns, rifles, or Tommy guns. These men work around into the street, around both corner houses, and from any cover the front of the houses offers take up fire across the street to the corner houses. They fire at the upper stories as well as the lower stories so no overlooked

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enemy will begin to drop grenades from up above. At the same time other troops should be working up the alleys in rear of the houses and the back yards in just the same manner. Each house should be cleaned out up to the top as fast as possible.

This method has to be used, for example, in a street of detached or semi-detached houses where mouse holing is not possible.

Always note possible getaways in houses you occupy, such as back windows, negotiable garden walls. Sometimes roofs provide a good means for unobserved movement.

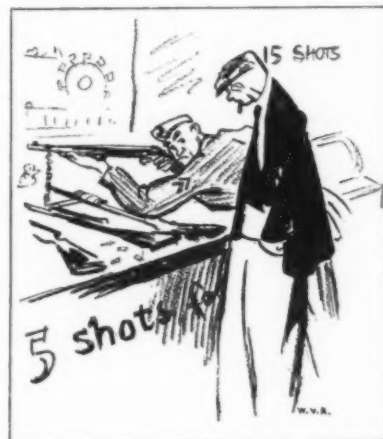
Many detached or semi-detached houses have a “blind side,” a side with no windows, or just one or two small bathroom or toilet windows. We can use this side to climb up on to the roof with the aid of a rope and grappling hook. A grenade down the chimneys will surprise enemy occupants.

In making a rapid search of a house, make as little noise as possible. Never blunder into a room but use the utmost caution. Opening any door may explode a booby trap, or there may be enemies in the room, just as quiet as you are, waiting for you to poke your head around the door. Poke a helmet around the door, if you like, and he *may* take a shot at it, although he probably knows the trick as well as you do. However, it cannot do any harm. If you think there is someone in the room, toss a grenade into it—that will probably settle him.

When men are searching a house, others should never wait in the hallway. This is the most vulnerable spot in the house—anyone upstairs can drop a grenade down on top of you.

It is safest to search a house from top to bottom; when you can, get across the roofs and get in through a skylight, gable window or a hole in the roof.

When you want to strengthen a house into a real strong point, it should be a house which commands approaches to several points from which the enemy may attack, in which case you will fortify an



“PARDON ME, BUT you’re position’s all wrong, Buddy.”

**THE LEATHERNECK**

entire floor so that you can keep a lookout and fire in all directions.

Don't forget to barricade heavily the downstairs doors against hand grenades. And always have your getaway either from the back, over the roof, into another house, or even, if you have had the time to make it, a shallow "crawl trench" running through the garden.

After clearing a row of houses from within, attacking troops come to a street or side street which they must cross to rush a house in the next row. If machine-gun fire is heavy along a street they are not likely to get across without heavy casualties. It is here that smoke—perhaps from a vehicle set alight—is used to cover attack or counterattack, and because of the enclosed air spaces smoke can be of even greater value in the streets than in open country where it blows away too soon. Smoke used in large quantities reduces fighting to a muddle of hand-to-hand and man-to-man combats in which all long-range arms are at a disadvantage.

Advance through buildings by mouse holing, or even by a rapid search only, is a slow process. But to advance along streets held by modern machine weapons is suicidal. These weapons are not likely to jam at the critical moment as in older wars and frontal advance against them simply does not work. A machine gun, and even a Tommy gun is almost certain to stop any rush at it by men who have to leave cover twenty-five yards away from it.

It is very easy for anyone with a machine gun to command a straight stretch of street, or a street crossing. For this reason a good deal of street fighting—progressing from street to street, or occupying and fortifying fresh buildings to use as strong points—is carried on at night.

For house-to-house work—this doesn't

mean canvassing, as we shall see further on—you will also need a pickaxe, trenching tool or crowbar. An axe is also very handy. And have plenty of filled sandbags.

Here I will quote Tom Wintringham's article again:

"Rifleman should normally be placed relatively high up in a building so that he cannot be quickly rushed. Rifleman should be supported by grenadiers. Machine guns and Tommy guns are usually best placed on the ground floor or the ground level if it is different from the level of the ground floor. At such a level these weapons get grazing fire throughout their respective ranges. On the roof-tops, as the Irish have shown, snipers with rifles can be of great value.

"Roofs and cellars should be considered possible routes for counterattack against a force that has penetrated a row of buildings. Loopholes can always be spotted at street-fighting ranges; therefore many dummy loopholes should be made. It is normally better to defend a house that has been partially shattered or burnt out, because it gives 'natural' loopholes. Men should be trained to fire from both shoulders, as much cover in the streets is useful only if they can do this."

If you know your sewer system thoroughly—and you should see to it that you do—you may be able to transport troops rapidly behind the enemy lines in a city, in order to surprise him. But look out for the fumes from damaged gas mains as well as sewer gas—your respirators are no protection against that. In London or Glasgow, the underground railway system can be used to move troops rapidly.

Previous knowledge of the territory is tremendously valuable in street fighting. The man who knows the ins and outs of the town can always keep the enemy

guessing. If you dive down a manhole, you should know where the conduit leads to; you will know which particular backyard backs on to such-and-such an alley, and which doesn't. You know which walls and fences are low enough for you noiselessly to lift a bicycle over them and pedal away.

Now to deal with tanks. Tanks have generally failed to penetrate streets. In Warsaw civilians and half-trained recruits with poor fortifications defeated a German armored division which reached the suburbs of the city at the end of the first week of fighting, and they did this entirely with improvised methods. Their methods of fighting sometimes became confused as when some garage men tried to use a gasoline pump as a flame-thrower at the same time firemen tried to blind the tanks with water. Nevertheless, as Wintringham says, "the methods used by the Poles threw Reinhardt's Panzer division and its supporting troops out of the Warsaw suburbs in twenty-four hours. And they stayed out until the main German army came up many days later."

A city can be bombed before it is attacked, and if the authorities have refused to provide suitable air raid shelters, the effect will be heavy. But the enemy has to stop his bombing as soon as he tries to enter the city. Street fighting soon gets so confused and there is so much smoke from burning buildings, that bombers cannot operate as close support.

Therefore, the main weapons our enemies have are not of much value in cities and the same goes for anybody's tanks and dive bombers. "Street fighting," writes Tom Wintringham, "is mainly infantry fighting. But it is not mainly fighting in the streets. It is mainly fighting within buildings or from within buildings."

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Connection Boxes, Switch Boxes, Junction Boxes, and parts therefor.**

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## American Bleached Goods Company Inc.

**NEW YORK CITY**

**Bleached and Dyed Cotton Fabrics**

## Prisoner Treatment

(Continued from page 41)

Japs had made persistent efforts to silence him and his newspapers.

Sanitation facilities were equally as primitive. There were no facilities for washing except by special permission and the toilet facilities consisted of a rough wooden box in the corner of the room which was used by all 40 of the occupants and cleaned by Chinese pressed into service. In a period of four months, Powell had only four baths.

Later in February, Powell was moved to Kiangwan, a newer prison near a main highway outside of Shanghai, where he was to be subjected to a court-martial on the charge of espionage.

Of Kiangwan, Powell reports:

"This prison consisted of solitary cells about five feet wide and ten feet long, entered by a door about four feet high. The door had a slot at the bottom through which food was passed to the prisoners. There was a small window about six feet above the floor. In the corner was the usual toilet, a box which was cleaned out about once a week. The floors were wooden, the walls fresh cement. Since the building was not heated, it became very cold at night."

In explaining the condition of his feet which had pained him severely at Bridgehouse Prison, Powell said they rapidly became worse, probably due to the weather which prevailed all through March in Shanghai's coldest winter.

"I frequently complained," the journalist said, "and asked that a doctor be sent to examine me, but that had little effect until my feet had swollen to about twice their normal size and turned purple. Meanwhile, I had dropped from about 150 to about 80 or 90 pounds. I was unable to walk due to weakness and the condition of my feet, and one Britisher had so many boils on his neck that he could not lift his head. The food here was somewhat better as we got a bowlful of seaweed in addition to the rice which was all that was provided at Bridgehouse. The seaweed was fairly palatable at first but after a while we became tired of it. The food was sent in from the city by truck and usually arrived frozen. Since I could no longer put on my shoes the Japanese finally sent for a doctor who made an examination of my feet. He gave me a daily injection for about two weeks, but this brought no relief. Finally, I was taken to Shanghai General Hospital and informed that

I was still under military detention and could receive no visitors and talk to no one but my doctor and the sisters who served as nurses. I was in the hospital under treatment for three months before I was removed directly to the S.S. Conde Verde which brought Americans out of the Orient."

New York Times Correspondent Otto D. Tolischus was jailed in Tokyo with six other American newsmen and a Canadian newsman named Phyllis Argall.

Newsman Tolischus had heard even more harrowing accounts from fellow passengers on the prison ship.

Standard Oil Representative Clarence E. Meyer was slapped and mentally tortured until he suffered a nervous breakdown in handcuffs "for his own protection," and he was unable to remove his clothes for an entire week.

Bank Employee Thomas Potter Davis, Jr., was "slapped continuously, forced to sit Japanese fashion on iron crossbars and was turned over a prison chair while several policemen leaned their weight on him. Finally he was slapped across the face with his own sport shoes."

In Korea the Japanese forced water down the throats of three American missionaries until they nearly drowned, beat them with rubber hose and belting.

Men taken prisoners in Hong Kong reported that the invaders raped Chinese, Eurasian and white women, including three British nurses. Afterwards the Japs bayoneted and burned the nurses. A group of 30 Maryknoll missionary priests was tied up, marched with British and Canadian soldiers to an execution



WE SALUTE THE MARINES ON THEIR  
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## Strom Steel Ball Co.

STROM CHROME STEEL BALLS are a high grade product embodying all of the following basic qualities necessary to dependable performance and long life:

Physical Soundness  
Uniform and Correct Hardness  
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*Largest Independent and Exclusive Metal Ball Manufacturers.*

## " . . . To the Shores of Tripoli"

Wherever you may go in this global war, you're apt to find materials made in the Masland mill. And you can be sure Masland will never let you down. Everything we make, from tarpaulins to machine gun barrels, fully lives up to the Masland slogan, "Always Better than Need Be."

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TO THE

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ON THEIR

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WE ARE DEPENDING ON YOU —  
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TRADITION-Packed  
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"ARISTOCRACY OF FIGHTING MEN"

have attracted the cream of American Youth for 167 years —since the founding of our land of freedom. Famed for decades are the exploits of Marines, whose accomplishments have set an example of unwavering courage and determination.

BATES & ROGERS CONSTRUCTION CORP.  
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## A VICTORY SALUTE TO FIGHTING U. S. MARINES

FOR ALL THEY HAVE DONE IN  
UPHOLDING THE TRADITIONS  
OF A GREAT NATION

There's victory for you too, in the battle for  
health on the Home Front, When you give  
Teeth The Care They Deserve.

*Dentistry Of All Kinds*  
—REASONABLE PRICES—

**DR. PAINLESS PARKER, Dentist**

*Offices in all leading Pacific Coast Cities.*



DR. PAINLESS PARKER

ground. The soldiers were led around a corner: the priests could hear their screams as they were bayoneted to death. The priests were spared, but were thrown into a garage and left there for three days, still tied and without food or water.

NOT all captives suffered such treatment. Some of the internment camps were humanly run; at Manila's Santo Tomas University where Life's Carl and Shelly Mydans were interned after the fall of Manila on December 7, 3,200 prisoners governed themselves, ran a small semi-weekly newspaper called Campus Health, took college courses, enjoyed sports, music, a Rotary Club and a Junior League. British usually were treated worse than Americans. Twelve Britons were driven to suicide.

Very little information other than Japanese censored and colored radio-grams and letters have been received from prisoners of war.

One Marine, captured at Guam, wrote his mother:

"I am being treated well, have gained four pounds and now weigh 141 pounds."

His mother stated that his normal weight in the Marine Corps was 185 pounds.

Apparently most of them are now in working parties as a report was received by United Press stating that an all-white labor gang, dressed in khaki, had reached Hainan Island on the South China coast and were building roads there. Others since then have written that they were working on land reclamation projects or building the camps.

Captain Paul Chandler, USMC, who returned from the Jap prison camp of Woosung near Shanghai in September, stated that the Marines captured with Lieut. Col. J. P. S. Devereux at Wake Island were sharing a "not too bad" life of all war prisoners at Woosung. Their days are spent in working on the 20-acre camp, ringed with electrically-charged barbed wire and sentry towers. Afternoons are given over to sports and nights to Devereux's "academy."

Before being sent to Woosung, Captain Chandler had a session in Shanghai's infamous Bridgehouse prison, headquarters of the Japanese equivalent of the Gestapo. The stories of hardships suffered by prisoners are not exaggerated, he declared.

Most disheartening and disgusting aspect of the whole prisoner-treatment situation in Japan is the fact that they will not allow any Red Cross relief ship to go through to the stricken internees, despite the fact that Nazi and Italian authorities have allowed supplies to go through.

Supplies totaling nearly \$500,000 in value have been accumulated by both the Australian and American Red Cross but pleas by both these organizations and the U. S. State Department have so far proved fruitless.

THE LEATHERNECK

## DETACHMENTS

**THE MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL AIR STATION, SITKA, ALASKA,** has decided to break into print once again.

Promotions have been flying around thick and fast. The whole lash-up is happy to be under the command of Lieutenant Colonel B. M. Coffenberg, who was adorned with silver leaves of a Lieutenant Colonel recently at an elaborate ceremony, by the Commanding Officer, Naval Air Station. Our post adjutant, Second Lieutenant Jack Salesky, jumped out of the ranks from Marine Gunner to Second Lieutenant and is now polishing his gold bars each morning. Cigars were flying around with carefree abandon and a smoking good time was had by all.

Labor Day saw the presentation, by the contractor workers of this station, of a light bomber to the U. S. Government. It was a great doing complete with Marine Honor Guard and speeches by the CO, Naval Air Station and the head of the contract workers. Everyone OH'd and AH'd as the new plane went through its paces making direct hits with practice bombs on a moving target boat.



**SERGEANT  
S. M. KIVEL**

Back to promotions, though. In true Marine Corps traditional style, ease upon ease of beer was consumed and cigar upon cigar was smoked and chewed by Marines of this Command when the following men were promoted: W. J. Born was promoted to Sergeant, while A. L. Schroeder was advanced to Corporal. On the same day eight men crawled up one rung in the ladder to success by making Pfc. They were: Burgess, Donnar, Dudley, Eutsey, Evans, Gilbertson, Iverson and Saxton. A few days later our Quartermaster Department had a field day in so far as promotions are concerned when D. J. Hughes was promoted to Staff Sergeant (QM) and J. P. Bell to Sergeant (QM). Again the 6th paygrade got some new ones with Crawford, Gilmore, Heenan, Karstetter, Kesner and Roberts passing out cigars for making Pfc.

If you care to trip the light fantastic, or whatever it is, Sitka is the place to do it. Once every two weeks for the past 6 weeks, the men have deployed "As Skirmishers" and combed the town of Sitka for all available females. The reason being a dance in the Recreation building. They bring 'em back alive and then the corn dodging and dancing starts. The music is the best, furnished by a contingent of the U. S. Army Band.

First Lieutenants R. H. Gordon and J. O. Flautt are perspiring more freely lately. Every time any think looks like new mail they both break out into a cold sweat, and start mopping their respective brows. Reason? They saw their names on a promotion list in a recent issue of the Army-Navy Register. They want it official so they can wear a bar two times on their shoulders.

With the commissioning of the local Radio Station, KRAY, First Lieutenant



**"Yes, sir!"**

## GRIFFIN GETS RESULTS"



On ship, on shore, the Marine Corps knows GRIFFIN is the shoe polish to help you win femmes and influence people—on account of your neat, Leatherneck

look. That's why at post exchanges and ship's stores GRIFFIN ABC outells all other brands of shoe polish combined! It's...

## THE FAVORITE SERVICE SHINE

### GRIFFIN ABC WAX POLISH

in the easy opening tin. The oils and waxes in this fine polish give a bright, long-lasting shine that helps protect shoes. All popular colors, only 10¢.



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*The Service Shine Since 1890*

**FILTER in**  
**ROYAL DEMUTH**  
*makes pipe function superbly*  
**ULTRA FINE IMPORTED BRIAR**

**\$350**

**FILTERS FOR**  
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**PIPES**

**Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER.**

**Also same styles, all-etched, with engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS—Eagle or "V"—specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.**

**Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N. Y.**

ENGRAVED ON  
ETCHED BOWL

ENGRAVED ON  
ETCHED BOWL



## NICE ON ICE!



**VIVACIOUS MARY JANE YEO** is a "swell skate" ... both on the ice and off! Currently featured in the dazzling "Stars on Ice" revue at Radio City's Center Theatre in New York, Mary Jane says she knows quite a few "gay blades" in the Service ... and declares that "most any man cuts a neat figure in his uniform if there's a brilliant *Shinola shine* on his shoes!"

**Nice on your shoes—these quick, easy, long-lasting shines!**

Yes, your shoes look better, stay flexible, wear longer with a daily Shinola shine! Costly waxes buff to a high shine with hardly any polishing when you use Shinola Army Brown Wax Liquid Polish! Same with quick-shining Shinola Wax Paste Polish, in the new metal-saving Victory Can! Try a Shinola Shine—paste or liquid—today!

**Better look your best!**  
Shine up with



The new Victory Can—  
same quantity, same quality,  
same easy opener!



For Sale at All Post Exchanges, Commissaries, Canteens, or Ships' Service Stores

D. N. Carpenter, Public Relations Officer, sent for and received several Marine Corps radio transcription programs. With Corporal Clark doing the script reading, we now have a program weekly on Radio Station KRAY, "Your Station North of the Nation." You can't tell, we may recruit somebody. An Indian or a blond, or somebody.

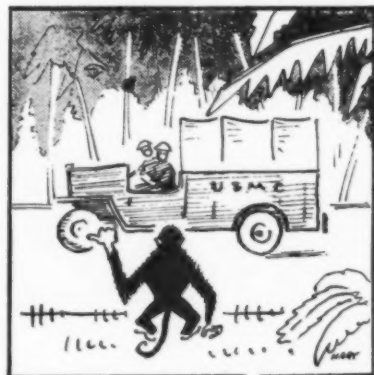
The trout fishing has just about stopped. The salmon are running, so most of our fishermen have sore feet from kicking 'em out of the way while crossing a stream. The sport now is hooking a ten pound salmon behind the gill with a light fly rod and then spending the rest of the afternoon trying to land him.

We have a new arrival. Sergeant S. M. Kivel was transferred here from the public relations division in Washington, D. C., at his own request. He only has a year to go to become a "Sour Dough."  
—CORPORAL WILLIAM E. CLARK.

Greetings you Leathernecks, wherever you are; whether it be the Solomons or Parris Island, we say "Hello" because we of **HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, FOURTH BATTALION, TWELFTH MARINES**, aren't strangers—just a new coat.

We have just been organized as of September 1, and are stationed here at the old San Diego Base which is, to many of us, our old stomping grounds and it is haunted by our old DI's—but it's home just the same. It sure seemed good to hear the blast of the mighty base band once again, and all of the formality that goes with the Base here. But I guess to many of our old friends we are nothing more or less just a bunch from the old Fighting Fourth, and I have heard that we are known as "The unexploded Duds of the old Fourth," but the writer has a much better definition of it—we are the Base Labor Gang. Since we arrived here, we have furnished the base with a good bunch of laborers, the best they have. Well, anyway, it helps to get the boys into shape.

We of the Fourth are very fortunate to have a grand array of officers, namely: Major Bernard H. Kirk, Battalion CO; Major Hiatt, Captains Clinkinbeard and Hays, Lieutenants Pogemeyer and Borcharding, Marine Gunners Mallard and Stutz, and Doctor Shifrin (MC).



THE LEATHERNECK

Our hats are off to George E. Madden, former Platoon Sergeant, now a Second Lieutenant. We are extremely proud to say that Mr. Madden was NUMBER ONE man in his candidates' class. Back with us again is First Sergeant Otto G. Stiles. He spent a lot of time with us in the "Old Fourth," and is now doing a bang-up job of Sergeant-Majoring at the Regimental Headquarters. And we couldn't forget Supply Sergeant Kenneth Fendler. He stuck with us, even though his constitution took quite a beating on his recent visit to St. Louis. That unbeatable combination of "Indiana Case," "Minnesota Guyer," and "Texas Davis" are holding down battalion headquarters duties, while G. J. Boyd and Charlie Land remain the favorites in the battery office.

We'll leave you for this month—but we'll be back. We really are proud of our new organization and you can bet that bottom dollar we will prove our worth.—SGT. HOWARD S. CASE.

Fresh from Camp Elliott and part of a brand new Regiment, **HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, 12TH MARINES**, is ready to sound off.


First of all we boast of one of the most congenial and efficient groups of officers in the Corps. Colonel J. B. Wilson is our Regimental Commander and his staff is composed of Major Fairborn, Major E. M. Williams, Captain Ferrill and Lieutenant J. A. English.

At present we are going through a period of organization, but our training goes on uninterrupted. After many months at Camp Elliott, much needed practice in close order drill has been included in our diet, and now our Battery has the snap and precision of sea school troops. Our campaigns so far have been limited to Point Loma, which by the way is well defended. Just ask Sergeant Love to explain how his squad was surrounded by a group of school children armed with pop guns and water pistols.

Of course we can't forget to mention our charming next-door neighbors whose vocabulary seems to be limited to "step-face-step" or just plain "step step," and for a cheap evening of entertainment our salts haul out the old snow machine and go across the street to tell the "boots" all about the Corps.

If my ears don't deceive me, that last noise was liberty call. So this is H & S, 12th Marines, signing off. But you will hear from us again. — CORP. J. W. CHANEY.

**SPECIAL WEAPONS BATTERY OF THE TWELFTH MARINES** has sent six men to various schools. Platoon Sergeant Elmer Sample and Corporal Elmer Carlson are at Oil Gear School; Sergeant Ed Thompson and Pfc. Ken McIntyre are attending the 37-mm. Anti-aircraft Director School; and Corporals Frank Henderson and Wally Cyga are at Fire Control School.



**More MARINE OFFICERS**  
wear insignia bearing the H-H  
Trademark than of all other  
makes combined—there must  
be a good reason for this over-  
whelming preference.

*At Post Exchanges, Ship's Service  
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**Hilborn-Hamburger,**  
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New York, N. Y.



**COLGATE  
CLOSE-UPS**

*The 4-Striper was a Viper!*

MY SKIPPER REALLY RAN A "TAUT SHIP" 'TIL  
I MAILED HIM A TUBE OF EASY-ON-THE-SKIN  
**COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM!** NOW  
HIS FACE DOESN'T HURT FROM SHAVING  
ANY MORE—HE'S HAPPY AND SO AM I!

*They call us  
LEATHERNECKS*

... BUT, CONFIDENTIALLY, MY NECK  
WAS SORE AND TENDER UNTIL I FOUND THAT  
**COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM** WILTED  
MY WHISKERS RIGHT TO THE SKIN-LINE...  
MADE 'EM EASY TO  
SHAVE AS PUZZ!

Get **COLGATE RAPID  
SHAVE CREAM** at your  
P. X. or Ship's Service  
Store... Today!

*TAKE A LETTER  
TO MY BROKER*

I'VE EVEN GOT DOUGH TO INVEST SINCE I  
LEARNED TO ECONOMIZE WITH **COLGATE RAPID  
SHAVE CREAM!** IMAGINE! 6 WHOLE MONTHS  
OF SWELL SHAVES FROM EVERY GIANT TUBE!

**HOTEL DIXIE**

43RD ST. JUST WEST OF B'WAY  
TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK

700 large rooms, all with  
private baths, showers and radios

**\$2.50** single    **\$3.50** double    **\$4.50** twin beds

**SPECIAL DISCOUNT ON ABOVE  
RATES TO U. S. MARINES!**

HOME of the Famous PLANTATION ROOM  
Continuous Entertainment  
No Cover—No Minimum

Write for a free "Courtesy  
Identification Card"

**SEA-SICK?**

Nausea, dizziness, stomach  
distress may be prevented  
and relieved with the aid of

**Mothersill's**  
SEASICK REMEDY



## LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



"Boy, That's Tobacco!" Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin.

### IN A CIGARETTE,

### IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

**With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1**



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THE LEATHERNECK

There have also been numerous transfers from Special Weapons Battery during the past month. We hope they will be as much of a credit to their new outfits as they have been to this one.

That about takes care of the news from this battery for now, so we will say "So long, Gyrenes," until next month.—PFC. ED ROOT.

Life for **BATTERY K. TWELFTH MARINES**, has consisted mostly of working parties and inspections since they arrived at their new home at the San Diego Base.

Our Battery Commander, Capt. B. O. Cantey, is still teaching junior officers the principles of artillery. We expect him to return soon but meanwhile Lieutenant Wilson is doing a very capable job of managing the battery.

Three of our culinary experts have gone into the mess hall as cooks, Pfc. Cantrell and Thompson and Pvt. Nobles. We sincerely hope they can cook.

Field Music Corporal Fletcher is now trying to get into the Air Corps and we all hope that he makes the grade. Imagine a flying bugler!

Furloughs are in order again and the expectant eligibles are banging ears with the first sergeant to insure their going on furlough.—CORPORAL JOHN D. GILLILAND, JR.

Greetings from the better half of Battery "L," BS (before the split) 4th Battalion, 10th Marines. We are now known as **"L" BATTERY, 4TH BATTALION, 12TH MARINES**, etc. & etc. We regret parting with many of the enlisted men (Pappy Brown, acting First Sergeant) and the officers, but we agree that the Battery is lucky to have Captain Sanders as Battery Commander, Second Lieutenants Moredale and Gross as Battery Officers and Gunnery Sergeant Murray as NCO in charge of drills and instructions. With the addition of a few good privates to bring the Battery up to strength again,

we expect to go places and do things in short order.—PLATOON SERGEANT M. V. SMITH.

Men of **BATTERY M. TWELFTH MARINES**, have been busy as bees since September, when we moved into our new quarters here at the San Diego base. The new "M" Battery, 12th Marines, was

formed from the old "M" Battery of the Tenth Marines. We have a roster of 99 men with two officers, Captain M. R. Breedlove, battery commander, and Second Lieutenant L. D. McCurry. We feel certain that we have the pick of the men from the old "M" Battery, Tenth Marines.

However, the old standbys are still around. Sergeant Rockwell, who's con-



So reads the message on the wrapper of the above Baby Ruth Candy Bar . . . and we mean it! Wherever Army and Navy regulations permit, the Curtiss Candy Company, Chicago, is now presenting to each service man one of these Candy Bars just before he leaves for foreign shores. It is being given as a contribution to the happiness of our boys as they sail away . . . and as an expression of our good will. We are grateful to the Army and Navy for the co-operation extended to us in effecting the distribution of hundreds of thousands of these "Good Luck" Baby Ruth bars.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



## G.I. D.I. FROM P.I.



stantly commenting on the inability of his fellow sergeants to distinguish between his sea bag and the G.I. can; Pfc. Wayland Ashcraft who works harder than anyone else in the battery (in his efforts to keep out of work); Corp. Bodine who is very anxious to see every letter that comes into the office, also looking for a letter from that little gal in Texas; and last but not least, First Sergeant Warner, who is after the whole battery one minute and out of sight the next.

The battery has joined quite a few new men during the past month. Men have joined from Keyport, Washington, Torpedo Station; from Terminal and North Islands and two men from the Special Weapons Battery of the Twelfth Marines.

The most perplexing question making the rounds these days is: Will Sergeant Carson Havron make out a new allotment when he returns from his furlough? The answer will be published in next month's installment. Congratulations are in order for Corporal Pawnee B. Ashler, who recently moved up to the two stripe rank. We hope that Sergeant Rockwell has better luck with his sea bag in the future and that his fellow sergeants decide that he doesn't rate an individual G.I. can but that he does have the right to keep his clothes in a sea bag. And also we hope that in the future he finds his bed lined with sheets instead of cracker crumbs.



"SIR, ISN'T THIS carrying this camouflage business too far?"

Well, boys, this the newly organized "M" Battery 12th Marines is signing off until next month.

Stationed at New River, N. C., since last Summer, the **SECOND BATTALION, 12TH MARINES, FMF**, is making its first appearance in **THE LEATHERNECK**.

Joining us from Quantico, Virginia, are Major A. L. Bowser, Jr., Commanding Officer, and Major H. T. Waller, executive officer.

Other members of our staff are Captain Richard J. Winsborough, quartermaster officer; Second Lieutenant Marvin H.

Polin, adjutant; Second Lieutenant John J. Simmons, intelligence officer; Second Lieutenant Earl R. Sorensen, battery commander; and Second Lieutenant Samuel H. Zutty, battalion motor transport officer; Marine Gunner Thomas L. Sullivan, communications officer; Marine Gunner Wilbert F. Morris, ordnance officer.

With Walter M. Dauphine as the battalion sergeant major, and Kellum D. Pauley as first sergeant of the battery we are off to a good start to form a complete organization.

When we left sunny California our main purpose in being sent over here was to form a new regiment and train the recruits from Parris Island. While we are also training ourselves we are going to make it an organization that will be looked up to and make the recruits feel they are an important factor and proud to serve under our officers and NCO's.

Many of us have said goodbye to brothers and friends from the West Coast after being together for a few years, and served in Iceland only to be separated when we came back to Camp Elliott. To those we left behind we want you to know we are thinking of you and know we will meet again over there.

Our sergeant major is now on a furlough, but his duties are being carried out by Charles C. Russo, who is doing a great job of holding down the fort.

For the last few weeks we have been taking examinations for promotions. We are proud of the fact that Pfc. Roy J.

## THIS IS THE LIFE, BOY! by Wally



### It's A-1 with the Army!

• Get in line with Lifebuoy—the largest selling bath soap in the army! Freshens you up—helps remove germs—stops "B. O." Lathers thick and fast, even in cold, hard water. Get some today, at your PX or drug store.

USE IT DAILY

**NEW 1942 LIFEBOUY**

FROM HEAD TO TOE—IT STOPS 'B.O.'

NEW ADDED INGREDIENT  
NEW VANISHING SCENT



Schmidt placed first on the battalion list for corporal and a few more men from our battery placed high on the list. By the way Schmidt is going to mechanics school in Quantico, Va. We're looking forward to him making good. Don't spend all of your liberty in Washington, D. C., Roy, because Dolores won't like it.

All the men wish a speedy recovery to Captain Richard J. Winsborough, who is in the hospital, and hope to see him back on duty soon.

To all the officers who joined us from Quantico, Va., we say they are very well liked and hope they stay with us for a long time.

We have finally taken the Marine Corps off of the shoulder of Corporal Rushing (QM), who was the only quartermaster man in the battalion until recently.

Congratulations to the smallest man in the battery, Corporal Edward Pashayan, on his sudden marriage last week.

We are glad to have with us Sergeant Baynard H. Kendrick, Jr., and Corporal Theophil A. Sievers, who joined from Corpus Christi, Texas.

Well, well, it finally took eight years for Field Music Corporal Kenneth L. Kitchen to turn in his bugle for a rifle. Incidentally Ken passed his line examination with flying colors. Keep up the good work, Corporal, and we hope you get that other stripe soon.

Corporal Alfred Faresta has left to attend Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland.

Our Naval doctor is Lieutenant Harry H. Pote. New ratings that came for the Navy Corpsmen are: Pharmacist's Mates Second Class Herman R. Eberhard and Victor S. Kyle, to Pharmacist's Mates First Class; Pharmacist's Mate Delbert E. Glatfelter, to Pharmacist's Mate Second Class.

That's all for the present, and until next month we say, good luck, Leathernecks, wherever you may be.—R. W. CLEMENTS.

**HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, 1ST BATTALION, 12TH MARINES**, now feels quite at home in its new camp site, Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Santa Margarita Ranch, Ocean-side, Calif. Here, we have 141,000 acres of rugged terrain in which to snap in for our coming Jap hunt.

The new Marine Corps might be streamlined and somewhat mechanized, but our transportation from Camp Elliott, San Diego, consisted of a four-day problem hike, commonly known as "picking 'em up and laying 'em down."

Last week a detachment of men from Headquarters and Service Company first and 12 started its training at the Field Combat School No. 2. If you don't think it is pretty rugged, just ask someone who took the quick way down from the top of a sealing wall.

We just received word that hereafter chevrons will be worn on the left sleeve of shirts and blouses only. I suppose those who are "stripe happy" will now walk down the street with their left arm

## A Delicious Treat Anytime



## Freshen up, Marine

### Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

Yes, you fighting Marines know how much a little stick of chewing gum can mean when your nerves are tense or you need a little lift.

Chewing cools your mouth. Keeps your throat moist. Helps steady your nerves. Seems to make your tasks go faster, easier.

So chew and enjoy swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum every day—ashore or afloat.

W-243



## A beginner with the bayonet— but a champ about his smile!

**New Trainee or 5th Hitcher—Gums as well as teeth need regular care—use Ipana and massage for a smile that rates citations!**

EVERY thrust is a bust with the Trainee! Hand to hand, he's still all thumbs. But on the important matter of dental hygiene, he can't be stuck or stumped! For he's learned how necessary it is to give gums—as well as teeth—consistent, daily care!

Today's soft, well-cooked foods can't supply all the exercise most gums need. Robbed of chewing, gums often tend to turn flabby. Help keep

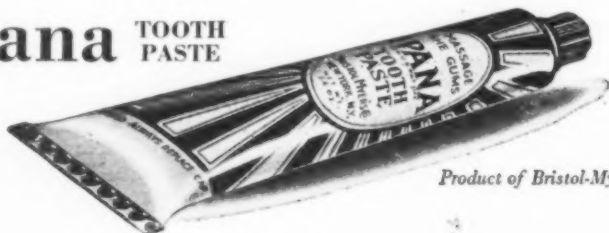
them strong—use what lots of dentists call "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Before "pink tooth brush"—often a tip-off of dental ambushes ahead—flashes the danger signal, take action! When you brush your teeth with Ipana, massage a little on your gums. Ipana and massage has helped many a man have healthier gums, better-looking teeth.

Advance towards brighter teeth, healthier gums, a smile that fascinates the femmes! Get a tube of Ipana at any drug or service store today!

# Ipana

TOOTH PASTE



Product of Bristol-Myers

carefully held conspicuously in front of them.

We will close for now and see you again in the next issue. — SERGEANT JOHN GOEB.

A squadron of navy planes appeared out of a clear sky, circled overhead and disappeared over the horizon to announce the arrival of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who took part along with "A" BATTERY, 12TH MARINES, in the flag-raising ceremonies at Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif.

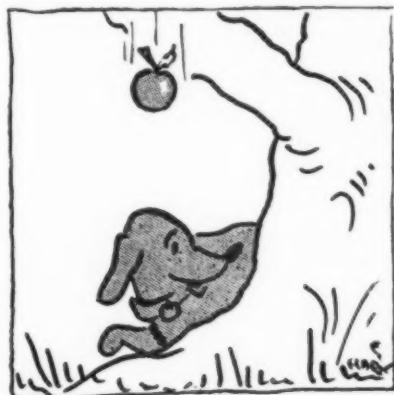
Prior to that time, members of "A" Battery were standing on first one foot and then on the other for three dust-packed hours. Officers and men alike were wise-cracking and tearing down morale in general. But with the appearance of Mr. Roosevelt, all signs of fatigue and unrest disappeared immediately.

With the exception of the excitement of the flag-raising ceremony, there is little else of interest to write. The camp, all 141,000 acres of it, is rapidly being covered by the footsteps of its newly acquired inhabitants. Our training is already well underway and you can be sure that when this conflict is over Camp Pendleton will list under its trained men, many national heroes.

So until next month, adios. — W. L. WILLIAMS.

After moving from Camp Elliott to their new home, Camp Pendleton, "B" BATTERY, 1ST BATTALION, 12TH MARINES, is ready to start and really go to work for duty in the future. Camp Pendleton is one of the newest and largest Marine bases and its varied terrain offers a perfect setting for maneuvers and other training necessary to make a Marine the best trained fighting man in the world.

After spending two weeks at Camp Pendleton, "B" Battery was assigned to spend a two week period at Camp No. 2, which is the training grounds for field combat school. Speaking of rough and ready training, our battery is beginning to get all the kinks out, and the soreness is beginning to leave. We start the second week of training next week, which should prove to be an exciting week. Last



REVENGE!

THE LEATHERNECK

week we had practice in wall sealing, descending ropes from cliffs, hasty fortifications, and schooling on map reading. I don't want to forget to mention the two hours of physical drill we have in the morning and afternoon.

Well as far as news is concerned I think I have covered everything that is worth mentioning, so until the next issue, So long.—PFC. BILL J. KELSO.

Out of the dust emerged a long line of men. As they drew nearer you recognized them as the **NINTH AND TWELFTH MARINES** on their way from Camp Elliott to Camp Pendleton. Now, some people might think of a forty-five mile jaunt as being somewhat strenuous. Ordinarily it would be, but not so when the Ninth Marines are along.

After a brisk run of about eight miles, we stopped and made bivouac. Everything was very peaceful until suddenly, what should appear on the scene but a Post Exchange truck filled to overflowing with "pogey-bait" and ice cream. The Ninth, practically to a man, made a lunge to get in line. Us old rugged "salts" of the Twelfth were aghast. That was the first time we had ever seen that sort of thing.

We arose the next morning, ate, and continued on our way. The day was so bright and sunny that our thoughts lifted from the dastardly doings of the night before. After all the Ninth was an infantry outfit and you have to overlook some of the things that they might do.

We travelled a bit farther that day and when time for quitting came around we were all tired and welcomed the rest. We were content except for the fact that we had stopped in a park that had a refreshment stand in the center of it. In the crowd that lined the little stand, the Ninth Marines were overwhelmingly represented. We viewed this scene with forbearance, however, and tried to think kindly of this infantry outfit that couldn't get along without its candy.

We had almost forgiven them when an announcement was made that there was to be a stage show, followed by movies. This unnerved us completely.

The night passed and came the dawn. We moved out once more on our way to Camp Pendleton. We traveled about sixteen miles that day (my but this infantry can sure cover a lot of ground). We were greeted that night with the news that we could have liberty in a nearby town. (What will they think of next?)

The next day we moved on to Camp Pendleton and were greeted outside camp by Major General Fegan who gave us to understand that life at this camp would not be easy. After the General's welcome we moved on to our goal, justly proud of the fact that we were the first troops to enter this new training center.

Well, men, there is the story of our coming to the hills. So until next month this is your "C" Btry. reporters saying "so long."—FLDM. 1STCL. J. A. HILBURN, PFC. S. J. VAN.



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FOR SAVINGS**

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A wedding and an M1 rifle fire (no relation between the two, I assure you) were the highlights of the month at **MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. NAVAL OPERATING BASE, ARGENTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND.**

Platoon Sergeant Angela A. Steriti was married to Miss Kathleen Channing, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, at the church



**FOR THE SIXTH** time, Major, you didn't leave your maps in my apartment."

of the Holy Rosary. Chaplain R. A. O'Connor, U.S.N., performed the ceremony. First Sergeant Lewis F. Hughes gave the bride away, and Platoon Sergeant Medford Good was best man. After an enjoyable reception, featured by dancing and a buffet lunch, the couple left for a short honeymoon at Topsail, Nfld., after which they will return to the Naval Base, Argentia, Nfld.

Corporal Baron carried away top laurels in the 1942 M1 rifle record firing when he ran up a score of 278 out of a 300 possible. The entire detachment raised their percentage of qualification to 72% from 55% in 1941. This was due in a large way to the painstaking instruction work of Marine Gunner E. A. Bushe and the Senior Non-Coms.

Lieutenant William P. Foster joined the detachment from Quantico, Va., and is now Recreation Officer and Post Exchange Officer. That date also saw the arrival of Sergeant Jesse B. Ward, public relations, from Washington, D. C.

This month also saw the shipping over for the fifth time of First Sergeant Lewis F. Hughes and Field Music Harry Vogenitz signed up for his second enlistment on the following date. Pfc. Herman Fiechter was promoted to Corporal (QM) but his beloved Brooklyn "Bums" spoiled his promotion joy somewhat much to Platoon Sergeant Arndt's glee. That's all for this issue, fellow Leathernecks. See you again next month.—SGT. JACK C. HARVEY.

## LAZY MAN'S SHOE SHINE



Shoes take a beating on active Service. Leather is apt to lose its color—scuffs are hard to avoid. Here's the easy, quick way to keep them looking good.



**1** Take dauber from bottle of Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish, squeeze against inside neck of bottle—apply sparingly all over.



**2** As soon as Dyanshine has dried (in a few seconds), take a brush or a soft cloth and polish to a brilliant, long-lasting shine. It's a breeze!

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THE LEATHERNECK

## Priority on Mr. Disney

WASHINGTON now has first call on the services of Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto and the entire Disney gang. Disney has discontinued commercial work for the duration and his studio is going full blast to help win the war.

Walt Disney learned some time ago, two great war time functions of his art: education and effective propaganda through the use of humor. It was in 1941, with a feature titled "The Four Methods of Flush Riveting," that he and his staff proved to the American and Canadian governments that cartooning could be more effective in teaching than "live" film. The short was no killer, but did give the dope in a very simple manner showing by what processes metals are held together. The screening for the officials went over with a bang and resulted in orders for approximately 100,000 next year. However, all the work will be finished at minimum costs and not one cent of profit will be made.

Disney calls his method, by which he can go deeper into subjects than the motion picture camera, "x-ray animation." Using cartoon technique, he and his artists can show a gun being taken apart piece by piece. By blotting out parts not under discussion, field stripping can be taught simply and clearly.

In addition to the educational subjects for service men, there are shorts for the general public. You probably saw the first of these early this year. The Donald Duck income tax feature handed the American public its only laugh at the tax situation. At present the studios are producing another in this class, Major De Seversky's "Victory Through Air Power."

Disney really had a Marine sized assignment on his hands when he was called upon by the Canadian government to make a short building up the Boys antitank rifle. (Named after the inventor.) English and Canadian soldiers who had returned from Dunkirk called it a jinx gun which had no effect on German tanks. Actually, the rifle is good for light armor and so the Canadian government was faced with reselling it to the men. For this, Disney had to use all the tricks of the trade. The short called "Stop That Tank" opened with a humorous touch to gain the undivided attention of the audience. Hitler is shown, in a tank, being mowed down by the Boys rifle which pops out of many odd spots. The idea behind this was to show how easily concealed and portable the weapon can be. When the right mood had been established, the gun itself was taken up with cross sections and microscopic views of its mechanism. A narrator discussed the weapon and there were real movie shots of the rifle in action.

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### Mennen keeps feet fit!



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THE MENNEN COMPANY • NEWARK, N. J. • SAN FRANCISCO

# First Recruit

(Continued from page 29)

worked.

The girl quit polishing the goblet and said:

"Have ye never seen a woman, too-large one?"

"Aye," replied the boy, honestly, "I have seen many women but none with hide so white as thine."

And then he added: "Who is the fellow in front of the tavern who wears gold on his shoulder instead of in his pockets and invites me in here for food and drink?"

"So," answered the bar maid, "You are a recruit. You shall be the very first. That one in front of the inn is Captain Mullan of the Continental Marines, and he is the owner of this place. I will bring thee grog, first."

"I am no recruit and I want no grog. Why does every one act so strange to me? I am only a poor boy from the Mingoes here on a holiday. I know naught of this war and care less, for I am very tired of wars. Fetch me a gourd of water. And then I will make off before yonder officer attempts to seize me for service in the Corps of Marines. He looks like a good man, and I would hate to toss him through one of these beautiful windows."

"Go to a horse trough for thou water, lout, ye will get no water here," replied Elizabeth. And Robert thought she was remarkably beautiful in anger.

"Think not," she continued, "that the Corps of Marines would want such unbathed ones as thee. They shall be the finest of all soldiers and the best and heartiest of sailor men."

The anger faded from her face. And

she brought Robert a pewter mug of cool, clear liquid. The stuff made Robert's stomach sizzle and his blood beat faster. He looked boldly at the girl and said:

"I am not schooled in things of the sea. Nor do I know the duties of a soldier. But I could be one of these Marines of which ye speak—if so I wished."

"Not thee," she replied, in a low voice. "For the Marines shall be a force of professional fighting men—not a band of hoodlums wearing the skins of animals."

Nevertheless, she refilled Robert's cup several times. Then she said:

"Behold, lad, Captain Mullan is entering the tavern. Ye must not seek permission to join the Corps of Marines. It will do ye no good. For the captain wants only fighting men of the best."

Master Sparrow did not answer the girl. His broad face remained expressionless. He was thinking about the Mingoes. He knew he would not see his people for a long time. He thought about shooting water fowl along the Delaware and about the mountain hunting grounds inland where pheasant flew up in his face, and about deer in the upland meadows. Then Robert drank all that remained in his goblet. Then, still without speaking to the girl, he went over to Captain Mullan and said:

"Sir, I would have a word with thee. I would join the Corps of Marines."

**T**HIS is how Robert Sparrow became the first boot in U. S. Marine Corps history. He swore he would quit the Corps after the war. But the canoe rotted in the slough and Robert never returned to the Mingoes. Nor did Elizabeth the barmaid ever see the first recruit again, though there was scuttlebutt around Philadelphia that Sparrow had married a Berber princess following his fifth cruise.



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**120 TO 150 SHAVES**  
IN THE BIG RED TUBE



## MB — '53

(Continued from page 31)

Water hydrants are built underground. The entire parade ground is interlaced underneath with an intricate drainage system. It also has a lighting system which gives ground level lighting.

Company offices can either be reached from the street or from the inside of the compound.

Power-operated turrets in units of three are built into roof sections at four separate points for anti-aircraft protection. Each turret would carry two .50 caliber machine guns, 24 guns being used on the entire roof.

## New River

(Continued from page 19)

too much of a giant for one reporter or many reporters to comprehend.

New River's "graduates," like Corporal Joe, are scattered all over the globe. They performed magnificently in the Solomons and all over the South Pacific. You'll hear more and more from the men of New River in this war.

For the boys on the 200 square miles where the New River meets the Atlantic have dedicated themselves to one supreme task: making themselves the toughest guys in the world.



## Why Does One Marine Land A Lulu—While Another Only Lands?



**Could be that smooth, clean-shaven look some leathernecks get with cool Ingram's!**

IT'S true in Guantanamo and Greenland, from Greenwich Village to the Golden Gate—some leathernecks get lots of *attention*—while to others it's just a command! And very often, you'll find that the ones who rate tops in popularity are using Ingram's to promote their face-appeal!

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gram's—an important shaving plus that helps you "put your best face forward" when the schedule calls for shore engagements or inspection by the Cincus.

Why, the instant Ingram's rich, billowing lather comes aboard your chin it starts soaking—softening your beard. Your razor races through, like a bayonet through butter. At the same time, Ingram's is kind to your face—leaves it cool, refreshed, feeling fit as a fiddle!

Step up your shaving speed—build up your face-appeal . . . with Ingram's!



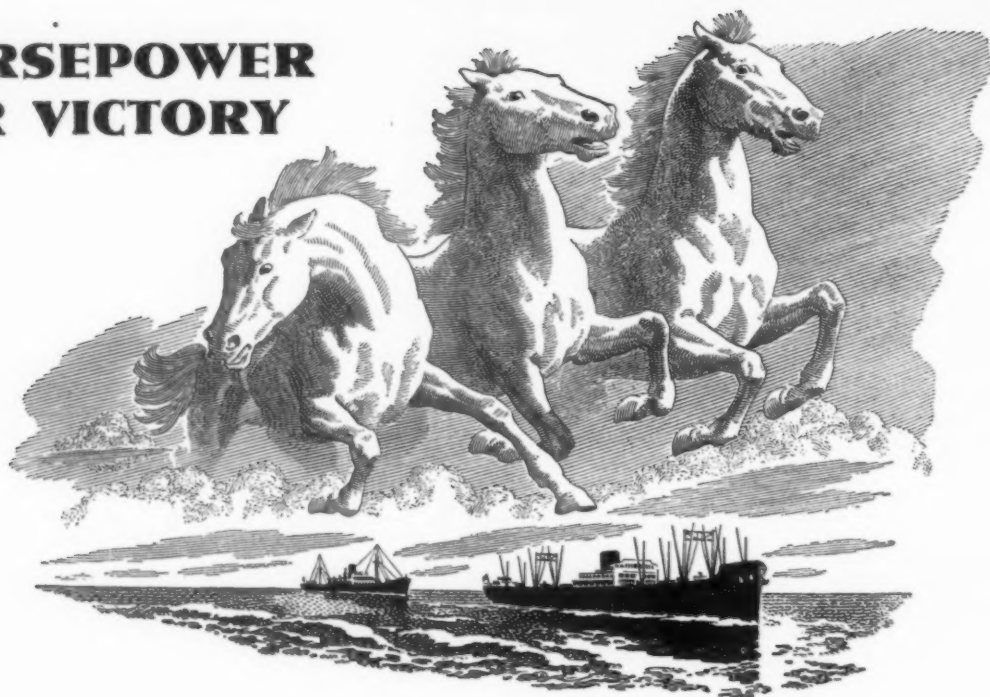
# INGRAM'S

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He also founded Busch-Sulzer Bros.-Diesel Engine Company which made submarine engines in World War I, and today holds the Navy E Award for excellence in the production of Navy ordnance and Diesel engines essential to the war effort.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentation and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

### Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

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**SYRUPS**—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

**STARCH**—for food, textile, paper and other industries—millions of pounds annually.

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**REFRIGERATING EQUIPMENT**—for retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over. This division is now working all-out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our Armed Forces.



# Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG.  
U. S. PAT. OFF.

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

# Peewee

(Continued from page 21)

else I haven't got—if you know what I mean—and I'll bet you do.

Because I figured you was the masterful kind that just swept a girl off her feet I made a bet with a girl friend you'd probably kiss me the minute you met me. Of course, I could be wrong. If I am—if you're the kind of fellow which would let a girl lose her bet—why, you won't be waiting for me in front of the Canal Zone Club-house when I come riding up in a carramota at seven-thirty, sharp, tomorrow night. But if you are the man I think you are—well, I'll be seein' you.

Yours expectantly,  
Mabel (Honey) LaBrute.

P. S.—Just to make sure you spot me I'll be wearing a red hibiscus on my dress.

Late the following afternoon, Peewee made his way down to Miss McGillicuddy's hotel. "Just wanted to let you know that everything's fixed up," he told her. "An' to ask you," he added, "if you'd mind wearin' this so's I'll spot you easily tonight."

"Swell," said Peewee. Then, lowering his voice: "There's just one thing more," he continued. "I've been tipped off there's a certain fresh Corporal of Marines who's been heard braggin' that he's gonna kiss you if he ever meets you."

"Oh, yeah?" Angry flames danced in Miss McGillicuddy's black eyes.

"Well, I'd just like to see him try it, that's all I've got to say," she snapped.

Shortly before seven-thirty, Peewee entered the club-house through a side entrance and hurried out onto its broad, screened front porch. When Corporal Bill Emmer, handsomely creased and polished, swaggered up, a few seconds

later, and took station in front of the building, Peewee had to clap his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

Promptly at the appointed hour, a carramota drew up in front of the club entrance and Miss McGillicuddy stepped out. Peewee watched, with bated breath, as Corporal Emmer, after one good look at the hibiscus she was wearing, advanced to meet her.

"Hiya, honey," Peewee heard him say. "My name's Bill Emmer."

With that he drew the lady into his arms and planted a noisy kiss full on her red lips.

Peewee, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, pressed against the porch screen, expecting momentarily to see the flash of Miss McGillicuddy's white fist and to hear it smack against the Marine's grinning face. What he really saw and heard, though, made him almost sick at his stomach—filled him with bitterness stronger than worm-wood. For instead of retaliating as he had expected, Miss Emma McGillicuddy—the Battling Amazon—the dame who didn't go in for flowers and soft stuff—was looking up into the Corporal's possessive eyes—her own warm and luminous.

After a breathless moment, she lifted her face, and pursed her red lips. "Big boy," Peewee heard her murmur. "Big boy, you can sure say that again."

That was the last straw. Sick with disappointment, Peewee rushed out of a side door. Hailing a passing taxi, he flung himself into its back seat. Its Jamaican driver turned around inquiringly.

"Whereto, boss?" he asked.

Peewee stared at him through lack-luster eyes.

"Anywhere!" he responded hollowly. "Anywhere there ain't a damned Marine!"



HERE'S TYPICAL POST EXCHANGE for Marine Corps combat outfit. The boys shown making purchases here buy almost everything they need at the Post Exchange.



A cigar has to be good to follow the flag to the distant outposts of the world's fighting fronts.

And KING EDWARD—the world's most popular cigar—is good! That's the reason we're receiving orders for great quantities of King Edwards to be shipped to our fighting men in foreign lands.

We're proud of King Edward's popularity with our Armed Services. This great cigar is a favorite everywhere... in camp and at the front, on land and on sea.

There's 40 full minutes of smoking pleasure in every King Edward. Their price is two for five cents—80 minutes of satisfaction for a nickel. Try King Edward today.

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# Private and Proud of it!

(Continued from page 37)

to be the greatest of his career; truth in the Marine Corps is often more strange than fiction.

Although he has had no actual military training, Pvt. Power is not altogether unfamiliar with things military. During many visits to camps, and the filming of aviation and submarine scenes in his postures, Ty has taken advantage of every opportunity to investigate, question and when permissible, to experience procedures.

He made more than a score of dives in Navy submarines off Newport and New London, coincident with the filming of "Crash Dive," a forthcoming Fox production based on adventure underseas with the U. S. Navy. He's shipped at full speed through the choppy Atlantic waters aboard "those man-killing PT boats," too. And his work with the Navy has been the most interesting of any in his six years in pictures, he says.

Tyrone Power plays the lead in "Crash Dive," enacting the part of a Navy lieutenant, executive officer of a sub. The ever present love triangle operates between himself, his C.O., played by Dana Andrews, and "the girl," who is lovely

Ann Baxter.

Ty's good friend Henry Fonda, another Fox star, by strange coincidence enlisted in the Navy on the West Coast on the same day Power signed on with the Marines in Washington. Neither knew of the other's intention. Both were working on pictures (not the same one), and both features will wind up in early November. Fonda and Power, together in sagas of the screen, will undoubtedly be together in the greatest drama of all; World War II.

An accomplished pilot, Power has given up his flying—at least his civilian flying—for the duration. He owns a fine little open-cockpit job hangared (since coastal restrictions imposed by CAA) at Albuquerque, N. M.

Naturally, Ty is particularly interested in the aviation phase of Marine activity. Beyond the age limits, however, for Naval flight training, Ty hopes to apply for glider flying, being somewhat of an innovation in the service, appeals to his pioneering lust. It's front line, too—and Ty wants that.

Of course, he realizes they may put him in a tank (he bounced over a few San Diego hills in one when visiting General Keller E. Rokey at Camp Elliott once last July), or in line of duty. And that's okay with Ty. But like all of us, he's got his ideas—and his hopes.

It was rather surprising to learn that of the 27 pictures he has made in six years of topflight movie stardom, Ty has

made only two features of a military nature: "A Yank in the RAF," and the present "Crash Dive."

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Tyrone Power first attended Purcell High School, there, and the Shuster Martin School of Drama, where his mother instructed.

In 1931 he came to Hollywood with his father. That was a bad depression year. Jobs were scarce as hens' teeth. He butted against a solid wall of "no's" to each application for three lean years.

Then Mr. Power, Sr., died. Ty went to New York. A break or two on the stage brought a screen test from 20th Century-Fox, and Tyrone Power returned west to the glamour city in 1936—but this time with a contract. The rest is history with which every movie-goer is familiar.

(Turn to page 139)

**FAIRBANKS-MORSE CHAP STICK**  
**BRINGS OUT**  
**THE SMOOTHIE**  
**IN YOU!**



Wind-roughened, "sandpaper" lips won't get you to first base with your girl friend — get wise to Chap Stick! Protects lips from sun, wind—keeps 'em smooth always. Brings quick relief if already sore and windburnt.

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★ Fairbanks-Morse Marine Diesels have served the United States Navy well for many years. Now, as new fighting and supply ships are being built at an unprecedented pace, many more F-M Diesels are entering the service. Some are propulsion engines;

others, auxiliaries; still others serve at land bases. And every F-M Diesel is built, now as before, to give lastingly dependable service. Fairbanks, Morse & Co., 600 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Branches in all the principal ports.

# FAIRBANKS-MORSE



**DIESELS**  
**MOTORS**  
**SCALES**  
**PUMPS**



**YOU CAN'T  
DO BETTER**

*...because*

1. Tootsie Rolls are the world's best-tasting candy... chewy... chocolatey... different!

2. Tootsie Rolls don't melt in hot weather; don't harden in cold.

3. Tootsie Rolls are great for extra pep! Keep some in your pocket!

Take a Tip...

Take a Tootsie...

It's Tops!

## **Tootsie Rolls**

Rich in DEXTROSE  
for quick food-energy



**5¢**

**7 BIG CHEWY,  
CHOCOLATEY  
CHUNKS**

## Private Power

(Continued from page 137)

About his enlistment, Power said:

"There were two questions I was particularly concerned with. First, my wife (the lovely Annabella) and second, my studio."

With a little smile, he said:

"I guess the studio didn't like it too much, but 20th Century Fox executives knew my feelings in the matter, and were very swell about it even though Henry Fonda and John Payne were going in, too. . . . As for Mrs. Power, well, she's in Washington right now trying to arrange entry permits for her father and mother who are in Vichy, France. She says if I feel I must go, she wishes me Godspeed—she understands."

To arguments that his terrific income-tax does more fighting than he could, and that he should stay in pictures so he can continue to fight the war with his dollars, Tyrone Power says, disgustedly, "There's just so much money in the world, and the government is going to get what it needs; whether I pay it or someone else does. They can get the money they need alright, and use me, too!"

Asked how he felt about taking on the rigors of "boot camp," Ty replied seriously, "Well, I know the training is rugged, and I expect it will be tough, but if a man can't take that how's he going to take it from the Japs or Germans? No, I'm eager to get into it, and while I've kept myself in pretty good shape with tennis, horseback riding, swimming and gymwork, I know "boot camp" is going to put me in real fighting trim."

### HANDEE TOOL OF 1001 USES

#### FIRST AND FINEST TOOL OF THIS TYPE

A whole toolshop in one hand. A portable tool that is just right for army repair and construction work on metals, alloys, plastics, wood, glass, etc.

Uses 300 easy-to-change accessories to grind, drill, polish, cut, rout, carve, saw, sand, sharpen, engrave. AC or DC current. 25,000 r.p.m. Weight 12 oz.

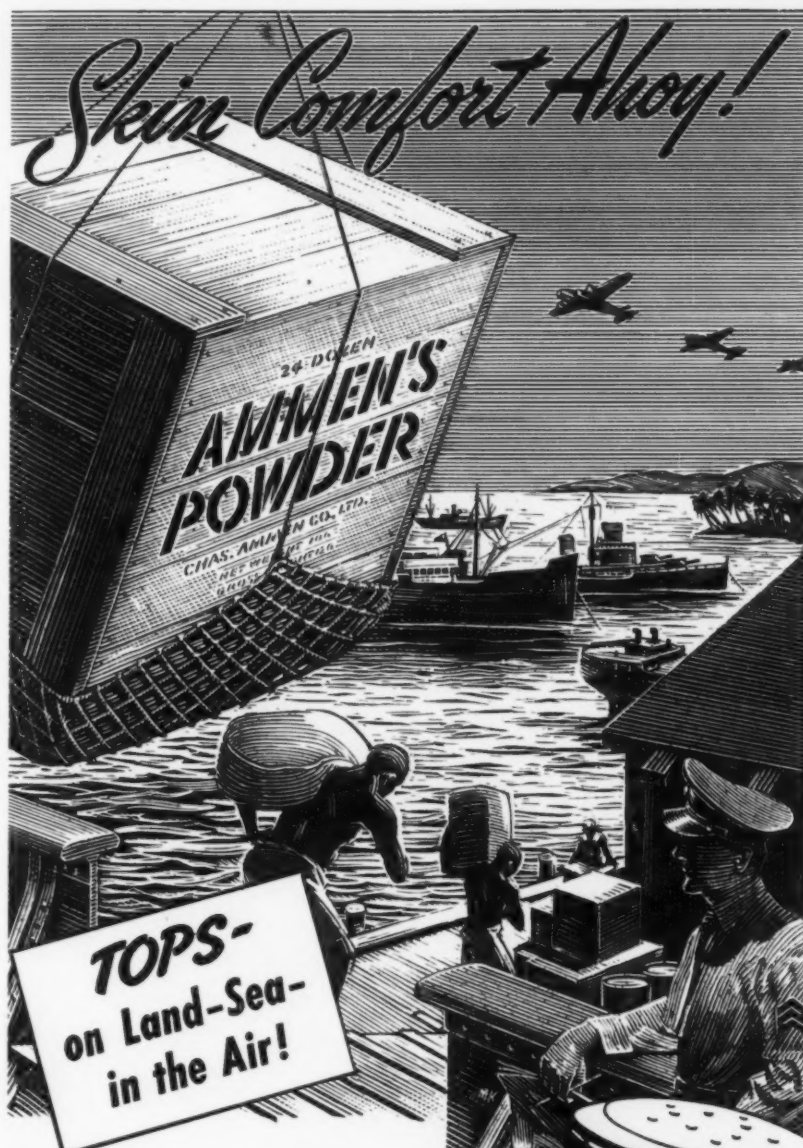
Postpaid with 7 Accessories, \$18.50.

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A popular 3-pounder that has perfect balance. Saves many man hours in constant service. Has enough power to drive a 2½" diam. wheel. 17,000 r.p.m. In case with accessories, \$38.50.

64-PAGE CATALOG—Illustrates and describes complete line of tools and several hundred grinding wheels. Send for copy.

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The Marines have landed! So, of course, have necessary supplies... such as Ammen's Powder for their greater skin comfort and protection. Whether you're on duty in the South Seas or in Alaska, ask at your Post Exchange for Ammen's—the human skin's best friend!

It absorbs moisture yet does not clog the pores. It brings soothing relief to irritated tissues. It protects against bacterial growth! That's why Ammen's, for generations, has been first choice in tropic and arctic regions alike.

ALWAYS ASK FOR AMMEN'S!  
IT'S ABSORBENT—ANALGESIC—ANTISEPTIC



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ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA



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GET IT?

HANDY WAY TO ORDER!

A salute to  
superior  
refreshment

# BALLANTINE BEER

*America's finest since 1840*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

# Leatherneck Lingo

"DOWN the red lead, Gizmo, and knock off the shortstop. You scuttled the seagull and side arms and I had to survey them. The chow never gets by you boots. One of these days you'll feast on punk in the brig until you wise-up."

"Sound off, Asiatic! If you don't get enough chow here, the belly robber will feed you in the galley."

So goes it all over the corps. Marines have a lingo peculiar to the Marine Corps and they use it. A top isn't being salty when he calls the floor the "deck." It



BOON-DOCKERS

just comes natural. To get along with a man you've got to speak his language. The brand new boot may benefit by learning to pronounce a few of the words he may have to use to prove he is eligible to be called a "Leatherneck." The civilian may be a little more at ease when he is able to grasp even a little of what the boy in blues is shooting-the-breeze about. The following list is far from being a complete list of Marine slang but is offered as a helpful starter to those who would converse with a devil-dog.

**ARMORED HEIFER**—Canned milk. Used to thin out the mud.

**ASIATIC**—Used to describe man who has spent many years on Asiatic stations. He generally has a gleam in his eye and at the slightest provocation will tell you at length about his many thrilling experiences. Don't get him mad. Referred to as a man who missed too many boats.

**BATTLE PIN**—Necktie collar pin. Second only to trousers in necessary wearing apparel.

**BELLY ROBBER**—Cook or baker. Usually much abused, but a good fellow.

**BELOW**—In the Marine Corps a man never goes "downstairs." He goes "below."

(Continued on page 143)

YOU KNOW ME!

Call to  
Comfort-  
Jockey  
Underwear

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**MILD SUPPORT**

Jockey wins new friends among service men everywhere. The secret is the mild, masculine support provided by Jockey's patented Y-front construction. Look for "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label.

BUY JOCKEY AT SERVICE STORES-

**COOL OR WARM**

Jockey is cool because its knit fabric absorbs perspiration, dries quickly, and lets the skin breathe. Various leg lengths in cotton and wool mixtures will keep you warm, too.

AT MEN'S WEAR OR DEPT. STORES-

**NO BIND**

Jockey is comfortable because it's tailored to fit. Famous for ending squirming it also ended creep, crawl, bind and chafe that hampers movement. You'll feel better in Jockey.

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It's a cinch to wash Jockey. They need no ironing and the cotton knit fabric dries overnight and returns to body contours. Wash Jockey underwear often and you'll find it lasts longer.

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match.

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Short Midway Over-Knee Long



## TO THE UNITED STATES MARINES

**M**ERE words cannot convey to you our admiration  
of the United States Marines.

You men are gloriously fighting and maintaining  
the tradition of the Corps. We salute you!

We salute you as brother Americans proud of the  
United States Marines—the finest body of fighting men in  
the world.

WE PROUDLY SALUTE THE UNITED  
STATES MARINES.



ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO., INC.

*Service Jewelers since 1895*

24 WEST 40TH ST.

NEW YORK CITY



## Marine Lingo

(Continued from page 141)

**BLANCO**—Khaki powder that comes in cake form. It is applied to packs, cartridge belts and leggings by mixing with water. Inconveniently rubs off on freshly cleaned clothes.

**BLANKET-AND-FRECKLES**—Paper and tobacco for rolling cigarettes.

**BLUES**—The uniform that is the prize possession of every Marine. The collars are high and uncomfortable, but the girls swoon at sight of them; and it's the outfit that makes all mothers proud.

**BOKSOK**—Crazy or amok. From "tagalog," native Philippine dialect.

**BOON DOCKERS**—Not to be confused with Wedgies. They are field shoes weighing roughly 9,000,000 pounds (after a long march).

**BOONDOCKS**—The wild back country. Many Marines are thoroughly familiar with this country and have spent hours cursing about it.

**BOOT**—Marine recruit. Than which there is nothing lower, he thinks. After his training he becomes a full-fledged Marine, than which he then knows there is nothing higher.

**BOOT-CAMP**—Recruit camp. This place makes a man out of a mouse.

**BREW**—Beer, the favorite drink of Marines.

**BRIG**—Prison, the place to keep out of.

**BRIGHTWORK**—Any shiny metal surface. It must really shine.

**BRIG-RAT**—Prisoner.

**BUTTS**—Mound behind which targets are placed on the rifle range as a protection for the men marking the target.

**CANS**—Radio or telegraph earphones.

**CAPTAIN-OF-THE-HEAD**—The individual responsible for the cleanliness of washrooms and latrines. Also known as the head orderly.

**CHARGE-OF-QUARTERS**—Non-com-

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of Hydraulic and Pneumatic Presses,  
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**"33 to 1"**

**the password for refreshment  
in every branch of the service**

It's plain to see how Pabst Blue Ribbon gains such popularity. One man tells another... about its extra-delicious flavor, its refreshing goodness.

How does it get that way? Blending's the answer—a special blending of 33 fine brews makes

each drop smooth and mellow—delicious beyond compare.

So next time, when you're "at ease" in canteen or cafe, treat yourself to the beer that's blended "33 to 1". Enjoy it in the distinctive dress parade bottle.



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**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER**

missioned officer in charge of barracks. A good man for a friend.

**CHARLIE NOBLE**—The smoke pipe from galley aboard ship. A good thing to stay away from.

**CHIN MUSIC**—Talking. Very popular in the Marine Corps.

**CHOW**—Food.

**CHOW-HOUND**—Man who eats a lot. This man is generally the first in the mess hall. A quiet type, he grabs everything in sight until strongly suggestive glances from the mess sergeant inform him that everyone else has gone. He'll return shortly.

**C. O.**—The Commanding Officer. Usually referred to as "the best guy in the world" or "military as hell, but he plays fair." (Also known as "the old man.")

**COLLISION-MATS**—Pancakes. So-called because they are about the size and consistency of the mats hung over the side of a boat or ship for protection in docking or coming alongside another.

**COMBAT PACK**—Light pack with bare field necessities.

**CORKING OFF**—Taking it easy; resting or sleeping. Swell pastime, but don't get caught at it.

**C. P.**—Command Post, in the field.

**CROW**—Naval Chief Petty Officer's Eagle, at the top of his insignia.

**CUB**—A lesser character who has never been across the Arctic Circle.

**DECK**—Any floor.

**DECK-APE**—A man who sweeps and swabs the floor.

**D. I.**—Drill instructor. A hard character, a good Marine, and a fine man to have on your side when the trouble starts.

**DING HAU**—Chinese word meaning: "All right" or "O. K."

**DITTY-BOX**—Small box used by men at sea for stowing treasured and necessary articles of small size—like pictures of your girl.

**DOG-FACE**—A soldier.

**DOG-IT-DOWN**—"Tie it down" or "Rope it off."



**SOLDERS  
FOR EVERY  
PURPOSE**

The Gardiner Line of solders has a nation-wide reputation for quality and uniformity. This complete line includes Flux-Filled Solders, both acid and rosin core; Solid Wire Solders in gauges down to 1/32 of an inch; Bar Solders of various alloys; Babbitts, Casting, Dipping Metals, etc.



— S. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**THE LEATHERNECK**

DOC—Name applied to Navy corpsmen. These are the fellows who give the shots, handle minor repairs and, all in all, give a Marine a good going over.

DOPE—Any kind of information.

DOWN—To pass. "Down the meat."

DUNGAREES—Work clothes.

EAR-BANGER—A "yes" man. Man who goes out of his way to put himself in a good light with higher-ups.

EIGHTBALL—Man who is slow on the pick-up. So-called because the man behind him is always running into him, thus causing confusion to all.

FAN TAIL—Stern of a ship.

FEATHER MERCHANT — A little man who goes around saying: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

FI-FI—Girl friend.

FIELD DAY—Day given over to cleaning barracks or ship. Usually the day before a general inspection. Good day to have something else very important to do.

FIELD SCARF—Necktie.

FISH-EYES—Tapioca.

FORTY-EIGHT—Two-day leave. seldom heard of these days, but always a great occasion.

FORWARD—Ahead.

FOULED UP — Mixed up, confused. Among Marines, anything that is not exactly the way it should be is FOULED UP.

FOXTAIL—A small hand dust brush. Used for cleaning inaccessible places.

GALLEY—Kitchen.

GEAR—Stuff. Clothing or equipment of any nature is gear. "Shaving gear," "Shining gear," etc.

G. I.—Government issue.

GIZMO—When you need a word for something in a hurry, and can't think of one, it's a GIZMO.

GLOMS—Hands.

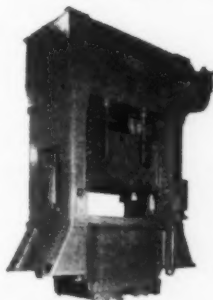
GOLD BRICK—To dodge work. A very unhealthy practice if one would insure soundness of body and a good fitness report.

## Our HATS OFF to the MARINES on their 167th BIRTHDAY

*He told the General about* **Fidelitone**  
PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES

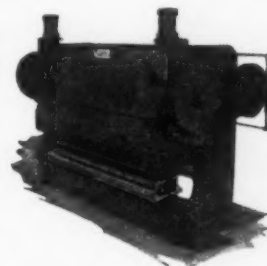


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NO MESSY PASTE OR LIQUIDS • NO ODORS AND THE SHINE LASTS

Some people buy polish, abrasives and soap  
To make things shine is their fond hope  
Now I'm not one to preach and brag  
But—to make things sparkle, use "GLAD RAG."

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**WAUREGAN-QUINEBAUG MILLS, Inc.**

Makers of

**Marine Corps Oxford Shirts**

## "Tiddiwink" Brown... Girl-about-town



"He had '5 o'clock Shadow,' Mabel—but I was the one who was stuck with it."



*Avoid  
'5 o'clock Shadow'*



• For a handsome reproduction of "Tiddiwink" Brown, write to Gem Blades, Dept. GTL5, 315 Jay Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. •

**GOLDFISH**—Canned salmon.  
**GONE ASHORE**—Gone on "Liberty." Used enviously by mates to identify whereabouts of man with leave.  
**GO-TO-HELL HAT**—Garrison cap. Also known as overseas cap and fore and aft hat.  
**GRAB-BY-THE-STACKING-SWIVEL**—To grab near the neck. The expression usually immediately precedes the action.  
**GRASS**—Salad. Also known as rabbit food.  
**GREENS** — Winter service uniform. Comfortable in cool or cold weather, but hell in the heat.  
**GRIFFIN**—Man of duty in Asiatics less than a year. (Just a boy!)  
**GUNNY**—Gunnery Sergeant. A twenty minute egg, but a good one.  
**HAMMOCK**—Any bunk aboard ship.  
**HAND**—A man. Plural: "hands."  
**HASHMARK**—Service stripe; one for every four years of service. Highly prized and envied. Also known as bean stripe.  
**HEAD**—Latrine. In civil life, "The little boys' room."  
**HIT-THE-DECK!**—Get ready for action. Tough proposition.  
**HIT-TH-SACK!**—To go to bed. No trouble at all.  
**HONEY-CART** — Garbage wagon or barge.  
**HOUSEWIFE** — Sewing kit. Invaluable little set of needles, thread, scissors and other accessories necessary for minor repairs.

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### Since 1848

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IRON KELLY — Steel helmet. Occasionally used as a bucket and general utility container. Also tin derby.

KHAKIS — Summer service uniform. Very comfortable in mild climates. Seldom worn, but is usually regulation where weather is warm.

KNOCK-IT-OFF! — "Quit whatever you're doing. Right now."

KNOT-HEAD — A not very clever character, slow on the up-take.



ASIATIC

KNUCKLEHEAD — The same, only worse.

LIBERTY — Service word for "leave from duty." Becoming increasingly obsolete in the Marine Corps.

LIBERTY HOUND — This guy has gone when liberty call sounds and isn't heard from again until liberty is up; but he gripes because he doesn't get enough.

LIGHTING THE SMOKING LAMP — Smoking is permitted; when smoking is to be discontinued, the expression is "Douse the smoking lamp."

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With Your Drink

**LANCE**  
INC.

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AMONG fighting men everywhere...at the great stations, posts and camps...you'll find that DOMINO Cigarettes are becoming more and more popular. One good way to discover the reason why is to GET TO KNOW DOMINO yourself.

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# SALUTE

to the  
Gallant Defenders of  
Wake Island  
**The U. S. Marine Corps**  
on their  
167th Anniversary



The McCormick Sales Company  
Baltimore, Md.

MAC—Any Marine. But watch how you say it, and to whom.

MAGGIE'S DRAWERS — Red flag used on the rifle range to indicate a miss on the target. Object of much derision.

MUSTANG — Officer who came up through the ranks. None better.

ON THE DOUBLE—In a hurry. Typical of Marine Corps action.

OVER-THE-HILL—Deserted. To be avoided at all costs; the penalty is fatal. Also, over the side.

PILL ROLLER — Naval Pharmacist's Mate.

POGIE BAIT—Candy or sweets.

POLICE DUTY—Daily cleaning or other necessary work.

RIP HO—Drill instructor's contraction of the command "To the Rear, March!"

SCIVVIES — Underwear. Strictly a G. I. idea.

SCUTTLEBUTT — Underground gossip. Originated from the custom aboard ship of gathering around the drinking fountain (scuttlebutt) and talking over

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All of our products are:  
Designed by our own Engineers,  
Manufactured in our own Plants,  
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GREETINGS  
AND  
CONGRATULATIONS

to the  
UNITED STATES MARINES  
on their  
167th Birthday

★

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COMPANY

2300 W. Logan Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

*Good Luck  
Marines*  
**WE ARE BEHIND  
YOU  
Leathernecks**  
OUR MACHINES AND  
MEN ARE PRODUCING  
MATERIALS YOU  
NEED TO WIN THE  
FIGHT  
**F. H. NOBLE & CO.**  
**CHICAGO**

Best Wishes on 167th Anniversary to  
The Marines in the Islands  
from

The Dunedin Marines,  
Donald Roebling, Inventor,  
and  
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THE ALLIGATOR

To the Oldest Body of  
Fighting Men in the  
United States

THE LEATHERNECKS

Our Best Wishes

★

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INC.

701 N. Western Ave. Chicago, Ill.

THE LEATHERNECK

things. Different from rumor in that the facts are usually correct.

SCUTTLE—To leave anything in bad shape. To take all but a small portion of food so the next man will have to survey it.

SEA-BAG—Clothing bag issued every Marine. Although the bag is comparatively small and can be carried by hand, a good Marine can easily accommodate a trunk full of gear in his sea-bag.

SEA DADDY—Older man who takes a recruit in hand and teaches him.

SEA DUST—Salt.

SEA-GOING TURKEY—Fish. Friday fare.

SEAGULL—Chicken. Sunday fare and a swell meal.

SEGOONYA—Chinese for "Woman."

SEVENTY-TWO — Three-day leave. Another obsolete expression about which many dreams are woven.

SKYLARKING — Fooling around. Wrestling or boxing in the barracks when there's work to be done.

SHIPS OVER — Re-enlists. Every four years an habitual Marine ships over. Occasion for celebration.

SHOHIZA—Chinese for "small boy," "young punk." Also: shohi.

SHOOTING-THE-BREEZE — Talking things over.

SHOVE OFF—Scram, beat it.

SICK BAY—Hospital.

SLOPCHUTE—Beer joint or other place that serves drinks.

SLUM—Stew, a concoction that keeps you guessing, but good.

SMOKE-BLOWER—Modified form of ear-banger. Puts out what he believes to be well placed compliments. They generally fall on deaf ears.

SMOKESTACKING—A tiresome guy who pretends to be drunk in the barracks after passing the sentry as quiet as a mouse. He doesn't last.

SNAP-IN—Practice for almost anything. Comes from rifle range custom of practice shooting before actually firing.

## Devil-Dog Leathernecks

AGAIN and again the Marines will land and take the situation in hand.

And don't forget, Buddy, there are a lot of ex-Marines who would give their right arm to be right up front with you, but who now are serving on the home front in many unseen ways.

Here in Racine an old-timer from Belleau Woods is busy making reel carts and other equipment for your use and hopes it will reach you on time.



*"If the Army and Navy ever  
look on heaven's scenes  
They will find the streets are  
guarded by United States  
Marines."*

O. T. JACOBSEN,  
Ex-Sgt., 78th Co., 6th Marines,  
A. E. F.

JACOBSEN MANUFACTURING  
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## TO THE MARINES!

Our Prayers  
and Best Wishes  
Are With You At  
All Times.

THE VERPLEX COMPANY  
ESSEX, CONN.

*Why Take a Chance?*  
Pasteurized Milk  
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*Delivery in Quantico, Virginia*

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Hoppe's No. 9 Solvent is an efficient soldier's pal. It will discover and completely remove all traces of primer residue, powder soot, metal fouling and rust. It prevents rust. Save time and labor. Your PX Store sells it so give it a good trial. Write for "Gun Cleaning Guide" FREE.



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2305 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## We Salute the Marines, The Finest Body of Fighting Men In The World

On many far flung battle fronts, MM tractors and machines are fighting in one field and producing food in another. On the home front MM is helping to produce more food and fibre with less farm help. The MM dealer organization is performing an outstanding vital job with their Special Servicing Program aimed to keep all makes of farm machinery Mobilized for Victory and on the job producing essential foods at top operating efficiency. Besides this, they have made their place of business a Headquarters for the National Scrap Harvest to feed the Industrial War Plants.

Minneapolis-Moline pledges the entire resources of equipment and experience in its four large plants into producing the finest in material and manufacture for the men of our Services who are privileged to bring a final Victory for Uncle Sam.

We are behind the boys in the Service 100% and are backing them by Buying War Bonds, Increasing Production and all other ways possible.



**MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE**  
POWER IMPLEMENT COMPANY  
FARM EQUIPMENT



## Stage Door Canteen

WASHINGTON'S answer to New York's famed Stage Door Canteen got off to a bang-up start the weekend of October 3rd with an estimated attendance of 15,000. Evening before the official opening, Washington's 400 had their only chance to see the inside in some role other than that of busboys or waitresses.

The preview took the form of an old-fashioned pound party, to which were admitted only those civilians carrying food, drink, or the required two bucks (or reasonable facsimile). We saw several bundles of groceries there any gyrene would be glad to have in his pantry, with or without mink coat wrapper. Service men were supposed to be admitted by special invite only, but the uniform-crazed sponsors threw open the doors, and the ceiling was the limit. The long-darkened Shubert-Belasco theatre, which houses the new enterprise, never had a tighter-packed crowd. You not only rubbed elbows with celebs and socialites; you locked bumpers.

Backstage was once again alive with theatre greats and near-greats: Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, Irving Berlin and his "This Is The Army" boys. Entertainers from all branches of show business were on hand, making a cast any producer would give his partner's right arm to have under contract. Connie Boswell sang "I Can't Give . . ." Connie Moore left "By Jupiter" for one night to wind up "Between the Devil . . ." Also on deck were Bette Davis and a guest list that made the Blue Book look pale pink.

The surprise appearance of Jackie Cooper won two ovations: first for his really hep jam session behind the drums with Sam Jack Kaufman's band, second when the M. C. announced that Jackie was on his way into the Air Corps.

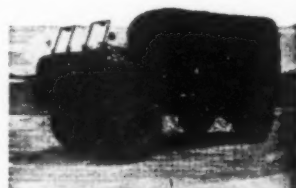
Bert Lytell, president of Actors' Equity, handled the M. C. business until late in the evening when Walter O'Keefe took over.

Nobody had much chance to do more than estimate figures on opening night. The jam was terrific, especially when Bette Davis started dealing out cigarette packs like "deuces wild" hands. Draped in aprons, towels over arms, the waiters included Donald Nelson, War Production Boss, and Paul V. McNutt, Manpower Commission Chief.

Entertainment was continuous, with 8 dance bands furnishing background for stellar acts. After the brawl was over, Helen Hayes was seen limping backstage, caressing her stockinged tootsies with the famous Hayes dramatic technique. To your reporter she admitted, "I've had an unfortunate encounter with a Marine jitter-bug—and he won!"

## WITH THE COLORS for the Duration

Just as they served with the AEF nearly a quarter century ago, FWD four-wheel-drive trucks today are again serving with the colors of the Allied Nations. On every battlefield and on the home front, FWD trucks are doing their part to speed victory for the Allies.



One of a fleet of FWD trucks serving with the United States Marine Corps.

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WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

THE LEATHERNECK

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## In MARINE PHARMACIES

the most widely used brand of Essential Oils is

# M M & R ESSENTIAL OILS



## MAGNUS, MABEE & REYNARD, INC.

Quality Essential Oils, Balsams, Perfume & Flavor Oils—Since 1895

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*Keep the Situation Well in Hand, Marines!*

**BIRMINGHAM DAIRY**  
MANASSAS VIRGINIA

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Salute to the Marines

★

## VIRGINIA WOOLEN COMPANY

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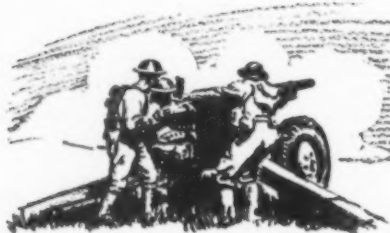
WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

## DIS-MISSED!

**T**HE Marine Corps celebrates its 167th anniversary with our nation involved in a great war.

The Corps has celebrated other birthdays with its men fighting on many fronts but this anniversary finds us a decisive factor in the grimmest war in history.

It is well for every Marine to pause briefly and review deeds of Marines since 1775. They are many. From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli, from Belleau Wood to the Sands of Wake, the life blood of Marines has been



spilled many times to protect the nation by gallant men fired with a firm belief in our ideals, our government, our way of life.

Already in this war the Marines of Baatan and Corregidor, of Wake and Midway Islands and the great offensive spirit of our comrades in the Solomon Islands have proved worthy of the Corps' long-founded lofty traditions.

We can do no more than follow their lead, writing new and more glorious pages to our long history in the months and years to come. Every Marine today—from the newest recruit to the saltiest sergeant—can be proud he is a Marine, proud that the globe and anchor still dominates in the western hemisphere.

He can be proud of his corps' history, his comrades, his leaders. He can count on inscribing new deeds into our annals that will thrill the hearts of 130 million free Americans.

He can say with pride—"I am a United States Marine."

**SEMPER FIDELIS.**

### PICTURE CREDITS

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## ONLY HOW MANY DAYS BEFORE PEACE ON EARTH?

**Y**OU hashmark hands, old China Marines, and a few salty boots may have noticed that in this, the largest issue of THE LEATHERNECK ever published, we have a lot of everything except one of our oldest features—the Gazette. With our new circulation record at 105,000, making us the world's largest military magazine, something had to give way somewhere. Promotions are coming so thick and fast, delivery of your magazine has been slowed down so by priorities and the widespread scope of Corps activities, that listing of some ratings was made even after the man had jumped to still another pay grade. There's no percentage in taking up space with stale news—so along with civilian clothes and 10-day furloughs, the Gazette must regretfully be shelved for the duration.

Besides, in the new Marine Corps the Gazette had just about outlived its usefulness. At its peacetime strength, the Corps was more or less one big happy family, where everyone knew everyone else. The addition of close to 180,000 new Marines in less than a year has shattered that family circle. We're still a unit, the finest fighting unit in the world. But Corps organization has become so complex that only a very few men besides the Commandant can do more than concentrate on the immediate job at hand. When that job is done, and the full story of the modern Marine Corps is made clear to all of us, we can take extra pride in recognizing buddies' names again in lists of awards, promotions, even casualties.

It's too bad, in a way, that the old Marine Corps spirit has had to take a back seat. Remember the days when no two Marines ever met without speaking? Might be a good idea not to lose that custom. Might also be a good idea to get acquainted with the uniforms, equipment, and customs of other branches of the service besides your own. The winning soldier today should be able to fit into any one of a dozen outfits. And there's always the possibility of a transfer.

The Marines have been grabbing more than their share of newsspace this month, what with combat correspondence, Christmas shopping lists, and plain and fancy heroism in the line of duty. A list of citations and awards for bravery already won by Marines in this war would look almost as long as the Gazette.

And speaking of Christmas shopping—which your folks should have already done and in the mails for you—you can now do your own shopping in N. Y. or L. A., even if you're stationed in New Caledonia, thanks to a new service recently opened by the patriotic and comparatively idle-handed society ladies of New York. If you've been spending long hours on watch in deciding just what you'd send the O-a-O if you ever draw that pay and rated liberty, stand at ease, mate, turn your problem over to the Shopping Service for Armed Forces and have the job done by veterans of many a fire sale and bargain basement shambles. Just write to the Volunteer Shopping Service, Navy League Center, 640 Madison Avenue, New York City, enclose the amount of dough you want to spend, describe as closely as possible your idea of the perfect present, enclose personal card or message. That's all there is to it—simple as changing into dungarees.

Of course, you can buy things for yourself, too, if you're P.O. at the PX. And the ladies in charge assure us that if you're in New York they'll be glad to send a shopper along with you. So there's no excuse for getting clipped, except by preference. They'll handle anything from a ten cent order up. As Mrs. John Jacob Astor wrote over her swank, sincere signature—"You Keep 'em Flying, We'll Do Your Buying." Pretty classy, we call it.

## ANSWERS TO LEATHERNECK NEWS QUIZ

- |                          |                                     |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Mussolini             | 34. Tojo                            | 66. China         |
| 2. Churchill             | 35. Quisling                        | 67. Iran          |
| 3. Hirohito              | 36. USS Houston                     | 68. Greece        |
| 4. Gandhi                | 37. USS Yorktown                    | 69. Mexico        |
| 5. Chiang Kai-Shek       | 38. Adm. Graf Spee                  | 70. Brazil        |
| 6. Laval                 | 39. USS Lexington                   | 71. Egypt         |
| 7. Wendell Willkie       | 40. USS Blue                        | 72. Syria         |
| 8. Goebbels              | 41. USS Arizona                     | 73. Panama        |
| 9. Stalin                | 42. HMS Hood                        | 74. New Zealand   |
| 10. Mikhailovich         | 43. USS Iowa                        | 75. Pearl Harbor  |
| 11. Leon Henderson       | 44. FBY Catalina                    | 76. Thailand      |
| 12. Henry J. Kaiser      | 45. TBF-3, Grumman Avenger          | 77. Manchukuo     |
| 13. Elmer Davis          | 46. B-24 Liberator                  | 78. Burma         |
| 14. Donald Nelson        | 47. B-17 Flying Fortress            | 79. Singapore     |
| 15. Wm. M. Jeffers       | 48. P-39 Airacobra                  | 80. Port Moresby  |
| 16. Queen Wilhelmina     | 49. XP4U-1, Vought-Sikorsky Corsair | 81. Guam          |
| 17. Oveta Culp Hobby     | 50. P-38 Lightning                  | 82. Wake Island   |
| 18. Teresa Wright        | 51. P-47 Thunderbolt                | 83. Midway Island |
| 19. Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek | 52. Malta                           | 84. Aleutians     |
| 20. Queen Elizabeth      | 53. Gibraltar                       | 85. Vladivostok   |
| 21. Gen. Marshall        | 54. Tobruk                          | 86. New Caledonia |
| 22. Gen. MacArthur       | 55. Dakar                           | 87. Chungking     |
| 23. Gen. Eisenhower      | 56. Eritrea (Massana)               | 88. Tokyo         |
| 24. Gen. Chennault       | 57. Suez                            | 89. Crete         |
| 25. Gen. Stillwell       | 58. Yiddie                          | 90. Madagascar    |
| 26. Admiral Leahy        | 59. Dieppe                          | 91. New Guinea    |
| 27. Admiral King         | 60. Sevastopol                      | 92. Ireland       |
| 28. Admiral Nimitz       | 61. Stalingrad                      | 93. England       |
| 29. Admiral Ghormley     | 62. Belfast                         | 94. Ceylon        |
| 30. Gen. Vandegrift      | 63. Vichy                           | 95. Iceland       |
| 31. Rommel               | 64. Caucasus                        | 96. Luzon         |
| 32. Von Bock             | 65. USSR (Russia)                   | 97. Australia     |
| 33. Yamashita            |                                     | 98. Oahu          |
|                          |                                     | 99. Honshu        |
|                          |                                     | 100. Newfoundland |

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# THE Leatherneck

## NEWS QUIZ SUPPLEMENT

This quiz shows you 100 faces, flags and places that have been in the public eye, ear and hair for over a year now. To find out whether your friends know what all the shootin's about, get them to light in on these headliners and see how many they can identify. All of them have had prominent spots in newsreels, front pages,

leading magazines. To score, it's either bull's-eye or Maggie's drawers; near misses don't count. Experts should make at least 90; sharpshooters score from 75-89; you need at least 60 to rate as marksman. Below 60 isn't qualifying; better start reading GIST and keeping up with the rest of the world. (Answers will be found on page 132.)

### NAMES MAKE NEWS

*These world leaders, representing 10 great powers, have been responsible for most of 1942's headlines.*



Ex-chest-thumper, pal of chesty Gestapo blonde, still wants to lead victory march.



His familiar bowler hat and cigar have led the British through their darkest days.



The Son of Heaven whose honorable yellow sons are raising hell in Asia & Pacific.



Brig time, self-imposed P. and P., gives him more hate for England than love for India.



George Washington of the new Chinese Republic which was 31 years old on Oct. 10.



Best hated man in France. Hitler pulls strings on this double-dealing puppet leader.



His '42 goodwill tour of United capitals was more successful than '40 tour of U. S. A.



The vindictive club-footed little man who spits poison halfway around the globe.



Russia's man of steel whose formidable army has held Nazis at bay.



This dark, almost unknown face lights the way for over 200,000 Yugoslav guerrillas.

### NEWS MAKES NAMES

*The war brought these 5 U. S. businessmen, who look enough alike to be brothers, into National prominence.*



He's the "nasty" man responsible for price ceilings, gas rationing, no more picnics.



Superman of ocean transportation. His workers build 10-day ships, "flying boxcars."



His OWI tells you all the news safe for you to know—if the Army and Navy permits.



WP Boss currently after enough scrap metal, rubber, fats to give Japs the works.



The new rubber czar, former head of UP. Admits knowing nothing about rubber.



## TO KEEP THE BATTLE MACHINES SLUGGING

**Harvester Men Form Maintenance Battalion To Serve The Battle Line**

**F**IGHTING MACHINES, like soldiers, suffer battle casualties. Tanks, trucks, tractors, and guns immobilized in combat are useless until repaired.

The men who repair the wounded machines in swiftly-moving armored warfare may tip the scale to victory. Maintenance in the wake of battle calls for soldiers who can grind a valve or handle a tough welding job—men with whom mechanics is second nature.

Army Ordnance, in its quest for men to operate its mobile front-line machine shops, came to International Harvester and suggested the formation of a battalion of mechanical specialists from among Harvester's employees and dealers. Harvester tackled the recruiting

job and assumed the expense. Within two weeks the enlistment quota was passed. Now this new maintenance battalion is part of another armored division.

From dealers' shops all over the United States, from Harvester factories and service stations, came mechanics skilled in the building and servicing of machines. They volunteered eagerly to go to the front lines to keep the combat equipment on the field of action.

They will serve with the first such battalion formed from the manpower of a single company. Harvester takes the greatest pride in the speed and enthusiasm with which these hundreds of men volunteered; and in the apti-

tude of the men now in field training, reported to us by the regular Army officers in command. They are worthy comrades of the 5000 Harvester men who preceded them into military service.

American mechanics are the world's best. They come from the factories, shops and service stations of America—free men—builders of a free land. The Army needs 100,000 more of these men, to be enlisted in many similar maintenance units. Their skills are among our greatest assets in keeping the battle machines slugging for Victory.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY  
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

# INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

## TWO QUEENS, THREE ACES

More than any other, this is a war of women. These five ladies set shining examples to the women of the world.



From exile in Canada she rules the scattered remnants of empire.



Directing the WAAC is more than a hobby to this Texan.



Hollywood's fastest rising starlet. Remember her as Mrs. Gehrig?



A truly "international lady." One of Orient's "Three Little Sisters."



Washington Marines stood guard for this gracious lady.

## OUR FIGHTING LEADERS

These men command far-flung battle forces on a dozen fronts for the United States.



Capable Chief of Staff, U. S. Army, likely Allied leader.



The war's most highly publicized hero, led Bataan defense.



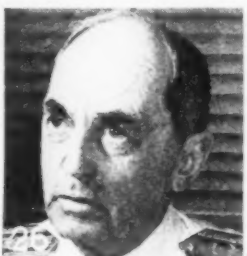
In charge of U. S. forces preparing for invasion of Europe.



Famed leader of Flying Tigers, rocked Japs in China.



"Uncle Joe," miracle man of Burma, our link with the Chinese.



Former Ambassador to Vichy, now FDR's personal Naval advisor.



Cominch of U. S. N., with 1½-ocean navy on 3 oceans.



Chinese say there are "no limits" to this Admiral's effectiveness.



Vice - Admiral in charge at New Zealand.



Brigadier - General, USMC, in charge of Marines in Solomons.

## THESE ARE THE ENEMY

If you sight in on any of these, don't take too long squeezing off. They're pests in eight different languages.



The Desert Fox, who has yet to reach his goal—the Suez.



Nazi leader at Stalin-grad, rumored on outs with Hitler.



Nippon's best general, conqueror of Malaya and Bataan.



War premier who engineered Japan's suicidal bid for empire.



Norwegian whose name is given to all who sell out to Nazis.

## FIVE OCEAN WAR



36

Ships are headline personalities, too. These eight warships may be remembered even longer than their commanders. No. 36 is the first U. S. cruiser sunk, lost off Java.



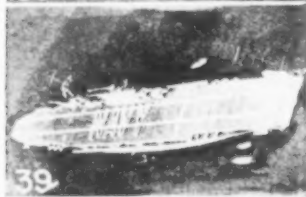
37

News of this ship's loss was held up for months by Navy censors, although Japs claimed from first to have sunk her off Midway. Name was that of final American victory in Revolutionary war.



38

Crippling of this German pocket battleship off So. America, and subsequent scuttling in Montevideo harbor was among war's early naval action.



39

First big U. S. carrier loss, sunk in Coral Sea action by Jap planes. New carrier bearing same name has already been launched.



40

This destroyer, converted into transport for Marine Raider units, was lost early in landing operations in Solomons. Both her name and career were colorful.



41

Our biggest announced naval casualty destroyed by Jap bomb dropped down funnel at Pearl Harbor. Only U. S. battleship officially declared sunk so far.



42

This dreadnaught, once pride of British fleet, was sunk by lucky shot in the magazine from the German raider "Bismarck," at a distance of 15 miles.



43

Latest launched U. S. battleship, to be world's largest dreadnaught when finally commissioned. Named for midwest state, it may be last of its type.

## AIR POWER WINS

Types of planes have been hotly discussed, widely illustrated. Here are 8 outstanding U. S. models. (Either popular name or official number will count as identification.) No. 44 has served as Navy patrol bomber from Iceland to Wake and New Guinea.



The Marine's latest carrier-based torpedo bomber, an important factor in U. S. victories from Midway to the Solomons. An adaptation of the old "Wildcat," its name indicates use to which it will be put.



Hard to recognize on the ground, these split tail giant bombers and transports have wrecked Axis Mediterranean supply lines, flown United leaders and material around the world and back.



46

Considered the best all-around plane type, these American-made giants have come to be known and feared (when they come low enough to be recognized) by Axis forces on all fronts.



Even more death dealing than its deadly namesake, this fighter plane has seen action on Russian, British, Pacific fronts, is most effective at 15,000 feet.



48

This gull-winged model marks a new departure in carrier plane design, has proved highly effective in Pacific dogfights, notably at Midway. Rakish appearance is reflected in its name.



Familiar figure in aviation ad and illustrations is this unmistakable model, whose outstanding speed and fire power earned its name in action over Aleutians and Britain.



White hope of United fighters is this latest-model highly-publicized number, which on paper can outfly all existing fighters, has yet to be tested in large scale combat.



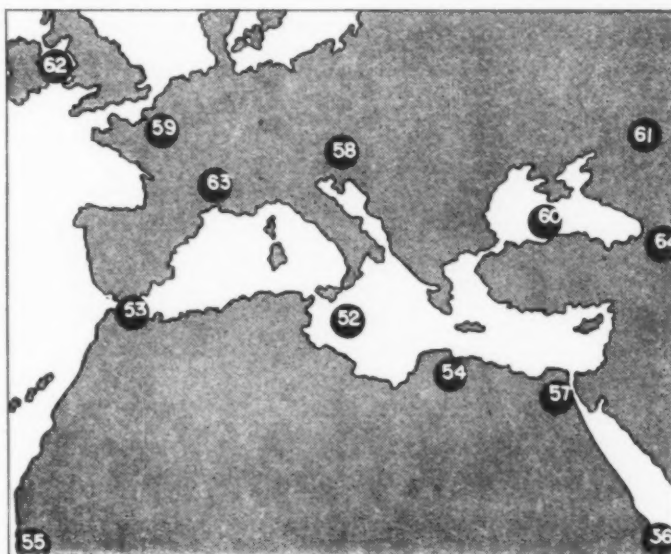
51

THE LEATHERNECK

## HITLER'S PADDED CELL

Test your knowledge about what, loosely, is called the "European theater of the war."

52. This mid-Mediterranean island fortress, most heavily bombed spot of the entire warfront, still blocks Axis supply lines.
53. "The Rock," Britain's fortress guarding best entrance to Mediterranean, may soon be base for second front activities through Spain and Morocco.
59. Super-Commando raid here was costly for both sides. British, Canadians, American Rangers suffered 50 per cent casualties. Luftwaffe lost one-third of its planes on Western Front.
60. Big USSR naval base in Crimea, scene of bloody siege in Spring, preview of late Russian street-by-street resistance.



54. This once-sleepy Libyan seaport has twice been besieged. First time, Anzac troops held out for months, were finally relieved. Axis later captured 25,000 colonial troops there, still hold it despite terrific bombings.

61. Russia's "City of Steel" on the Volga, uncaptured after seven weeks of continuous assault by the pick of Hitler's Wehrmacht. Perhaps the crucial battle of the war.

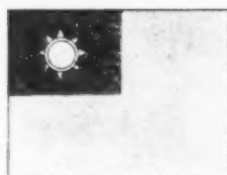
55. This Vichy port, take-off base for shortest hop across Atlantic, has already been attacked by British once, may be scene of another United "clean-up" campaign like Madagascar.
56. U. S. troops based here maintain supply repair depot backing up Egypt, Suez, Mid-East fronts, protect sea lanes to India and Iran.
57. The Canal, as vital to England's navy as Panama is to ours.
58. The name of this Czechoslovakian village, wiped out in Gestapo reprisals, lives on as a symbol of undying resistance to Axis tyranny.
62. Capital city of Ulster in North Ireland, where U. S. troops have been stoned, bombed, shot and knifed by English-hating native patriots.
63. Capital city of the "New Order" in France, where Berlin-inspired puppet leaders order beaten Frenchmen into labor slavery in German fields and factories.
64. Oil-rich mountainous regions between the Black and Caspian Seas which Hitler is moving heaven and earth to capture in time to replenish his mechanized army's vital oil supply.

## FRIENDLY FLAGS

Gyrenes may be seeing service in all of the countries over which these flags wave.



Hitler's attack on this new power gave U. S. a year's grace.



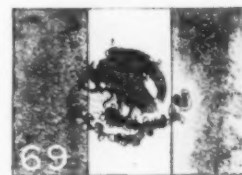
Japan has tried 11 years to subdue this nation with small success.



Once named Persia, this land guards Caucasian supply routes.



Famished heroes die like flies here amid ancient glories.



Marines once fought this closest Good Neighbor, now United.



## CHOCOLATE IS A *Fighting* FOOD !

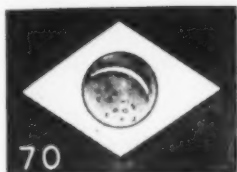
Maximum nourishment with minimum bulk has been the objective of the U. S. Army in selecting the food for our fighting men.

That is why the chocolate bar has come into its own on every fighting front of the war. For there is more quick energy packed into the familiar chocolate bar than is contained in many recommended energy foods. It has become one of the answers to the problem of keeping the soldier sup-

plied with food in modern, high-speed, mobile warfare. In fact, today the important Type D Army Emergency Ration for use under extreme field conditions is a chocolate bar.

Delicious, nutritious and compact—chocolate is everybody's favorite, whether on the fighting front as an energy food, or when off duty, as a quick pick-me-up. You'll find Nestle's Chocolate Bars in the familiar Nestle's wrapper wherever chocolate is sold.





70. Latest So. American war entrant brings U. S. rubber, ore, bases.



71. Here U. S. troops help guard Suez, take trips to pyramids.



72. U. S. troops guard Mid-East oil in once-French land.



73. This nation has ceded rights to maintain vital U. S. canal.



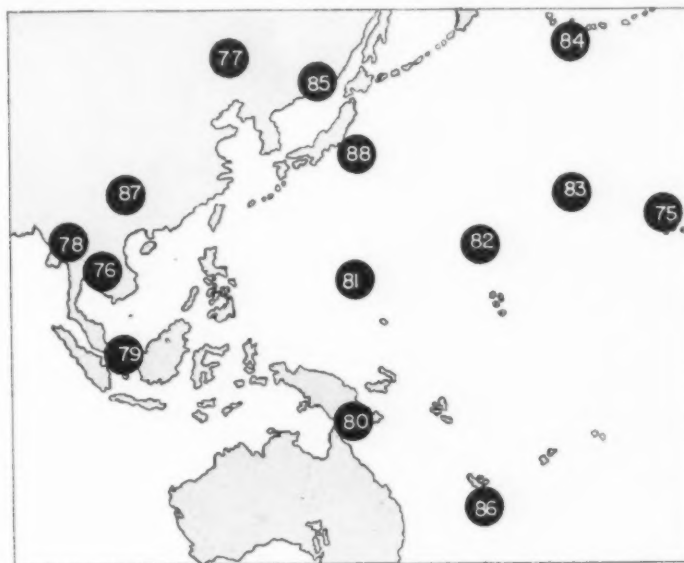
74. British Dominion of two small South Pacific islands.

## HIROHITO'S BOOBY-HATCH

*Events in the cage of islands Japan has built around her "empire" brought strange names to headlines. How many do you remember?*

- 75. Giant U. S. naval base in Hawaiian Islands, whose name is symbol of Jap treachery and U. S. unpreparedness.
- 76. Nation formerly known as Siam, satellite of Japan, whose declaration of war on U. S. was like a flea-bite after an amputation.
- 77. Territory grabbed from China early in 1930, now a Jap puppet-state where troops are massed to invade Siberia.
- 82. Mid-Pacific island where last-ditch defense by U. S. Marines, some now prisoners in Japan, wrote epic tale of heroism.
- 83. At present, our furthest outpost in Central Pacific, scene of stunning defeat for Jap naval forces.
- 84. These long-neglected cloud-shrouded group of islands now looms as danger spot to both Nippon and U. S. Japs still have toe-hold here, but U. S. forces are taking over.

78. Former British colony from which supplies were sent over mountain road to China. Native 5th column here made successful Jap invasion a cinch.



85. Siberian seaport and submarine base which has expected Jap stab for months now.

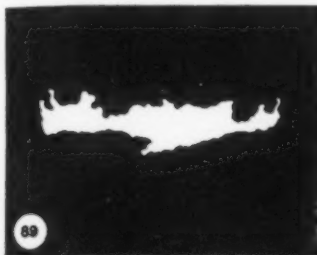
- 79. Once "impregnable" British naval fortress captured by Jap land forces with appalling ease.
- 80. Port and air base in New Guinea which Japs have tried desperately to wipe out, first by blitz bombing, then by overland jungle invasion.
- 81. Unfortified U. S. possession snatched by Japs in first days of war.
- 86. This "Fighting French" island between Australia and Samoa occupied by U. S. troops training for further invasion of Jap Pacific Empire.
- 87. Capital city of Chiang Kai-Shek's territory, formerly daily bombing target for Japs, now airbase from which U. S. Army planes are raining destruction on Tojo's little helpers.
- 88. Bombing of this capital city and adjoining industrial suburbs would ruin a lot of cherry trees and make the best news since Guadalcanal.

*A Salute to "MEN OF ACTION"*  
THE U.S. MARINES  
*From the* GIRLS OF REPUBLIC

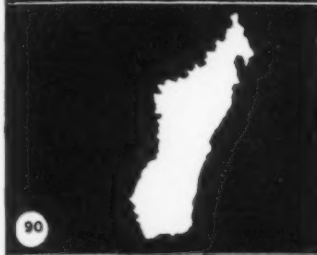


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# THIS IS A WAR OF ISLANDS



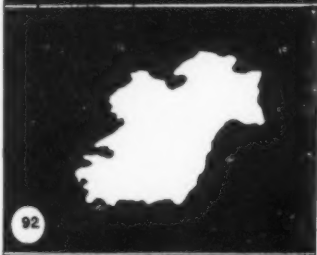
Nazis used paratroop and glider technique in wresting this Mediterranean base from British. Next to Dunkirk and Singapore, it was biggest single defeat of the war for England.



This large island off South Africa, dominating sea lanes to Egypt, Caucasians, India, Australia was recently secured from Vichy-Axis forces by British Marines.



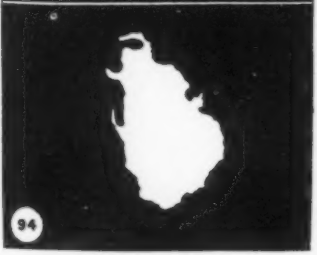
"Green Hell of the South Pacific"—Action here shuttles back and forth across volcanic ranges in effort to keep Japs from establishing bases for invasion of Australia.



People of this island, famed for fighting tempers, are belligerently neutral in this war, resent AEF occupation of northern territory owned by England.

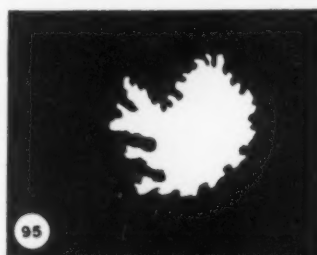


On this one island are concentrated hopes and fears of a million Imperial troops, several thousand U. S. flyers and doughboys. From this base Europe will be invaded.



Japan tried once to grab this strategic colony off the tip of India, but British power drove them back.

U. S. forces moved in here fifteen months before Pearl Harbor to safeguard northern supply lines to England and Russia. U-boat activity here sank 2 U. S. destroyers before war was declared.



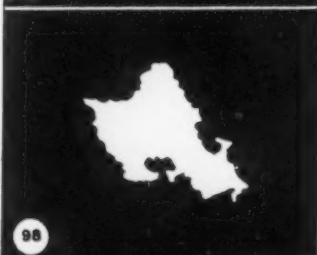
Largest of the Philippines, scene of Bataan, Corregidor heroism, current Filipino guerrilla resistance, this island once contained navy base at Cavite, base for Asiatic squadron.



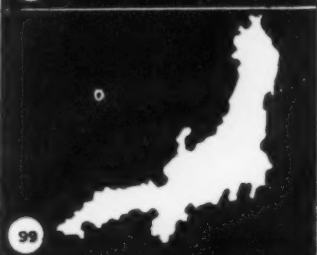
Outline of this sub-continent "down under" is by now familiar as rakish uniforms of its fighting men, date lines of its news dispatches.



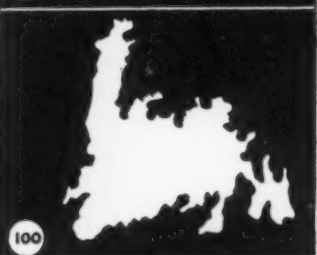
Over this sub-tropical paradise hell broke loose last December 7. Larger than neighboring isle of Hawaii, this U. S. Pacific bastion only hopes Japs will try it again.



Maybe it looks unfamiliar now, but by end of the duration, U. S. bombardiers should know every inch of coastline of this heart of the Nipponese Empire.



U. S. troops moved in here early too, secured bases for weather and of Atlantic Ferry service.

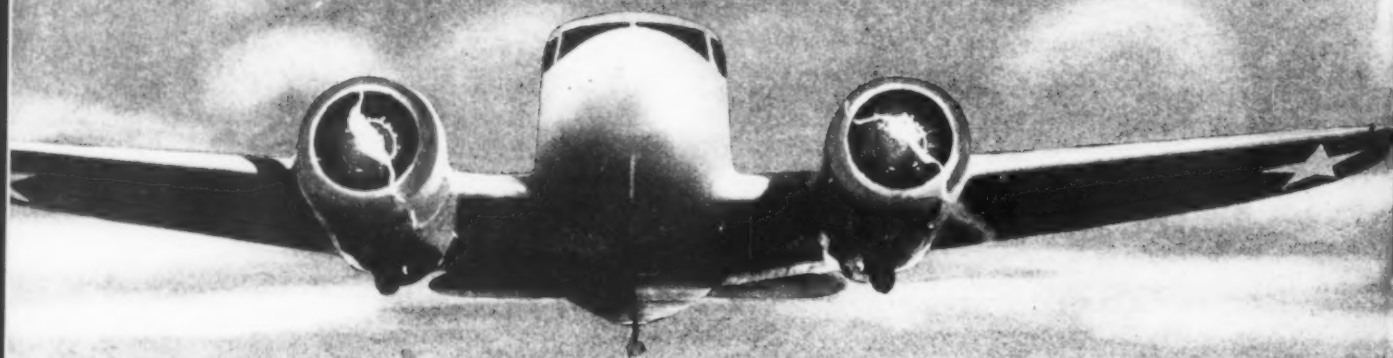


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ANSWERS ON PAGE 152

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# Reunion in 'Dago'

By LARRY HAYS

THEY never expected to meet again, those two limping men, but they did—for that's what happens when you wear the Globe and Anchor of the United States Marine Corps.

The scene was different. The Adjutant's Office at the San Diego Marine Corps Base is nothing like the Command Post on Sand Island at Midway. The time, this week—ten months to the day from that grim night they last saw each other. Now they both walk with a limp, a Marine's sacrifice to his country and Corps. Their faces are solemn.

The words of greeting were simple:

"How are ya, Hazelwood?" and "Good morning, Sergeant Barbour."

It might have been yesterday—or last week. They shook hands, casually, but the minds of Corporal Harold R. Hazelwood and First Sergeant Barbour must have jumped back over those ten months, back over almost 4,000 miles of Pacific swells to the scene of their last meeting.

The world-wide shock of December 7 was at its height—it was the evening of that day on the Pacific speck that was Midway. In the Command Post, communications nerve center of the islands, Corporal Harold R. Hazelwood sat at the switchboard in a corner room of the second deck of a power house, relaying commands and information to Marines manning the guns of Machine Gun Battery H. These commands came in the soft steady voice of Pfc. Morale, who stood behind Hazelwood and to his right, listening intently through the earphones.

Morale was 18. He should have been scared, but he wasn't. He hardly blinked his eyes as the Jap guns from the ships lying off Midway pounded the area, found the mark, and sat five 6.7 shells right on the Command Post.

Watching Hazelwood and Morale were three other men in the room, Lieutenant George H. Cannon, in command of Machine Gun Battery H of the 6th Defense Battalion, First Sergeant William A. Barbour, and another whose name has been lost in the smoke and thunder of Midway.

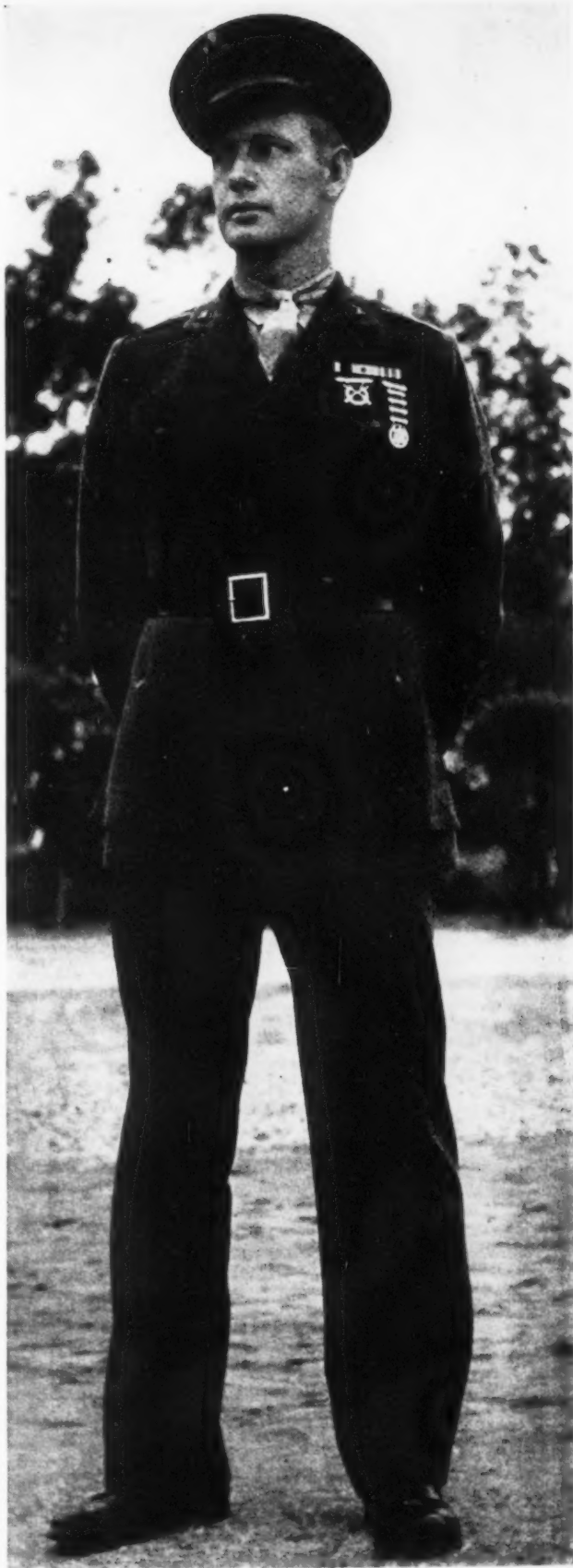
Word had been received at 7 o'clock that morning that Pearl Harbor was under fire of Jap bombers.

But by that time every man on Midway's two islands was in position, his eyes turned toward the sea—his gun trained on the horizon—waiting! The party was all set, only the guests were lacking. All day the gunners stood their watch. At the Command Post in the Communications center, Lt. Cannon and his crew relayed order after order, checked positions, received reports from lookouts and sentries.

THE moon chased the sun off the tense scene and the clock ground slowly toward 9 p.m. The eyes of the Marines on the beach and in the towers stared into the night as the moon placidly watched the little world at war. Nine-fifteen—every man prayed for action. Then a sentry let out a half-choked cry, "Light, offshore, way out, here they come."

Back in the CP the eans on Hazelwood's ears buzzed as reports and commands were exchanged. Battery H changed from a stone picture to a line of active gunners—loaders checked their ammunition tins for the hundredth time as

**CORPORAL HAZELWOOD**, who received the Navy Cross for his devotion to duty during the initial bombardment of Midway Island, has recovered from his wounds and is back in active duty. He is stationed at Quantico, Virginia.





## "The RUDDER'S Gone, Sir!"

● Fateful moment — when a ship loses its rudder! Then a great hulk drifts helplessly — and unless aid comes, that ship goes "on the rocks."

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Corporal Hazelwood relayed Lieutenant Cannon's order, "Battery H—train your machine guns on the beach—fire at anything that moves."

The black noses of the 50's came down to follow the order, and the gunners kept one eye aloft and an ear strained for the sound of motors overhead.

Better than a mile offshore a flash of red—one of the loaders looked at his watch—9:30—then a shell screamed overhead, exploded inshore behind him. Midway was blacked out. Though the shells fell rapidly, they were fired from an ineffective distance at a dark target and damage was slight.

Two Jap cruisers kept it up for a few minutes, then moved farther out to sea. Two more ships, a cruiser and destroyer, took over the attack—behind them loomed three large shadows, Jap transports, and the Marines on Midway realized that this long-distance battle of sea and land might turn into hand to hand combat. Nearer and nearer came the cruiser and destroyer, confidently closing the range . . . to 5,000 yards.

On shore a sharp command broke the tension and a Marine reached for a switch. A searchlight silhouetted the two enemy craft in its brilliant beam. At the same instant A Battery opened up with 5-inchers. Back in the Command Post Lt. Cannon heard and shouted, almost jubilantly:

"Hot Dog, there it goes—that's A Battery."

The next instant a shell exploded against the sides of the Command Post—the men inside glanced up, silently thanked a Marine's God for the several-feet-thick bulkheads of reinforced concrete around them and went back to work. Another shell and another fell on the CP until the count was up to five. Sergeant Barbour sat down on a bench near the map table—Lt. Cannon was behind him—the steady voice of young Pfc. Morale intoned the messages which his ears took from the phantom circuit to the right of the switchboard. None of them saw it hit.

A 6.7 shell took a chance at a million-to-one, ricocheted off a steel structure opposite the CP window, bounced on the window ledge and filled that room with thundering, screaming, rending destruction.

Shrapnel tore through flesh and wood alike to dent the concrete bulkheads—the concussion deafened ears that could still hear—overhead beams crashed to the deck, then dust and smoke covered the scene with a smothering blanket of gray.

On the floor near the table Lt. Cannon lay still, both legs torn and broken, his back crushed at the pelvis. Sgt. Barbour still sat on the bench, but six pieces of shrapnel had found a home in his body—his right shoe was ripped open, showing a bleeding foot. His back, left shoulder, groin and one leg all became red wet splotches.

In the corner, Morale, with a jagged crimson hole through his chest, breathed one last message into the sound power phone—one futile attempt to reestablish communication with the battery—and died.

WHERE the switchboard had stood a moment before, there was a mass of twisted wreckage. A few feet away lay Corp. Hazelwood, his left leg gushing blood from a wound exposing two broken bones.

It couldn't happen again in a million years, but it happened that once . . . that one window . . . several feet of concrete all around and overhead . . . but that shell had felt its way—and its deadly fragments had in turn torn their way into the bodies of four Marines—and left a fifth unscathed.

If a Marine is conscious, he's conscious of only one

thing, his duty. Corporal Hazelwood looked at the switchboard. White lines ringed his mouth as he crawled toward it, dragging his injured leg. One hand reached for the battered panel—the other pressed the cans to his ears. A clack—dead—another key—click—also dead. He tried two more, then his voice uttered his thoughts over a live circuit, "Command Post hit, switchboard out of order, will have to evacuate—four casualties."

Then, leaving the earphones clamped to his head, his fingers went to work patching the higher command straight through to Battery H. His duty—to see that orders got through!

This accomplished, he turned to his own need. With pliers he cut a length of telephone wire, wrapped it around his leg above the wound and tried to reach a screwdriver—it was too far, he was too weak. He put his finger in the wire and twisted—a tourniquet—which ultimately saved his life. Now to wait for help—his job was done.



LIEUT. CANNON

A grim smile made a stab at Hazelwood's lips—he held his right hand up and out straight — no, it didn't shake—steady as a rock. Then his eyes whipped toward that same window through which Hell had walked in person—he heard a noise outside — his fingers stole over the butt of the 45 hanging on his duty belt and his lips formed the ominous word, "Japs" . . . he waited, tense . . .

Out on the beach the Marine gunners had found their range, their shells struck home — suddenly the Japs broke off the action, turned tail

and limped off . . . one of them glowing red against the dark horizon.

A head appeared at the CP window sill—Hazelwood drew his pistol half out of its holster—but it was a Gyrene from a neighboring post, climbing through the opening. Sergeant Barbour, now on the floor and weak from loss of blood, saw him.

"Go get help," he said, "the Lieutenant's unconscious."

A few minutes later doctors and corpsmen climbed in through that same fateful window—the stairs were blown away — and Lieutenant Cannon regained consciousness. He insisted that the others be taken out before he was—all the while becoming weaker from his own wounds. Rope stretchers were improvised and the men were lowered to the ground. As those four stretchers lay side by side with their scarlet cargo, Lieutenant Cannon turned toward the others—already his cheeks were drained white—his eyes lit up for a moment. An hour later he was dead—but 10 months later he lived in the voices and hearts of two men

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who walked with a limp, Corporal Hazelwood and First Sergeant Barbour, after months in the hospital, once more on active duty, Hazelwood at the Marine Base at Quantico and Barbour at the Marine Base in San Diego.

On Hazelwood's chest is a blue and white Navy Cross ribbon, testifying to written words of a citation in Washington—"For exceptionally meritorious service, extraordinary courage and disregard of his own condition during a bombardment of Midway Island." . . . Other words are in Lieutenant George H. Cannon's file at Headquarters—words which accord this officer the Medal of Honor, the government's highest award.

But it was left for the Corporal who served with him and watched him die to utter the top citation for any man:

"He was a swell guy."

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# The Corps' Part in World War I

AS IT has since it was founded November 10, 1775, the Marine Corps is once again "running interference" and "carrying the ball" in World War II.

History of this war may record that the Marine Corps' place in the winning offensive and turning point is similar to the part the Marines played in turning the tide in 1918.

Historians point out that to appreciate the importance of the early operations participated in by the Marines it is necessary to recall that in 1918, prior to the middle of July, the offensive was in the hands of the Imperial German Staff.

Between March 21, 1918, and July 15th, the Germans directed no less than five major offensives against the Allies in an effort to bring the war to a successful conclusion for the Central Powers.

It was June 6, 1918, that the Second Division, composed of Army and Marine units, started to take the play away from the Germans and cut loose with an offensive that didn't end until July 1, 1918.

This was the engagement that is known as the "Battle of Belleau Wood," and is often referred to as the turning point of the war.

The June 6th attack started at 5 p.m., and the losses were terrific in Major B. S. Berry's Third Battalion, Fifth Marines, as the men crossed open ground. During the days that followed, the Marines of the Fourth Brigade cleared Belleau Wood and climaxed this important offensive the evening of July 1st when the Third Brigade captured Vaux in an attack supported by tremendous artillery fire.

THE Marines' important part in this engagement is evidenced by the fact the Corps suffered 1,062 of the 1,811 battle deaths and 3,615 of the 7,252 additional casualties were Marines.

Achievements of the Fourth Brigade of Marines in this battle were twice recognized by the French. Outstanding tribute was the changing of the name of Bois de Belleau to "Bois de la Brigade de Marine," by the French people.

The French, however, weren't the only people to pass on a tribute to the Marine Corps after this affair. Surprised and respectful was the German Army which had previously showed more or less contempt for the American troops. By the time the Second Division was withdrawn from the line the German reports were giving American fighters their highest classification of battle efficiency.

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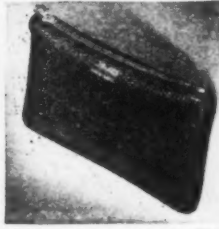
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# Marine Uniforms

**W**HETHER in his traditional "Blues" on the parade ground or in dungarees in "boot camp," a Marine quickly develops pride in his personal appearance which is one of the strongest characteristics of the Corps.



**G. I. GYRENE  
CIRCA 1775**

(A 1942 Marine dons uniform and equipment of the American Army during the Revolutionary period.)

The recruit is not in camp for any length of time before his drill instructor gives him the "low down" on personal cleanliness, and emphasis is placed on his appearance as long as he serves as a Leatherneck.

Pride in appearance as well as fighting ability—both of which Devil Dogs have in abundance—is part of the Marine Corps tradition. It extends beyond the parade ground into every phase of the Devil Dog's existence, for Marine Corps officers are convinced that the man who gives attention to little things is a better man in battle.

Though the colorful Blues—the Marines' flashy dress uniform of blue, scarlet and gold—have been packed away for the duration of the war, the Leathernecks permit no letdown in their standards.

Trained and drilled from the first day in camp, when he marched to the Post Office to mail his soiled "civvies" home, the Marine keeps clean and neat, wherever he may be.

From the beginning, the United States Marine "stood out in a crowd."

His uniform was colorful, typifying the fighting spirit which led him first into every battle.

The Revolutionary Marines wore a green coat with turnback skirts, faced with white, and well supplied with decorative buttons. A waistcoat of white and white breeches, edged in green, were worn by officers. Knee length, black gaiters and cocked hats completed the uniform.

Enlisted men wore green shirts, green coats with red facings, breeches of light colored cloth, woolen stockings and a round hat with white bindings.

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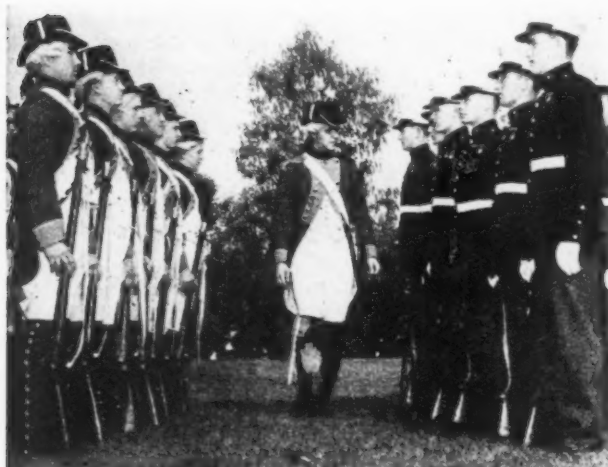
NEWS

John Paul Jones dressed his Marines in red coats, with the rest of the uniform white.

Various states had their own Marine Corps, each with its own distinctive garb. All were colorful.

Regulation uniforms for both officers and enlisted men developed rapidly during the first few years of the Corps' history. Soon, all officers wore long blue coats with red lining, long red lapels, standing collars, slash sleeves with red cuffs, skirts and pocket flaps, red vests and blue breeches. The coats were lavishly trimmed with buttons of yellow metal.

The uniform of the enlisted man was not so elaborate, but still showed considerable color and ornamentation. The coat and pantaloons were blue trimmed with red. A red belt and vest were worn and cocked hats were still in favor.



**SAN DIEGO MARINES** last year donned snappy uniforms of the Corps in 1775 for a "special inspection." Here you see the togs worn by the first U. S. Marines as compared with 1942 dress outfits.

From that time until the War of 1812, the uniform underwent many changes. Before 1804, Marine Corps officers attempted to achieve uniformity by corresponding with each other by letter. In that year, however, the Secretary of the Navy issued the first formal uniform order.

The practice of wearing a red sash came into vogue among officers and was followed for 100 years. Black boots replaced the black stockings and low shoes. Elaborate high caps with plumes were worn on several occasions, and both officers and enlisted men wore double-breasted coats.

At the same time, linen uniforms were provided for summer wear.

The early Commandants showed a great deal of concern about the design and manner of wearing uniforms. Officers on parade were expected to appear in their most formal attire. Uniforms were usually made for both officers and enlisted men by a local tailor.

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*Navy "E" Winners, May 9, 1942*

*Greetings from*

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The Marines continued to wear the uniform of the Civil War period until 1875, when strong French influences made themselves felt. In 1892, changes were made again, and characteristics of the present uniform appeared. A helmet, with a strong German influence, was made a part. All the service uniforms were blue, with white during the summer.

Today, every American boy recognizes the Marine Corps' blues. He has thrilled to the sight of Leathernecks on parade; he has trembled with excitement at their exploits on the screen; he has seen it on billboards, in magazines and in newspapers.

In addition to his blues, the Marine wears the traditional serviceable wool uniform of forestry green for the winter. Since Marines are stationed in Iceland and Panama, Alaska and Hawaii, their dress naturally varies to meet the climate.

In boot camp, Marines are taught to wash their own clothing, something which may come as a shock to the recruit. But it's serious business with them, and failure to maintain the Corps' high standard will bring discipline.

linary action. Marines know only too well that there are few laundries in some of the places they go.

OBSERVERS have been outspoken in praise of the appearance of United States Marines. An observer on John Paul Jones' ship remarked at their distinctive appearance, and many years later, Marines aboard the USS "Tennessee" were commended by Crown Prince Olav of Norway for their "spic and span" uniforms. As late as 1941, a high ranking officer of the British Royal Marines praised their neat, well-polished appearance, and a London newspaper commented on their "snappy uniforms."

This reputation has not always been easy to maintain through 167 years of hard fighting throughout the world. In 1877, when Marines were quartered in tents, sheds and old buildings in Philadelphia, they maintained neat appearances, as they did elsewhere under all circumstances.

Until the Spanish-American War, Marines served chiefly on board ship, where cleanliness is of great importance. Marines were required to enforce discipline, and they could hardly criticize sailors for slovenly appearance if their own clothing was in disrepair. Corporal punishment, in those days, was severe, and all sought to avoid irons, the "cat" or the loss of grog rations.

Drill instructors accept no excuses from the recruit in teaching him the rudiments of the Marine standard. Failure to shave may result in a very painful experience—a "dry" shave—but it produces results.

From November 10, 1775, until today, Marines have been:

"The fightin'est men on earth—and the neatest."

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## "48 Hours in Hell"

THIS story of fighting on Guadalcanal was told from a hospital cot by Pvt. Jack Morrison, of Evansville, Ind., who has been a Marine since December.

It was Sunday, and the little hospital ward in the Neissen hut was quiet. Pvt. Morrison spoke in phrases, haltingly, not because he had been shot through the arm and chest, for the pain was gone, but as if his mind recoiled from remembering those torture-filled days and nights in the heart of the Solomons action.

"There was firing all around us," he said. "I looked around and felt something hit me in the side and I fell over."

He fell in some bushes with his body hidden, but with his feet sticking out. He remembers some things dimly, others sharply, and some of the things he saw he will never forget.

The firing went for a time, then slackened—"and the Japs were all around me."

"There was a fellow—Pfc. Dunn—who stuck with me. He was well hidden in a foxhole behind some bushes so the Japs couldn't see him. I lay very quiet and played dead. I was scared they would see my feet sticking out."

Pvt. Morrison never uttered a sound, although his wound was agonizingly painful. He had an object lesson that kept his teeth clenched tightly, his body rigid. Another wounded Marine, groaning and moaning, had hidden behind a log. After a while a Jap came out, leaped over the log and stuck a bayonet in him twice—and the moaning stopped.

MORRISON had been hit at 3:30 in the afternoon. He lay there, with Dunn a few feet away and the Japs jabbering around them, through the long hot hours. Now and again he mercifully passed out, but most of the time, waves of pain or fever swept over him.

Slowly the hours passed and night shut down. Dunn crawled out of the foxhole and quietly and carefully pulled Morrison into the thicket. He took off his shirt and tried to bind Morrison's wounds, but the shirt became so soaked with blood that he threw it away.

They had to have water. Both men's canteens were empty. Dunn crept from the thicket hideout cautiously—for the Japs were all around—to the dead man behind the log. But his body had been looted; his canteen was gone.

They were on the bank of the Lunga River. Water was only a few feet away. But Dunn didn't dare try it; there was an open stretch between them and the river and they could hear the Japs howling and jabbering in their search

for more wounded men whom they could use for a little advanced bayonet training.

So they lay there through the night and the next day, among the unburied dead.

The second night came. The enemy moved off a little ways. Inch by painful inch, Dunn dragged Morrison down to the river.

There was a log in the river. They lowered their bodies into the water, hid behind the log, and drank from the muddy stream—the first water in two days.

"Then Dunn sort of got me on his back and started crawling down the river. It took us all night," Morrison said. "We had to stop and rest a lot in the bushes."

By morning they had arrived at the river mouth. They crawled up the beach and reached the Marine lines and safety. First aid was administered, as much as could be given them. Morrison had lost a lot of blood but a plane took him off Guadalcanal to the Neissen hut and good medical attention.

"He's going to be all right," the doctor said, "but I guess he doesn't know yet the Lunga River is full of alligators."

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Four sizes of AerVoiD vacuum-insulated food carriers ranging in capacity from 64 pounds down to about 13 pounds, each with a food pan arrangement to carry 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 hot foods. Four sizes of AerVoiD Convertibles to take care of the long-distance servicing of hot soups and coffee. AerVoiD's high-vacuum construction keeps foods, soups and coffee hot for hours, even when transported miles in outdoor, cold-weather temperatures. All-metal construction to withstand rough usage.

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Here's a handy, practical and efficient method of servicing hot coffee and soups that preserves their flavor and goodness. Has detachable faucet for serving coffee a cup at a time. Soups are ladled out of wide neck openings. Four sizes, capacities ranging from 3 to 10 gallons.




# Marines in Japan

THE Japanese learned to respect the United States Marines as far back as 1853.

One hundred Marines under Major Jacob Zeilin were the first to land on Japanese soil when Commodore Matthew Perry dropped anchor in Yedo (Tokyo) Bay on the morning of July 8, 1853, and went ashore to negotiate a treaty opening Japan to foreign trade.


The Marines formed lines on both sides of the route from Perry's flagship at the dock to the reception hall. Sent ashore first, ostensibly to give "face" to the landing, they were there primarily as a protection for the landing party as five thousand Japanese troops were on hand to "do proper honor to the occasion."



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STYLE AND QUALITY LEADERS  
FOR 39 YEARS

Although no fighting took place, the Japanese were greatly impressed by the uniforms, discipline and precision drill of the Marines—and their presence contributed greatly to the success of the undertaking.

As Americans everywhere prepare to celebrate the 167th Anniversary of the United States Marine Corps on November 10, the Marines are teaching the Japanese a new sort of respect—respect for their marksmanship and tenacity—down in the Solomons Islands. The reputation the "devil dogs" won through 167 years of fighting and colorful history is being maintained by the Marine of 1942.

The Marines have tangled with the Japs on their home ground many times since 1853. In 1863, the Prince of Nagato, who hated all foreigners and especially Americans, started a war to drive all foreigners from Japan. The Prince commanded six forts and three men-of-war at the Straits of Shimonoseki, at the west exit of the Inland Sea, an important trade route for American ships.

The American merchantman, *Pembroke*, was fired upon and seriously damaged by the Japanese.

Commodore David McDougal, USN, sailed his ship, the *USS Wyoming*, into the straits as soon as he heard of the attack.

In the ensuing one-hour battle, the Prince's fleet was wrecked and much damage done to the shore batteries. The boilers on one of the warships, a steamer, were hit by a well directed shot and the vessel left sinking. A Jap brig was sunk and substantial damage done to the third ship before the *Wyoming* withdrew.

WHILE revolution, little wars, and constant disorder kept Japan in a turmoil during the latter half of the 19th Century, Marines were always on hand to protect American lives and properties.

A series of serious disorders broke out in Osaka in 1867, and U. S. Marines were given the task of safely escorting American Minister Van Valkenburgh from Osaka to the country residence of the commander-in-chief of the Japanese Army.

One of the protective missions of the Marines in Japan was ordered when foreign residents were attacked by Japanese troops in 1868, at Iliogo. Marines remained ashore until the Japanese government guaranteed safety of Americans in Japan.

The last time Marines marched through the streets of Yokohama their missions was one of mercy. In 1923, Japan was shaken by destructive earthquakes. During this stay in Japan on their relief mission, Marines were praised by Tokyo newspapers for their "readiness to do everything possible for those seeking assistance," and described as "ambassadors of good will."

Marines of 1942 vow that their next visit will bring no relief to the Japanese. Three Marines, having their last drink together in Washington, D. C., last spring, shortly before "shoving off" overseas, broke a glass cocktail straw, each taking a third. The three vowed that they would put them together in Tokyo, or die getting there.

One of them fell in the landing on the Solomons, and now the remaining two are even more determined to meet in Tokyo—Tokyo with the American flag flying over it.

GREETINGS FROM  
**KRIM -KO COMPANY**  
*Chocolate-Flavored Drink*  
4830 S. Christiana Ave. Chicago, Ill.

## Marine Heroes

WHEN the last campaign has been fought and won; when the smoke of battle clears away, the men of the United States Marine Corps will rise from fox-holes and trenches the world around for their final roll

call of honor. The list will be long.

Inscribed thereon will be the names of every man who fought at Pearl Harbor, Wake, Midway and in the Solomons. High on this list of heroes will be found the names of: Major Lofton Russel Hen-



MAJOR DEVEREUX

derson and Lieut. Col. James P. S. Devereux.

There will be other names, of course, but the names of these certainly will be ranked as among those who have upheld the traditions for courage, self-sacrifice and tenacity begun with the Corps' founding 167 years ago on November 10, 1775, at Tun Tavern in Philadelphia, Pa.

Their deeds will be compared with those of men at Mont Blanc, Soisson, Belleau Wood, Korea and scores of other battlefields; perhaps even Samar, which stands unparalleled in Marine Corps annals for hardship and courage.

For a long time there was a custom among Marines to pay tribute to the men of Samar. Whenever such a man entered a room in which Marines were present, officers and men alike would request: "Stand, gentlemen. He served in Samar."

The story of that expedition begins on a Saturday morning, September 28, 1901. The sun had been up but a few hours and the natives, smiling and chattering, were filing into the stockade guarded by Company C, Ninth U. S. Infantry.

The sentry paid little attention to the natives for they worked inside. He looked enviously as the rest of the company filed into the mess hall for breakfast. The last native was coming in, but the sentry paid him no mind. Suddenly, the man whirled and cut the sentry down with the bolo; the others rushed upon the trapped soldiers.

The tale of that fight rarely has been equaled. With table knives, chairs and bare fists the soldiers met the attack. They died by the score. A handful of doughboys led by a sergeant fought their way to the rifle racks and stood the natives off until they could escape by boat.

The tragedy called the Marines into action. They were commanded by Major L. W. T. Waller. Three columns were dispatched against a native fortification in the Sohoton region. Sheer mountains, they were reported impregnable. Two columns attacked by the shore, while a third advanced up the river.

Up the cliffs scaled the Marines. Two hundred feet straight up. Suspended in baskets waiting to be dropped

To see ahead  
look back

*When You Know a Man's History, You  
Know His Character.*

*This is equally true of a fighting force.*

ON this anniversary, the proud record of the Marine Corps for the past one hundred sixty-seven years is reviewed, and inspiration found in every page of its history.

And in that record we see the assurance of equally glorious achievements in the centuries ahead.

Congratulations from

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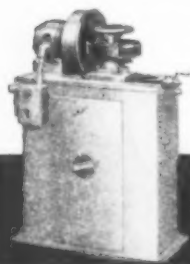


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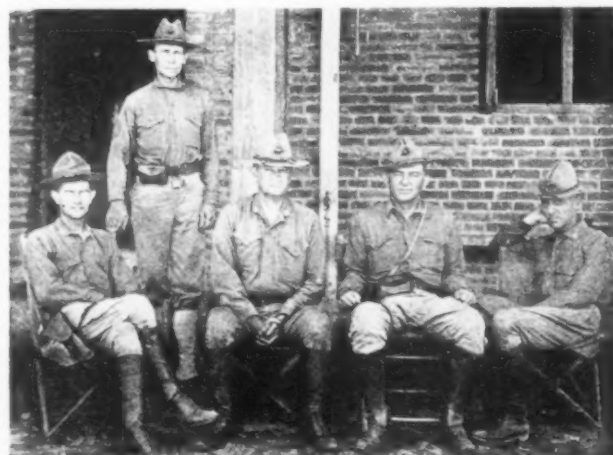
COLLEGE PARK, MD.

on their heads were tons of rocks. The Marines climbed like mountain goats and completely surprised the garrison. Major Waller said:

"The men in this march overcame incredible difficulties and dangers. The positions they destroyed must have taken several years to prepare. . . . No white troops had ever penetrated to these positions. . . . The cliffs were of soft stone of volcanic origin, in the nature of pumice. It cut the men's shoes to pieces. Many of them were barefooted. . . ."

Then came the terrible trek across the island to establish a trail along which to run telegraph wires to connect the two coasts.

The expeditions started in boats, but swirling rapids at Lagitao forced abandonment. For two days they stumbled through rain-soaked wilds. Rations began running low. Over mountains and almost impassable jungles they cut their way. Finally they stumbled upon a native clearing and subsequently were rescued.



**TWO OUTSTANDING MARINES** are in this old picture made at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in April of 1914. Seated second from right is Colonel John A. Lejeune (later Major General Commandant of the Corps). Standing is John H. Quick, the famous sergeant major who has a destroyer named in his honor.

A relief column, which had set out to find them, however, now was lost. It is known as the "lost battalion of Samar." After an almost incredible march, men became "emaciated skeletons." Feet were torn, many dropped out and died along the trail.

Still another relief column found the men. At the prospect of rescue, some went stark mad, others broke down for the first time and wept hysterically. They were given a mission, they completed it and to those Marines that was all that mattered.

The story of Lieut. Col. James P. S. Devereux, then a major, is the story of Wake Island. It concerns a gallant little band of 378 Marines who held out for 15 days against overwhelming odds and before succumbing had sunk a light cruiser, three destroyers, a gunboat, a submarine and six airplanes. Their last message was: "Send us more Japs."

THE LEATHERNECK

**D**EATH and honor came to Captain Fleming and Major Henderson at Midway. When Major Henderson last was seen he was diving his bomber at a Japanese carrier. A corporal along in another plane said he dove straight down the stack.

Capt. Fleming, like Major Henderson, flew out to intercept the Japanese fleet. He spotted a carrier through a break in the clouds and went down, down to 300 feet. He released his bombs, hung around long enough to see them land squarely on the flight deck and then scooted for home, with angry Zeros buzzing on his tail.

A few hours later, although suffering an arm wound, the captain left on his last flight. He scored a near miss on a Jap battleship. In this attack his ship was fired by anti-aircraft fire, but despite the flames he led his squadron in still another attack on a carrier. He dove almost to the decks before releasing his deadly cargo. The carrier sank. Capt. Fleming is believed to have been wounded again in this attack and last was seen crashing into the sea.

The exploits of this war, however, do not overshadow the heroism of Marines in World War I, or any other action, for that matter.

There is the story, now a legend, of Capt. Lloyd W. Williams. The French were retreating on June 3, 1918, and as they infiltrated through the lines of the Americans, a French major of chasseurs, whose own forces had been badly cut up, hastily scribbled a note and handed it to Capt. C. O. Corbin of the Marines.

The note read:

**"Retreat; the Germans are coming."**

Capt. Williams, who was standing nearby, scanned the note and said:

**"Retreat, hell! We just got here!"**

Just a few days later the gallant captain of Marines was killed as he went over the top.

Throughout the history of the Corps such stories can be found, but just about tops for coolness is the action of Private William Anthony, an orderly to Captain Charles D. Sigsbee aboard the USS "Maine" in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, Feb. 15, 1898.

A Marine trumpeter had just finished blowing taps, when suddenly the "Maine" shuddered from a terrific explosion. The ship was plunged into darkness. Anthony rushed from the comparative safety of the open deck into a darkened passage in search of his captain.

Capt. Sigsbee, startled and confused by the explosion, was amazed when Anthony groped his way into the cabin to announce:

**"Sir, I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."**

The list of heroes in the Corps begins with Capt. Samuel Nicholas who led the first expeditions ashore at New Providence in the Bahamas March 3, 1776, capturing a fort, the city and 600 badly-needed barrels of powder.

After Capt. Nicholas came Lieut. Presley N. O'Bannon, who led what many historians consider "one of the boldest attacks" in history. With a handful of Marines and a motley array of Greeks and Arabs, the lieutenant stormed Derne, Tripoli, routed 800 defenders and raised the Stars and Stripes in that part of the world for the first time.

Men of the caliber mentioned above have made the Corps proud; proud of its tradition as the "Fightin'est service of them all."

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# Philippine Heroes

WHEN the democracies have rid the earth of Hitler's Nazis and Hirohito's yellow men, and the annals of World War II are prosed, the penmen will give considerable space to the heroes of the Philippines, of Bataan, and of Corregidor. Not only will they tell of American men who fought because it was their duty but equally of the Filipinos who battled with the courage, determination and reckless venture of a father protecting his home from something as remote and indefeatable as fire or water.

Among the stories that have come from Bataan battlefields is the one of Corporal Pablo Bayangas of the 57th Philippine Scouts who died on the field of battle after being shot from behind by a Japanese officer.

Bayangas and part of his regiment were sent to cut off a detachment of Japanese who had landed on a point in western Bataan. The 57th had thrown a line across the point and were pushing forward into the woods through the underbrush.

Corporal Bayangas was advancing ahead of the main force. He crouched in a foxhole behind a large tree covering a pathway through the jungle. Late in the afternoon he heard the bushes rustling and saw a large group of Japanese crawling through the brush a short distance away.

Readying his automatic rifle, Bayangas waited until the leading Japanese was only 15 feet away, then opened fire. He emptied his magazine, killing 13 Japanese with 20 shots.

But unnoticed by him, a Japanese officer crawled up from the other side of the tree as Bayangas was reloading his rifle. The Japanese officer fired a pistol bullet into the corporal's head.

Fellow Filipinos heard the firing, ran down the path and killed the enemy officer. They found the shot which had killed the corporal was the last in the Japanese officer's pistol.

The scene told the story. Bayangas in his foxhole, the Japanese officer a few feet behind him and spread out in a wedge the 13 Japanese, their legs and arms extended in crawling position which gave an impression of momentum even in the immobility of death.

Many other stories are told of Philippine Scouts. Here is a good example.

Private Bayani reported to his superior officer: "I met eight Japs in the woods and shot them, sir."

"How many shots?"

Surprised, Private Bayani answered, "Why eight shots, sir."

Here is another typical story. Colonel Fry, the regimental commander, was directing operations against one of the Japanese landings on western Bataan and was walking up a path toward the scene of action when a scout sergeant in the bush ahead called out, "Get down, colonel."

Not hearing him, Colonel Fry continued to walk ahead.

The sergeant, whose legs had been shattered a few minutes before, jumped from his cover and hobbled down the path, calling, "For God's sakes, Colonel, get down."

They both dropped, only a second before a Japanese machine gun opened up.

Colonel Fry put the sergeant on his back, crawled out of



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the fire and started to walk to the rear carrying the sergeant when he met a scout corporal limping along with a piece of bamboo for a crutch.

"Are you wounded, Corporal Romero?" Colonel Fry asked.

"No, sir, not wounded."

"What happened?"

"I saw four Japs, sir, and shot the first three, but the fourth Jap came close, jumped me and I fell down and twisted my knee, sir. I am not wounded, sir."

Another man, Private Narcisco Ortilano, won recommendation for the Distinguished Service Cross when he wrested a rifle from an enemy to complete the job of killing 11 Japanese after his machine gun jammed and his pistol ammunition became exhausted.

This one-gun gang represents a race of soldiers which two generals and a Marine colonel on Bataan Peninsula described as the finest fighters in the world.

Eleven Japanese attacked the machine-gun nest that Ortilano manned alone, according to the citation recommending him for the award. He picked off four with the machine gun and then there were seven. The gun jammed, but Ortilano drew his pistol and calmly shot down five more before his ammunition gave out.

The two remaining Japanese charged his post with bayonets, but Ortilano stood his ground. He grabbed the rifle of the first, and, although he lost a thumb, managed to wrest the weapon from the Japanese, whom he then stabbed.

The surviving Japanese had seen enough of the doughty Filipino and fled, but Ortilano brought him down with the

borrowed rifle. Ortilano had repaired his machine gun and was ready for more action when companions relieved him.

American officers said that Ortilano's feat, although outstanding, was just one of the examples of how the Filipinos out-fought and out-dared their foe in the defense of Bataan.

**An American member of the 57th Philippine Scouts, Capt. Arthur W. Wermuth, turned in exploits comparable to those of Sergeant York, the Tennessee sharpshooter in the first World War.**

This 190-pound native of the rugged Black Hills of South Dakota is credited with bagging 116 Japanese in the Philippine fighting and capturing many more. His equipment was a 45-caliber tommy gun and a Garand rifle.

Sergeant York is credited with killing 25 German machine-gunners and capturing 132 others.

Thrice wounded in daring raids behind the Japanese lines, Captain Wermuth was decorated by General MacArthur with the Silver Cross for gallantry, the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism and the Purple Heart with two clasps for his wounds.

Wermuth's only companion on these forays behind the Jap lines has been another giant—Corporal Crispin "Joek" Jacob, half Filipino.

One of the Captain's first exploits was to sneak through several thousand Japs to relieve an outpost cut off from the American lines. He led them to a new position.

A few days later, he again volunteered and got into a fox hole behind the Japanese lines, just as a line of Japs were coming over a ridge.

"I gave them a workout with my tommy-gun and

got at least 30 of them," said Wermuth. "It was just like shooting fish in a rain barrel."

A Filipino scout patrol, attracted by the firing, joined Wermuth, and together they accounted for 50 or 60 more Japanese.

First Lieutenant Willibald C. Bianchi, of the 45th Infantry, Philippine Scouts, received the Congressional Medal of Honor "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action above and beyond the call of duty."

Behind that quotation on the citation lie some almost unbelievable exploits of heroism.

The Japs tried to stop him by shooting him twice in the left hand but Lieutenant Bianchi merely dropped his rifle and continued fighting with his pistol.

He located a machine gun nest and "personally silenced it with grenades."

The enemy fired two machine gun bullets into his chest, but the Minnesota-born officer still refused to quit.

He mounted an American tank and, manning its anti-aircraft machine gun, poured bullets into a strongly-held enemy position until another bullet knocked him off the tank.

One of the most colorful figures in the American forces on the Bataan line was Lieut. Roland G. Saulnier, of New Bedford, Mass., known to both the Japs and his own men simply as "Frenchy."

Several times a day, "Frenchy" would inspect his young Filipino troops in their fox holes and trenches along the front line and call out:

"Hey, you damned Japanese, come on over here."

From their own dug-in positions in the underbrush only a hundred feet from the Filipino-American barbed wire, the Japanese would answer:

"Profanity, you fuwenchee."

Frenchy led his green troops into their first encounter with the enemy in the recapture of Moron early in January, 1942. A few days later his position was surrounded in an early morning surprise attack. He and his troops were driven from Moron and had to jump from a 30-foot cliff to make their way, via the seashore, to new positions.

Soon afterwards, the Japanese drove through the center of his line with about a thousand men, establishing a pocket which had to be wiped out. It took 17 days to do it but the last Japanese finally was killed. It was a mixed-up melee in the jungles in which snipers were most active. Frenchy was ambushed several times and once encountered a group of Japanese with a tommy gun on a path they had opened. He escaped by "running, dodging, crawling and falling."

Early one morning his position was attacked and he and a private were pinned in their fox holes for hours while the Japanese attempted to dislodge them with hand grenades. During the scrap, Frenchy killed seven Japs, and his total now is over 30 with a revolver alone not counting those killed with machine gun and trench mortars.

Frenchy finally reestablished his frontlines and erected barbed wire which kept the Japanese out despite frequent attacks, in which he directs his men by signals. They did not understand his English and many of them failed to understand each other as they spoke numerous dialects.

When the Japanese showed signs of unusual activity, Frenchy would call for artillery fire and direct it by telephone from the front lines.

"I just sit and watch 'em fall and tell 'em where to shoot next," he told a reporter. "Sometimes shrapnel falls all over the place and that's the way I like it because it keeps the Japs away."

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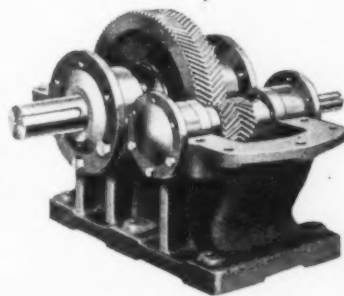
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### That Lead-off Raid

SOME of the sprightliest human-interest copy to originate in combat areas of World War II concerns the devil-may-care exploits of the Marine Raiders and Commandos, but this method of warfare is not new to the Marine Corps.

To Captain Daniel Carmick, one of the first Marine heroes of whose life we have any record, goes credit for having led the first Commando-type raid.

In 1800, while commanding a handful of Marines on board the *U.S.S. Constitution*, more familiarly known as the famous "*Old Ironsides*," Captain Carmick landed his force at Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, and spiked the guns of the French fort. This was during the French naval war, and American marines and sailors were on patrol with orders to intercept French frigates.

Captain Carmick typified the Marine spirit. Later, while commanding the Marine garrison at New Orleans, he was sent to suppress an uprising in the interior. Reporting to his superiors, he complained:

**"They gave us little opportunity to put ourselves in danger, but fled at our first approach."**

Still another Marine Corps "Commando" raid was carried out on February 16, 1804.

Background of the incident involves the surrender of Captain William Bainbridge after his ship, the *Philadelphia*, while pursuing enemy cruisers, ran upon some hidden rocks a few miles east of Tripoli. The entire crew, including the Marine detachment of First Lieutenant William S. Osborne, become prisoners of the Barbary Corsairs.

Conditions under which the prisoners suffered were trying, and, at times, amounted to the cruel forms of Oriental torture.

Shortly after the surrender, the *Philadelphia* was refloated and brought into port by the Tripolitans. It was at that point that Lieutenant Stephen Decatur organized a detachment of 70 officers, sailors and Marines and laid the groundwork for one of the most daring raids since the birth of the Marine Corps on November 10, 1775.


Decatur and his men sailed boldly into the inner harbor, where the *Philadelphia* was lying under the protection of coast defense, boarded her in raider fashion and caught the Tripolitan crew completely unprepared. Battle tactics employed by these avengers were typical of those being used today by the Raiders and Commandos.

It wasn't long before the Lieutenant had complete control of the vessel. He and his men then set her on fire in several places and calmly waited until flames had begun to leap from the ports. It was then that the Marines withdrew under heavy enemy fire without the loss of a single life.

IT'S a far cry, of course, from those early specialists in surprise and sudden death to the Marine Corps Raiders of 1942. The only essential difference, however, is the scientific improvement of weapons. To train the present-day Marine Raider, the Corps has called upon all its experiences in all parts of the world during the 138 intervening years.

Today's Raiders are hand-picked volunteers and are given intense training in rubber boat operations and every known method of gouging, strangling, knifing and bayoneting. Each battalion has its snipers, armorers, chemical warfare experts, munition and demolition experts.

There is, naturally, a vast difference in fire power. Those early Raiders carried single-shot, muzzle-loading pieces whereas today's men carry a large number of automatic rifles, and sub-machine guns in addition to semi-automatic Garand rifles and pistols.



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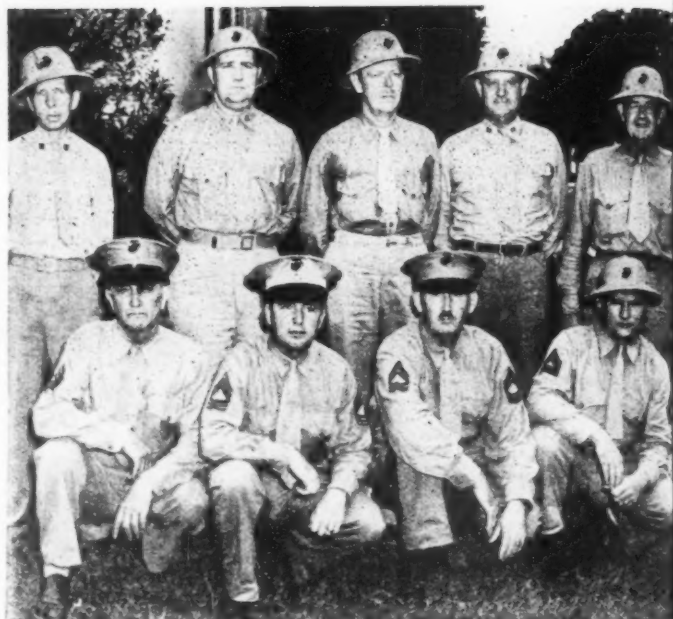
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OFFICERS AND SENIOR NCO'S of the Marine Barracks, Jacksonville, Fla., are pictured above. In upper row, left to right, they are: Pay Clerk Robert H. J. McKay; Captain Thomas D. Alexander, Jr., post exchange officer; Lieutenant Colonel G. L. Gawne, commanding officer; Captain Guy B. Smith, Jr., paymaster, and Captain Kortright Church, post quartermaster. In bottom row are Quartermaster Sergeant Frederick H. Moore, Sergeant Major George R. Ingersoll, Sergeant Major Joseph L. Stoops, and Paymaster Sergeant John C. Hudock.

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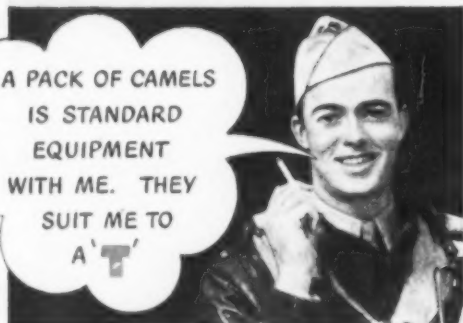


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